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The Mestern.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."-Buckingham.

Vol. I.

WASHINGTON, D. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1895.

No. 1.

TO SAINT CATHERINE.

(Patron Saint of Literature.)

In launching forth our frail but hopeful craft Upon the sea to-day, We pray to thee that friendly winds may waft Her safely on her way. Good-will, enthusiasm, hope and cheer, Such only is her freight; But steer her safely on, nor let us fear;

All comes to those who wait.

And if our verse, so flowery, halting flows Or fails the Muse to snare, And if our lamp of genius faintly glows Yet let us not despair. For if to paths of learning, high and steep But some new zest is lent, And loyal to our school we help to keep, Then are we well content.

A. M. KIDDER.

WON AND LOST.

She is thinking and her thoughts are mingled with day dreams. The room is utterly silent, as though in its peaceful quietude it seeks to encourage her thoughtful mood; for she is not given to dreaming; her heart is light, her soul brimming over with song.

There, before her quaintly carved secre- tered in various directions. taire, which is strewn with letters in confusion, she sits with her chin resting on her hands, her grey eyes gazing listlessly over the balcony beyond; but it is not the bright thronged with people whose faces were gay,

In her dreams, the soft mumuring lap Thanksgiving cheer. of water against the sides of the boat floats to her listening ear. She sees dimly the on a merry crowd of fellows. Glancing up outlines of the shore beyond, and there be- her eyes met-his. Her heart stood still. fore her, with uplifted oars sits a great The unfinished sentence died on her lips. strong figure, the face—his—is plainly vis- She remembered afterwards how she had ible in the moonlight. Her white fingers resumed the conversation, with her happy gently twang the guitar and as the last thoughts all silenced. Before her, she strains of her song die away, he bends to- saw only one face, that-with its bright, ward her. She can remember how earn- intelligent, manliness gone-stuped from . To-day she had been reviewing this friendestly he told his love for her and how she an afternoon of revelry, a celebration over ship and searching her soul for an answer, had laughed and called him a "foolish a newly won victory. This was a victory and her search has been successful; for as boy."

Then the vision came before her of the day when he had returned to college; the ter, pleading humbly for her forgiveness. bright cheerful letter which followed porcouraged him; but she knew it.

The Thanksgiving holidays drew near, and she smiled, for she was always smiling, when she remembered how enthusiastic she had been over the football victory he had won, and how anxious she had been to see and praise him, in her frank, sweet way.

He, with a number of college chums, was to return home that afternoon, and in the evening, he had written, he would come to her.

She had attended the matinee in the afternoon and she remembered in what gay spirits, she and her dearest friend had been. The play was finished at last and the throng which poured forth from the entrance scat-

The cool November air lured them on with its freshness and chatting merrily they walked on toward home. The streets were sky she sees; it is a vision of days gone by. showing that their hearts were filled with

> As they turned the corner they came uplost after an honor won.

Night came and with the morning a let-

"I have not kept my word to you," it traying college life. He did not tell her said, "my ideal, and what is more, I have that his name was placed high on the list brought disgrace upon my name by the of those who had won athletic honors, or thoughtless actions of yesterday. I might with what admiring eyes the freshmen re- rightfully be called a coward, for it is, this garded him, or how the professors had en- I have proven myself to be, before those whom I respect most. If I may, I will come to say good bye to one who has prompted all the good there is in me."

> She had thought long over this letter and as a result of her thinking he came to bid her good bye.

His face as he stood there before her had left its stamp upon her memory. She remembered only too well how he had told her frankly all about it, and she had realized how disloyal it would have seemed had he not joined in that toast to "Alma Mater."

Her face flushed as she recalled the moment, when she had laid her hand on his great strong arm and had told him it was one error for him to profit by; that she still believed in him and in his power to stand conqueror in this new field of life, as well as in the games on the old college campus.

Then he had taken her hands and told her that if ever he could keep a promise it would be one made to her, his little friend, who had been his inspiration through the long college days and nights.

After he had returned where temptations were strongest, she longed to be near him just that she might help him.

There was a new spirit in her songs now, that of love, and he was constantly in her thoughts; but that was one thing he did not know.

she glances up, the little mirror in her

secretaire before her, reflects her own happy face and tells her that she loves him.

The Christmas holidays have come and gone with all their joyful merrymaking. It is the last day of his vacation and he pauses for his final farewell. He tells her, in his easy manner, of the line of study which lies before him; of the success which he hopes to make the end of his work. Very slowly he adds that it was the thought of her that encouraged him; for ever in her helpful spirit she scemed near him.

As he waits a moment, she comes nearer to him.

"You will be a great success," she says, and I—we all—shall be very proud of you.

"He who has first mastered himself cannot fail to succeed, and rise to an exalted position, if he remains true. You have conquered," and - She does not say the rest but he sees in her eyes what her lips fail to speak—that she loves him.

He bends over her tenderly as though he would tell her of his great happiness; but with a quich flash of pain in his face he draws back into the doorway.

"I have broken my promise," he said. MADGE.

TEN RULES FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT.

- the lines are passing.
- before getting drinking water.
- boards until they have been erased.
- always recite as loudly as possible, so as not to disturb the classes in the adjoining rooms.
- the whole flight.
 - 7. Never keep step to the music.
- 9. In moving about the room, always step as heavily as possible, in order to disturb those trying to study.
- 10. If your teacher corrects you, challenge him to a duel.

THE WOULD-BE DUELIST.

Once to the Western High School A certain youth did go. His stately mien and bearing grand Caused all to love him so. One afternoon, sad to relate,

With a friend he had a fuss, Then to his home he hied himself And in note addressed him thus:

"I am a private citizen, And altho' I was your 'bud' The insult you have offered me Must be wiped out in blood."

'Twas good for him friends intervened, He was saved a broken head; Take my advice and never fuss With a man whose hair is red.

L. H. F.

TO THE FIRST YEARS.

My dear children, many things happened in this world before you were born. You won't believe it-but it is true.

You think you know many things, but you make a great mistake, it is not so at all. Listen while I tell you something entirely new to you, which you will probably never hear again. Once upon a time, ages and ages ago, there was not even any mud in the world, nothing but mist like London fog and it all turned round and round many times and got very hot, and the hotter it got the faster it turned around, and after ages and ages had passed away, it began to 1. Always block the doorways, when cool off and get harder, like hot molasses instead of steam. Of course you know 2. Wait until one minute before nine what happened after the molasses statejust what ought to happen—the taffy state, 3. Chemistry classes will always leave when things were so cold that they froze, the laboratory door open so that the and there was nothing on earth but skating Schools this year is particularly uncertain, odoriferous fumes may penetrate every part ponds and toboggan slides, only there as the material is almost entirely new in all wasn't anybody to skate or slide on them the teams. The Central and Eastern are 4. Never copy your program from the This was a peaceful time. The only peace- confronted by the same difficulty of having ful time in the history of the world, for bye light men both in and behind the line. The 5. Classes in rooms VII and III will and bye-articulates began to be-especi- Business will probably have a very heavy ally Trilobites, only as a bad man once team, picked mostly from the night school. said', they did not bite nearly so bad as The managers of the High School teams 6. Never run down stairs—always jump not articulate, but this is perverting English a league this year. and I hope you will not repeat it. These creatures were very well behaved and did should not enter it with more than fair 8. In crossing the study hall, always not fight any other creatures because there chance of success. cross in front of the room, that all may weren't any others, and ages and ages passed away and fishes came, and they had People who send us "communications" the earth seemed to be trying to get back "written." - Selected.

to the molasses state and turn herself inside out. She couldn't, of course, but she made such a disturbance that mountains came, and of course valleys, and Lake Superior made such an awful disturbance that they've had coppers there ever since, so my grand. father says, tho' it's all over now and that's what the song is about.

After this came Otozoum Montui and Brotozoum Giganteum and made tracks, I mean, of course, that they departing left behind them "footprints on the sand of They had large feet and had the record for long distance walking. Some times they made footprints all over peoples' front door-steps, but nobody blamed them for they weren't door-steps then and you can't punish a person for doing something that wasn't a crime-when he did it, especially if he's died in between times. That's the ex post facto law you studied about last year.

And there were others, the Pterodactyl and the Ichthyosaurus who were dreadfully plain, but had lovely false teeth which were real, and generations and generations passed away and mammals came with names worse than chemistry, and then man, and then you came, dear little ignorant children, and what may come next nobody knows and therefore it cannot be told. The class is excused.

FOOT-BALL.

some that came afterward and they could are very enthusiastic over the prospects of

There is no reason why the Western

began to think of evolution and new for publication ARE "requested" not to spheres and things before anything else "quote" and underscore so Much. THIS happened, it was so long coming. It be- is about the way a good deal of "matter" gan somewhere, I forgot just where, but would LOOK if we printed it as it is

ALUMNI NOTES.

'94. John McD. A. Lacy is studying at Washington and Lee University. In a strife for oratorical honors, Mr. Lacy, last year distanced the seniors, making the best showing made at the 'Varsity for years.

'93. Arthur Benkert is in his senior year at Pennsylvania.

'95. W.-P. McKee, the popular quartermaster of the first battalion of last year. intends to study medicine this winter. He will probably enter Columbian.

'94. John Brennon is at Georgetown. He entered last year.

'95. Charles Ramsburg, the first lieutenant of victorious Company H, has gone to Cornell.

'93. Miss Rittenhouse is among the many who reflect credit on her alma mater. At the June examination for trained nurses at Columbia Hospital she gained first honors, with the happy knowledge of being the youngest aspirant before the board of examiners. She has now an excellent position at Columbia.

'94. George Elliott is attending Pennsylvania. From latest intelligence he is inclined to improve the shining moments by "poling."

'94. Frisby entered Columbian last year. This year, in accordance with his usual independence he has decided to try a northern institution. If Lehigh fails to meet his ambitious requirements he will probably try Cornell.

'94. Miss Cartwright is to study at Wellesley, this winter. While at the Western she contributed ma , charming essays The Review." It is hoped He toolshe will still find time from her studies And the Sladden "THE WESTERN" with her ver conceptions.

Now '95. Miss Alice J. Crowley, the pop-Welar "orchestra" of the Kamptown Soshul Klub, is at the Normal.

H '93. J. Hawley Taussig is upholding his record in athletics, at Cornell.

'95. Capt. Taussig has been appointed one of the officers of his class, at Annapolis. Lucky Joe.

A man of wide views—the sailor. A man with deep views—the diver.

FROM THE GIRL'S STANDPOINT.

(Respectfully dedicated to Company H.)

THE FIRST YEAR.

Who wouldn't be a gay cadet With "H" upon his cap, And stripes all up his trouser legs, And step so full of "snap?"

THE SECOND YEAR.

Who wouldn't be a corporal. Who thinks he knows it all, And hopes to be the captain Before another fall?

THE THIRD YEAR.

Who wouldn't be lieutenant-The man with naught to do-Whose gay attire the girls declare, "So like the captain's, too!"

THE FOURTH YEAR. Who wouldn't be the captain, By all the school adored, With a chance to get a medal And his picture on the board?

"ALTOGETHER-NOW." Come, boys, embrace your chance, Take all this glory in, We think cadets are nicer far Than the boys who didn't go in! Go in and win, ye masculines, We'd join you if we might, We trust to you our fondest hopes-Then keep out record bright. And down the halls of '96 Shall echo with a will, Again the shout of victory: FOEMINA. The Western won the drill!

WHO IS SHE?

dents, not one of the Faculty. But, if I drew from his vest pocket a much crumpled say she is quite as well known among us est sadness. as any member of that revered board. This is largely due to the fact that last year she held a very prominent position in regard to the Company!

And yet, if she had not become famous in this way, I'm sure her jolly, independent little ways would have singled her out anywhere. She has a most bewitching wink that she favors some of her particular friends with, especially when walking across the study hall, or going up or down stairs. When talking to you she has a habit of shrugging her shoulders in a very meaning way, if you are not cleaver enough to understand her. She talks very brightly, using, perhaps, a trifle too much slang, (but that is a fault quite prevalent among as can be.

As to her appearance, she is what our French teacher calls petite, and extremely chic, as well. All her gowns fit most beautifully her slender little body. Her hair is her greatest beauty-long, fine and even. I won't mention the color, but let you guess it. And when you have discovered who this maiden is, I fancy you'll agree with me that she is one of the most fascinating of all the charming girls in our dear old "Western." JOSE.

Orlando was beloved of the tragic muse. Often did the glowing verses from his inspired pen grace the poet's corner of the village weekly, and quite as often did the poet himself recite to admiring audiences his soul-stirring lines. But a change came over the spirit of his dreams. It was observed of him that he was shrouded in gloomy melancholy, and that gnawing care was consuming his heart. His friends gathering about him, begged for one of the poems by which he had so often beguiled for them the fleeting hours. Striking a tragic attitude Orlando said in a voice broken with emotion "I shall never recite again, never again shall lines of mine greet your eye from the columns of the WESTERN; I lately wrote a tender idyl/entitled, 'Why do I live?' They did not even deign to return my manuscript but answered me in She is one of us, that is, one of the stu- an insulting personal." Thereupon Orlando may be forgiven the liberty, I should scrap of paper, and read in tones of deep-

> "Orlando-You ask, 'Why do I live?" We beg to say it is because you sent your verses by mail, and did not bring them in person."

> "We don't want bear stories," said the editor. "Our readers demand something spicy." "Well," said the man with the manuscript, "this story is about a cinnamon bear."

Teacher in Botany .- "Now if these leaves, which have a smooth edge are celled entire, what is the name of those which have not a smooth edge?

Bright Pupil.—" Not entire."

Down to business—a setting hen.

Asking for the bible reading one mornschool girls), and is as jolly and amusing ing I was surprised to hear some one say, "I say, ah, 53."

THE WESTERN.

EDITORIAL STAFF: ROBT. LEETCH, Editor-In-Chief.

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MISS DAVIS, '96. MISS KIDDER, '97. MR. SCUDDER, '98.

MISS WESCOTT, '96. MR. ALEXANDER. '96. MISS JANIE MOOR, Alumni.

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A4-MR. CHEYNEY.

THE WESTERN is a bi-weekly magazine, devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils and alumni. Original contributions are solicited from all, and should be given to any men ber of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, 60 CENTS PER SCHOOL YEAR; BY MAIL, they made last year. 75 CENTS. SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION TO THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1895.

EDITORIALS.

showed their appreciation of our efforts, good work as the larger ones? we have reasons to believe will be the Again our officers are capable, worthy case.

as the organ of any particular club, as to the highest standard. some have supposed, but as the organ of Under these favorable conditions we our own.

wholly to the interest of our school, filling tations. them with matter which shall be purely local in its character and therefore interest- There are two sorts of Cranks--both of ing to our students and friends. To suc- them indispensible. One moves our machceed in our enterprise we must have the ine and engine wheels, the other keeps the co-operation of all the students. The wheels of society whirling. The XIX. columns are yours and must be supported century has been and is still a great age by your contributions.

personally to ask for a contribution, but class the world is quite well assured, but send your contribution to him. Finally over the second kind rests a shadow of we want every one to subscribe. Most of doubt. The general idea seems to be that the students have already done so, but "Crank" and "Idiot" are synonymous there are some who we know, from indif- terms. This is a mistake. The true Crank ference, have withheld their subscriptions. is of necessity a smart person, for the one

spirit?" Reconsider and let us put your name on our list of subscribers.

The measured tread of marching squads in the basement and the sound of familiar voices shouting commands, remind us that our soldier boys have once more buckled down to hard work Although it is an early day to be thinking of the outcome of the competitive drill, we are glad to hear so much discussion of the subject among our boys and girls, for it shows the lively interest which our students manifest in our Company. This alone should be an incentive to our boys to repeat the earnest effort

Company H has always been the pride of the Western. To every true Westerner it has been the best company, its officers the most worthy and its men the best drilled in the regiment. We know how fully this feeling was justified last year. This year It is with much trepidation that we send we hope to be able to look upon our Comout this initial number of our paper, know. pany with the same degree of pride. Why ing that its appearance will be the signal should we not? Our Company has organfor much criticism. However, we trust that ized with a membership equal that of any the criticism will be more favorable than previous year; to be sure the average adverse, as indeed, surrounded as we are height is lower than it has ever been before, by so many friends who, by their liberal but why should that disturb us, since we subscriptions and "ads" have already have proved that the small boys do just as

men who are earnest and eager to do all "THE WESTERN" comes to us to-day not in their power to bring the Company up

The Western High School, a paper truly have every reason to expect great things from Company H. Moreover, we believe It is our purpose to devote our columns we will not be disappointed in our expec-

CRANKS.

for both kinds, and they seem to increase Don't wait for the editor to come to you hourly. Of the usefullness of the first To these we say, "where is your school fundamental quality of a Crank is origi-

nality, and in this age of smart people, to be original, to stand out from the thousands of brilliant thinkers and doers requires brains.

He who can accomplish this is a true crank, and as real cranks always attain a certain degree of fame or notoriety, there is invariably a set of imbeciles, lacking any originality in themselves, who ape the actions of the real cranks to the end that they may attract attention. Cranks create fashions, revolutionize public opinion; they may be powers for good or evil, but they must be cranks to succeed. In fact, to be a successful crank, one must be a person of ingenuity and tact, with a mind devoted to the success of his particular "crankism" and a nature replete with "stick-to-it-iveness."

But a cranks' life is not a bed of roses, for this same "stick-to-it-iveness" may be carried to such an extent that the crank becomes a bore and is regarded in the same category with the man who is eternally harping on evolution, or the invention of perpetual motion, or the degeneracy of youth in the XIX century, and kindred subjects.

Therefore—oh youth of this rising generation, don't be cranks unless you are so perfectly self-satisfied, that you can be absolutely indifferent to the criticisms and sneers of your fellow men, and know enough to hold your tongues.

KAMPTOWN NOTES.

Rehersals begin Friday, the eighteenth, for our entertainment to be given later in the fall.

At its first meeting of the year Kamptown took pleasure in accepting the members, by whose side and that heavy members, by whose aid we hope to chool. to add to our entertaining powers, cles of to raise the standard of the Western School.

Kamptown will put an entirely show on the stage this season. New son new jokes, everything new.

Kamptown's "orchestra" this year wil be none other than our popular teacher-Miss Ulke.

It is impossible to preserve all vegetables, but everyone knows the tomato can. Badly mixed—sand and sugar.

ROMEO AND JULIET UP TO DATE.

It was long ago in Italy two deadly rivals grew, They were old Mike McRaferty and Patrick Donohue; There was a boy, old Patrick's son, who was a little beau.

Pat could find no other name so he named him Romeo;

And Mike he had a female girl just home from cooking school,

Miss Juliet was her proper name but they often called her Jule.

The lady made her debut at a fancy masked ball, To which there came young Romeo who was not

asked at all;

John Tyson, lover of the maid, began to look quite glum,

And kept watching for a chance to send the fellow home;

But Jule met the beau, fell in love without delay, Romeo saw Jule and was taken the same way;

And lest some one should find them out they joined hands on the spot,

Then glided to squire Finnegan who straightway tied the knot.

The next day young Romeo fought Tyson in the square,

For which he was at once hauled up to come before the mayor;

Romeo being very drunk swore at the magistrate, Who cried you'll have to lose your head or be exiled at any rate;

What made the matter iworse her father now did interfere,

And said that she must give her hand to noble Paul Rivere.

The fellow is a patriot, to-day he comes to woo, Now you refuse and I'll be hanged if I don't wallop you;

She ran to squire Finnegan to see what she must do, The squire gave her poppy buds that she might take a chew;

'Twill make you look as dead, no one will ever know.

A hoodooed man your pa will be; how happy Romeo, She chewed the stuff, grew deadly pale, they laid her on two beers,

That she was dead her lover learned, far off in old Algiers;

He said of life I'll have no more they'll take me for a fool,

But I can't live without her so I'll go to-night to Jule:

He took poison to the sepulchre 'midst dead folks and creepers,

And then gulped down the dose as Juliet popped her peepers;

Now Jule it is not possible that you were playing possum,

Why yes indeed, of course it was my darling little blossom;

He struggled hard to tell her why he could not walk quite straight,

And then was awful scared to find that it was then too late;

He staggers, falls upon the ground, looked up with tearful eyes,

Oh! wait one minute Romeo, and let me go with you, And when she grabbed that deadly knife she followed, P. D. Q.

By P. D. Q.

CONSTANCE.

It was the dearest old garden in all the dear old town. It was always lovely in the garden, but loveliest when the golden sun rays lingered as if loath to leave the fairest bloom of spring's first wakening to the pitiless touch of night. Many fair girls have loved and lingered in that garden, each, in the eyes of her many friends and lovers, the fairest maiden on all the earth!

What tales of joy those maples whispered and what worlds of grief those willows sighed!

Constance often listened to their voices, in the garden, as many a Constance had work they have undertaken. before her, and she thought, the foolish child, that never, since the world began, had there been love like hers. Yet be- Captain, A. E. Berry. cause of her beauty which gained her much First Lieutenant, W. H. Cassin. admiration, and despite of her sweet dis- Second Lieutenant, L. Smoot. position, she was, Oh, so proud!

So when her lover came at evening, all Second Sergeant, H. Walters. glorified by the strength and truth of his Third Sergeant, G. M. Berry. devotion, she walked most calmly at his Fourth Sergeant, A. Craig. side between the fragrant lilac hedges, gathering here a myrtle, there a violet to Corporals: give him as a token of her friendship; but she never gave him a rose for true love, though many times he pleaded for it, and though she knew that it was his, by right. Then he left her, for his country called him; and because he was young and igno- old stand. rant of the way of women, thought he would not trouble her by needless fond farewells.

Long she waited in the twilight for she knew his ship would sail tomorrow, but he came not, though the moon rose pale beyond the willows. She waited till her chestnut hair grew gray, still he came not.

He had found a sweetheart fairer and less proud than Constance, for when death took him from the heat of a great naval battle, his country claimed him as her lover and smoothed his brow with fondest kisses.

Constance, sitting lonely in the garden, thought, like many another woman, that Then Juliet beside him falls and much excited cries; there never was a sorrow half so great as ACACIA

A man with an arrow view—the archer. my boy."

CANNABALISM IN THE COMPANY, or why so few boys enlist.

Out into the yard where the awkward squad Are nervously waiting the time to begin, Comes a strutting sergeant with pompous air, He opens his mouth like a hungry bear, And savagely roars: "FALL IN!"

COMPANY NOTES.

APPOINTMENTS.

A few surprises were in store for the boys of the company yesterday when they assembled in the drill hall to hear the official announcement of the appointments for the ensuing year.

THE WESTERN heartily congratulates the never guessing that her story would be ad- boys who have so deservedly won the ded to the endless list. Yet she met him honors and bids them Godspeed in the

> The appointments are as follows: Battalion Q. M., W. R. Coyle. First Sergeant, C. M. McGowan. Fifth Sergeant, H. Mitchell.

> > T. Holcomb,

H. Jackson,

C. Pimper,

C. Taussig.

Company "H" is doing business at the

Perhaps it is because it is a dead language that we can put no life into our Latin.

A paper full of good points—a paper of needles.

Much sympathy is tendered one of our prominent fourth years, because he wanders "lonely as a cloud," without his last year's "special."

"What do you conceive to be the chief end of man, doctor?" asked the freshman. "Well," returned the professor, thoughtfully, "it all depends. If you are going in for scholarships, I should say the head; if for football honors, the foot is the end to be cultivated."

Student.—"Professor, what is the logical way of reaching a conclusion?"

Professor .- "Take a train of thought,

GRINS.

THE BOY WHO WISHED THE BUSINESS COURSE AT THE WESTERN.

> They just came in from Filmore, From the Jackson and the Force. To the study hall they went, Deep upon their studies bent. Some took the Academic, But one the Business course, And straightway to the Business He was sent: As he walked across the study hall, With a "buy-me-for one cent" air, You could hear his pals declare, "We're glad that we're not there." You could hear him sigh, And wish to die. You could see him cast A longing eye At the seat which he must Vacate at the Western.

BASE-BALL EXPRESSIONS.

Out on strike-The factory hands.

Put out-A suburbanite who has missed his last train home.

Short stop-Collision with a man coming 'round the corner.

Home run-The little boy who has been "licked."

brokers.

A man who has reached the age of ninety appears to be XC aingly old.

Off and on-Clothes. . .

Scene - A Ship far out at sea. No land visible.

Dramatis personae:-The captain and cook.

Capt. "Cook, I want some eggs for dinner."

Cook. "Aint got none sah, fo de chickens is all done gone,

The captain had eggs for dinner. How? He made the ship lay t(w)o.

A bad quarter-Three 7.2's and a 7.

Teacher in Chemistry class .- "Give me an oxide."

Bright "Soph."-"Leather."

Teacher.-"Leather, is that an oxide?" B. S.-"Yes sir, ox(h)ide of beef."

Pronunciation of the pluperfect subjunctive "vicissem" by the "fresh," "We of "side issues," and thanks for them. kiss 'em?"

AFFAIRS IN KAMPTOWN.

Kamptown still exists; not however on its sing the current events throughout the former basis, for it now stands in the world, thus keeping in touch with Western High School a fully organized great questions of the day. club. Some one may ask, and reasonably, The worth of such an organization What is the object of the Kamptown Club?' the school can be readily seen. Its influ For answer let us quote Article II of the ence is far reaching. By constant stud-Constitution; "Its objects shall be to pro- and discussion of the great questions of the mote a loyal school spirit, and to advance day, especially these under codsideration the interests of the Western High School." in our own country, the members are Could Kamptown have a better object for to think for themselves, being thus per its existence? The worth of such an pared for a higher citizenship when the organization was conclusively shown last must launch out upon the stern realities May at the annual competetive drill of the life. High School Cadets, when Company H, backed by such a crowd of rooters as no other school had ever before taken on the field, took home the coveted flag. Who aroused such enthusiasm as was then displayed? Who organized the rooters in a body? Who acted as welcoming committee when Captain Taussig brought his victorious company home on that memorable night of May 25? Surely if Kamptown shall do nothing more than instil in every student a loyal patriotism for his Base on balls-Cheating at the pawn- school, as it has done in the past, it's labors will not have been in vain.

object, for it has already started a fund to ful in the history of the school. equip a gymnasium in our "new build- Although averse to mentioning names, ing (?)" It is earnestly hoped that this we should like to ask McCartney whom he winter the gymnasium fund will be greatly was after the other noon at such a "smart" augmented. Already the K. S. K. boys pace. are considering methods for the accomplishment of this end.

THE CURRENT HISTORY CLUB.

Besides the regular course of studies, every well organized school has as some one has well called them, a number of "side issues." Indeed these "side issues" play such an important part in the school life that they are looked upon as an absolute necessity.

They arouse an interest in the life of himself. the school, which would be lacking without them; they break the monotony of the regular course and afford to the student both pleasure and profit.

In the Western we have a goodly share profitable is the "Current History Club."

Once a week the members of the chi Although it may not be generally known, assemble to spend a delightful hour disc.

NOTES.

THE WESTERN cordially welcomes our new instructors, Miss Martin and Me Morris.

School does not seem to have the same attraction for some of our Seniors as it li last year. Ask J-e W-n why it is.

Judging from the majority of those wearing the Kamptown Soshul Klub pins one might think it were an organization d females.

The grand review of the recruits was witnessed by the Seniors, Junior and Soph-This, however, is not the clubs sole mores, who pronounced it the most success

Every boy in school should join the "Anti-tip-your-hat-at-noon" Association. For particulars, apply to E. D. Cheney-At.

The messenger service has never before been so complete as this year. Every time three bells ring in the study hall, there is a general stampede of eager volunteers.

Who is Doctor Room? His shingle. "DR. Room" hangs in the second corridor, but we have never seen the gentleman

Cupid has already begun his dangerous work among the First Years. Boys and girls, learn a lesson from your seniors and ward off this artful chap.

Without doubt one of the most pleasant and this month to draw up resolutions of regret (?) in behalf of our deserter— "Chaney."

The Mestern.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."—Buckingham.

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON, D. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1895.

No. 2.

REGRET.

Had I but known thy thought was but for me, I who knew well thy dee soul's constancy, No doubt had come to wreck thy life and mine, But love had found and soothed with touch divine; Our lips, our lives, had never strangers grown,

Had I but known, Dear heart, Had I but known.

Had I but known how full thy life of pain, My hand had been in thine; and not in vain. The saddened earth that thou wert weary of Sweet life had given; doubt had changed to love, And love had ever deeper, truer grown:

> Had I but known, Dear heart, Had I but known.

X.

THE SHADOWS' STORY.

The town lay in an out-of-the-way, coast.

ial days," the English officials had known their fantastic revels. Summer and winter young beauty in turn hidden and displayed it as the centre of many a rebellious mis- the shadows, brooding over all so darkly, by the fickle blue-gold flames! For then chief making; yet long, long ago, in time took the mansion's solitary inmate under her love had appeared to him a very rainof peace, many had been the shrewd their especial guardianship; for he was deaf bow of promise, spanning his worlds of transactions enacted on the busy main-road; and old and loved no voices-could hear sin. many had been the solemn vows, in the none, save the multitudinous echoes of the But the cruel shadows which controlled rendezvous of merry, romantic youth in laughter that rippled and rippled around brightness. those shady, sweet-scented lanes. Al-be-it the bare old living-room. Quickly, they recalled another picture, war-time had cast strange lights on those Sitting there in the sombre summer twi- as they muttered "coward!" in his ears. familiar places. Armies, offensive and de- light, or the short-lived glory of a winter They showed him a troop of Hessian fensive had passed along the road-side, noon, he would oft-times start to hear, so mercenaries, advancing with intent to capreligious ceremonies had given way to hot plainly, a sweet voice whispering ever so ture and to kill him in their false zeal to discussions, the very trees in those lanes gently in his deaf old ears. Then rising revenge "rebellion against Great Britian

heaven for all who tottered along those ing all about it; thence across the deserted grass-grown by-ways.

grave casions, one whose ancient lineage weed-grown, sunken grave, and bearing and wealth caused him to be known upon its lichened surface, only one word, to his more humble neighbors as "The "Sylvia." And, ever, through the mist Judge." He lived in a massive grey frame which hung about the damp old grave-yard, structure, anchored against the wintry he would see his past life, as it were a winds by an enormous square chimney, picture. where the swallows built in summer and He would see himself a bride-groom, in the smoke-elves danced in winter. Well the home which had been his all through shaded from the mild summer sun were the his lonely, selfish boy-hood, sitting on the sloping lawn and the steep shingled roof. oaken settee in the hearth-corner with his In times gone by, gay groups had gathered beautiful stately bride. This was not a about the blazing pine logs, or merrily prim Colonial maiden, who had come to laughed in the shadows of the elms and make his life one glorious sun-beam, but a poplars.

drowsy little cove on the New England all to themselves in summer now, while all for his virtues, which were few. How his through the dreary winter the smoke-elves memory would have loved to linger on One could hardly realize that, "in colon- have only the dead leaves to audience this picture of his wife with all her dark

had whispered dark conspiracies. . and straightening those bent shoulders, he and His Majesty, King George." church-yard seemed the much desired brushing in his haste the cob-webs hang- thundering at the door of her husband's

pasture till he reached the pine-bordered Conspicuous among these pilgrims to the church-yard beyond. Here he would pause might be seen, on rare oc- beside a granite grave-stone, marking a

passionate tropical beauty, who loved him Alas! the swallows and the roses have it more for his faults, which were many, than

town church, on a sabbath; many the past-whispers from lips long cold, and him would not let him dwell upon this

In these later days youth and life seemed would peer into every shadow-haunted He saw himself, in the first vigor of to have left the village in the hands of old corner, in search of the flitting form he had stalwart manhood, crouching in hidden age and death. No children made mud seen so plainly, when his eyes were closed security, close under the ivy-clothed eaves; pies at the town-pump, no lovers lingered in thought. Seeing no one, but ever hear- saw his wife a slender beautiful girl, in in those moon-lit lanes, but all the old ing voices and soft laughter, he would rush all the frailty of young womanhood, meetinhabitants came back here to die, and the bare-headed through the silent door-way, ing the dread Hessian Captain, who stood

home and hers; saw her meet the insolent bravado's gaze of vulgar admiration with a look of dauntless courage, from eyes whence love and gentleness had all been burned away by flashing, flaming anger.

He heard the coarse voice demanding the surrender of the rebel, heard the firm reply from lips which did not tremble; "I wilt not betray him though my own life, be the forfeit!"

Then, loud, he heard the harsh laughter of the soldiers, and the ominous satire in the Captain's guttural reply, that they had come to capture a rebel, but had found a far greater prize; forsooth a rebel's very buxom wife!

Then be beheld them binding her, a prisoner, vainly striving to humble her stately pride with many a coarse jest and loathsome taunt. Passively he saw her borne away, he knew not where.

The shadows let him behold her thus; over and over again; she, -the captured woman, he-the free man, not daring to lift his finger towards her rescue, because he had not yet learned that death is far, far better than a selfish, loveless life.

revealed to him her fair form yet once more now cold and still and lifeless; for e'er long, the hardships of a soldier's prison had parted the exalted soul from the humbled body; and so, once more he saw her.

Then all was blank and dark.

narrowing in around him.

hearth-ston, the sighing winds would whis- small coin from a very miser. per all about him, "Sylvia, S-y-l-v-i-a!" and he would hear the waves across the quantities of fern disposed about the halls, pasture murmuring; "Who Saveth his life with occasional bowls of roses placed upon shall lose it."

story, but when the dead leaves asked the gram of fried oysters, sandwiches, pickles fate of the old man, these shadows only and olives, with second course of cake, glowered darkly and answered, "Dust to ALICE KEARNY COYLE. dust."

NOTICE!

Watch our next issue for an important notice concerning the Thanksgiving number.

Only a first year student, Only a little girl, With hair, dark brown and wavy And here and there a curl.

Eyes as blue as the heavens, And cheeks as red as a rose. The name of this dainty maiden, I wonder if any one knows?

I'm sure she attracts attention, As she crosses the study hall, With steps so light and airy And "Trilby's," Oh, so small!

Think, my dear young readers, And try to answer my question; For the subject of my description, Is the prettiest girl at the Western.

LUNCH AND MUSICALE.

the Western High School is so justly cele- Nocturne, B minor, . . occasion being a lunch followed by a delightful musicale. Lorelei,

During the four morning periods which Mrs. Perkins. Ever goading him onward, the shadows dragged their weary length to 12:30 Etude, G minor, . . . o'clock, the pupils not favored with chance Polacca Brillante, . . . study hours, caught glimpses of their more Miss Bestor. teachers busily employed upon beautifying Bonnie Dundee, the enticing lunch tables spread in the long corridors on the first and second floors; Before the second number, Miss Ulke and when at last the longed for bell proing prospect, while the savory odors which As he would turn again to his desolate saluted their nostrils, would have enticed

Large banks of rich autumn leaves and the fair linen, made the tables a most at-So the shadows revealed no more of his tractive picture. There was the usual profruit and caramels; but instead of the usual rush and jam, a whole hour was given to the disposal of the contents of the loaded tables, and little groups gathered Most of them are standing. here and there in quiet corners to lunch together, eating quite elegantly from the stove. wooden plates, and luxuriating in paper napkins.

At 1:30 o'clock the school assembled in the exhibition hall where in spite of their recent gastronomic exertions, they spent a most delightful hour with two of Washing. ton's most gifted artists.

Miss Bestor, graduate pupil of Mr. Gloetzner, has a wonderful command of the piano, and adds to her brilliant and skill. ful technique that indispensible quality of the good pianist, a sympathetic feeling for her art that makes perfect interpretation possible.

Mrs. Perkins' singing is to well known for any comment. She has sung for us several times before, and has greatly endeared herself to the "Western" by her charming and delightful songs. She was never in better voice, nor more enthusiastically received.

The following is the program.

Prelude, D flat, . . . Chopin The first of the social events for which Spinning Song, . Wagner Liszt Chopin brated took place Friday, October 25, the Fantaisie Impromptu, . . Chopin

. Liszt

Heller . Bohn

fortunate companions and various "free" Dearest, Moncreif

Mrs. Perkins.

briefly and graphically sketched the story of He was there, alone in the grave-yard, claimed the hour for the feast at hand, the Flying Dutchman, describing in detail only a bent old man with the day-light their eyes were greeted by a most charm- the particular scene and incidents upon which the Spinning Song is based, thus adding greatly to our ability to interpret the theme of this number.

> The program closed about 3 o'clock, and as we some what reluctantly withdrew, to give place to the only two sad-eyed participants in the festival (the janitor and the sweep) among all the exchanges of congratulation and good cheer, we caught many rumors of "Fifty dollars clear."

> > JENNIE JEAN.

The modern armies should sit down.

A Hot (S)cent. One that has been on

A pair of Golden Slippers. Two banana peels.

TO THE BABY.

Who came without our knowledge And took our hearts by storm, Displaying to our dazzled eyes Its graceful rosewood form? Our "Baby."

Who stands upon the platform Where the faculty sit in state-A place of honored prominence, A place of dignity great? Our "Baby."

Whose dulcet music thrills us In two-step, hymn and waltz? Whose lingering cadence fills us With Melody never false? Our "Baby."

Who's worthy of our efforts Its value to repay? Who'll lead our glad devotions For many a happy day? Our "Baby."

Then here's to the health of "Baby," Long may its music swell; Filling our songs with the harmony, Our lives should show as well. Let's work with such inspiration, That others shall see and know And talk of the "mascot the Western has In her "baby grand" piano. Bub.

ATHLETICS.

from the "Centrals" to take part in the fence. field sports at Van Ness Park, on November 16. Discussion of these games and many subjects are discussed and digested active practice for them has been progress- between huge mouthfuls of luncheon. This ing at the Central and other schools for the corner, however, does not lend its charms past month, but, until Friday, we knew to the boys alone, for if you are a keen little or nothing of them, except through observer you may chance to see a line of is reported that of Miss Bessie Davidson, rumors. This is not very surprising to us girls pass by, arm in arm, indulging in class of '93, to Mr. George Mann, at St. in view of the crushing defeat which the caramels, frequent bites of juicy pickles, John's Episcopal church, Georgetown. Centrals' suffered at our hands in 1892-3, and, if I may suggest, frequent smiles in It is rumored that other of '93's bright when Guy Davis, Hawley and Joe Taussig the direction of the fence rail. girls have matrimony in view. and other Western athletes defeated them The other day, by a mere accident, of '93. Miss Beatrice Pelz, whose mother by about 50 points. That year they gave course, I chanced to be one of those many died during the past winter, is still abroad us about two months notice, this year they girls and passing just in time, heard the with her aunt. give us about three weeks, in order that end of what seemed to be a rich joke. '94. Paul Graham of '94, has a good the same thing may not happen again. "Oh! your head's full of wheels," called a position with the Farmer and Mechanics' The slight may not have been intended. tall junior to a little freshman, who, never- Bank, Georgetown. He is the same gen-However, whether it was intentional or the theless, bravely upheld his own, even ial Paul of old, but with the dignity of result of bad management, we are placed though the boys laughed at him and his face responsibility on his youthful shoulders. at a disadvantage. '94. Miss Cecil Francis McKee, the

mains to be seen, but it is certain that impressions while weightier ones may pass the Grant Building. none of them will be in any form when and leave no mark. I am not prepared to '95. Among those entered for training championship as in any way affected by while the voice of the Greek professor tal, this city. the coming games. By this, however, we came to me as through a mist. I heard him '93. Miss Cora Pimper is helping to inthe Western.

Let every boy at our school who takes of wheels? The noise of the trolley cars on the least bit of interest in athletics enter High street greets my ears, and I see the and do a Westerner's share in keeping little wheel hurrying away, in touch of the alive the interest in a sport which is dying electric wire. I hear the rumble of the charged, will be as follows:

- 1. 100 yard dash.
- 2. 220 yard dash.
- 3. 4 mile run.
- 4. 1 mile run.
- 5. Mile bicycle.
- 6. Running high jump.
- 7. Broad jump.
- 8. Pole vault.
- 9. Putting 16lb. shot.

B.

WHEELS.

There seems to be something particularly fascinating to our boys about St. John's Church opposite, for scarcely has the ring of the electric bells ceased to vibrate through the corridors, than troops of those noisy students lumber, rather than walk through the gateway of the school yard and proceed across the way, either to collect in Last Friday we received an invitation groups or to lend their support to the iron

Here, during this precious half hour,

little freshman object to being the possessor a third grade this year.

out in the High Schools. The events, for cart wheels as they bump over the cobble which an entrance fee of 25 cents will be stones. Where would transportation be were it not for the wheels? Would our dearly loved Western appear in print were it not for the little cog wheels that run the machinery of its great presses? What is there, possessed of life or motion, that does not use somewhere in its mechanism a wheel or two? Do not think I am becoming a philosopher, -no, no-I am far from that. What I started out to do was to whisper to that little freshman and tell him to be proud of the wheels in his head; to put them in motion and not let them lie idle or rust on the pivots of thought. Keep the little delicate wheels bright and shining, polished with every-day thoughts and deeds so that we may receive some great results from the well tended and all producing machinery of your brain. Go to work freshman, and make a name in literature for yourself so that some day, when you stand a proud and lofty(?) senior, the good St. Catherine may smile down upon you and say, "Well done '99."

MADGE '96.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'93. Among the early October weddings

How many of the boys will enter re- Sometimes very small matters leave deep popular pianist of her class, is teaching at

the games come off. Consequently, the account for this, I only know that those at the various hospitals is Miss Julia Western does not regard her title to the words remained with me all the afternoon, Nichols. She is at the Childrens' Hospi-

do not attempt to discourage entries from not-I was thinking. Why should the struct the youth of Tenallytown. She has

THE WESTERN.

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MISS WESCOTT, '96. MR. ALEXANDER, '96. MISS JANIE MOOR, Alumni

- BUSINESS STAFF:

EDWARD A. DUCKETT, '96, Business Manager.

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A2-MR. WRIGHT. B2-MR. BELLER C2-MISS NORDLINGER. B3-MISS WALKER,

A4-MR. CHEYNEY.

THE WESTERN is a bi-weekly magazine, devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils and alumni.
Original contributions are solicited from all, and should be given to any men ber of the Editorial Staff. Business communi cations should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION TO THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1895.

EDITORIALS.

We desire to express our heart-felt thanks for the right royal welcome which we received on the occasion of our first appearance. Already we feel that THE WESTERN has won a lasting abode in the hearts of could we have hoped for greater success challenges your largest effort. than we have achieved, and scarcely could we have achieved such success had it not been for the earnest efforts and interest of our contributors.

thing must be radically wrong when our sis- Contributions should be in, the Monday wart) Westerner on the new wheel, to the strong, nor the race to the swift. save us much trouble. Our big neighbors across the creek cannot expect to be foremost always in everything.

We sincerely hope the statement in the

iness manager, and may they get one even half as good as our own "Birdie."

- THE WESTERN is distinctly a school paper, and stands as the exponent of school interests. Our readers will not, then, be surprised to find us allying ourselves on the side of the Teachers' Bazaar, not that there friends of the school, as well as business and professional men, from the President down to the smallest child in the first grade, movement. Here, boys and girls of the Western, is another opportunity for us to which concerns us all.

bution. Let us follow in the footsteps of Westerners. our popular club, and as a school take up this interest with as much enthusiasm as we do the questions that more directly conhomes of not a few of our friends. Scarcely counts upon your enthusiastic support, and first year boys.

III.

Another source of great gratification is lication. A word by way of instruction over the rose bowls, or serve lemonade. the fact that The Western was the first of will not be cut of place at this time. Never the High School papers to appear. This write on both sides of the paper, as it is is a matter of much surprise to us, for we very inconvenient for the printer to be comthe enterprising Review, or our lively con- or no difference whether you write with pen

ter schools allow the little Western to get before the appearance of the issue for which ahead of them in any matter. However, they are intended. A little care in these we remember the battle is not always matters on the part of our contributors will

IV.

Post, to the effect that there was a probato patronize our advertisers. We must recoming out ball early in Autumn. bility of The Review's not being published member it is a matter of business for them this year because of the lack of a business and for us. It is our desire to establish a taking a course in law at Columbian. manager, is wholly without basis. We reputation, not only as a school paper, but wish them success in their search for a bus- as an advertising medium as well. This Stanton, Va.

can never be done if our advertisers receive no returns for their investment. Therefore. we earnestly urge you not to let our advertising columns go unnoticed, but, in so far as you are able, give your patronage to those who have patronized us.

BAZAAR NOTES.

Contributions for the Western High is any other side, for the patrons and School table are beginning to come in, and there is every promise of a very handsome display of fancy articles. The custodian, Miss Ulke, will be glad to exhibit the have expressed their hearty interest in the articles to interested students any day after 2 o'clock.

Captain Berry is already in the field as "pull together;" a chance for more school candidate for the officer's sword, (the gift spirit, and unity of feeling on a subject of Oehm & Co., Balto.) and promises, with his enthusiastic backing here, to give The K. S. K. has already taken the in- the other officers a close run in the lively itiative and voted a handsome cash contri- contest. Save your dimes for votes, loyal

It is astonishing what a sudden interest has been awakened in candy made in red and white, while as to the necktie scheme, cern us; and let it not be said that at the and the handkerchief craze which have Western High School there is one pair of taken our sections by storm, one may preunwilling hands, or one indifferent spirit dict great results when worked by such our students, and found a welcome in the in this great enterprise. The Western winsome first year girls and such gallant

> It is suggested that the High Schools supply relays of girls for the flower booth. We venture to prophesy a large attendance It is very evident that some of our con- of the Western contingent when white tributors have never before written for pub- gowned lassies with red ribbons preside

We are pitted against the Business High School in the contest for the bicycle, but never dreamed that we would be ahead of pelled to turn manuscript. It makes little boys and girls, and even against so enterno one questions the popularity of our temporary The Easterner. Surely some or pencil, but above all things write legibly. hold our own, and mount a fair (or stal-

ALUMNI NOTES.

'95. Miss Alice Lynch is taking the course at the Normal School.

'94. Miss Carrie Nordlinger of N street is to make her debut the coming winter. A courteous thing for us to do would be She will be introduced to society at a

'93. Duncan, alias, "Reddy" Bradley is

'93. Miss Etta Hanger is teaching near

OUR LATEST.

Apart in awful dignity The "Western" usher sits, A wavelet in his ebon locks, A smile upon his lips.

Instead of crowded desk and stool He boasts a table big; In an arm-chair great doth he take in state His "otium cum dig."

And whenever a fair intruder Comes in with a puzzled air, With courtly politeness he sees to her wants-Especially when she is fair!

The girls admire his manly form— He's becoming quite a Be(a)11— And they've told me a secret about him too, But I really dare not tell!

Oh! a great institution our usher is, And so merry is his glance, That we pardon his flirting-'tis but a few-And wonder if we wouldn't do so too If we had as good a chance!

THE BUTT.

The Blake House, being so well known and so beautifully situated, was, as usual, not always be expected to last long, the very well filled that summer. Having front lawn convocation was presently been, in the days before the "late unpleas- startled by a series of awful yells, barks, antness," the residence of a wealthy slave- and howls, from the rear of the house. owner, it was far more attractive and far The yells were recognized by all as being more comfortable than the ordinary coun- characteristic of the Termagant Brat, who, try boarding house. It was placed directly an instant later; rushed around the corner on the bay-front, with wide, roomy ver- of the house evidently in a state of very andas, and a fine lawn sloping down to the great terror. The cause of his trouble was row of magnificent weeping willows lining not far off, for at his heels was a dog, the sea-wall.

a Funny Man-no self respecting boarding condition of mind. house could exist without its Funny Man. In this case he was a young man very nizing that the dog was mad. The utmost much in love with the Reigning Beauty, confusion reigned. The Termagant Brat PANION make the following liberal offer: who is invariably as indispensable an ad-plunged right among them, and the dog New subscribers who will send at once

Recites, the Blase Young Man, the Ner- Nervous Old Lady gave one faint shriek yous Old Lady, the Termagant Brat, the and then died. The Irritable Old Man Irritable Old Man, a host of maidens fair swore fervently, but with the accents of (and otherwise), and lastly the Butt, a despair. The Blase Young Man, forgetyoung man whose mind seemed to be ing his ennui, leaped to his feet with an divided between his clothes, a series of awful yell, and vainly attempted to climb vain attempts to comprehend the Funny a tree which his arms could not more than Man's jokes, and an overpowering passion half engirdle. As for the Funny Man, he for the Reigning Beauty. ran and jumped over the sea-wall, (where

of it; the object of his adoration ignored than waist deep.) him; the Funny Man, hardly recognizing The mad-dog was almost upon the Termagant nearly tormented him to death, having recovered himself and stripped off but I only lately saw a cake walk.

gouty foot; so that on the whole his life choking it to death.

over the front lawn, talking, reading, and Fall. gazing out upon the water from beneath the trees, he was in a fairly happy frame of mind for, although; the Termagant Brat had sown a handful of tacks in the seat of his chair, and the Funny Man was ridiculing him as usual, yet the Reigning Beauty. had been more gracious than was her custom; and he was used to tacks and ridicule.

But as even such comparative bliss canwhose tongue was hanging out and who Among the guests there was, of course, was evidently in a very much demented

Every one present immediately recog- footing. junct as the Funny Man. losing sight of him in the confusion, made Then there were, as usual, the Girl who straight for the Reigning Beauty. The The Butt, poor fellow, had a hard time the water was fortunately not much more

him as a rival, despised him and was eter- Reigning Beauty, who had sunk back pale nally holding him up to ridicule; the and motionless in her chair when the Butt,

the Nervous Old Lady was afraid of him his coat, as the dog made his final leap, because of his awkwardness; the Girl who threw the garment over the beast's head Recites hated him because he did not laugh and grasped at his throat. The dog at her funny pieces, and the Irritable Old knocked him down with the force of his Man swore at him with touching regularity leap, but rolling over and over he struggled on those unfortunate but frequent occasions manfully, until finally, though the animal when he stumbled over the old man's was an immense one, he succeeded in

was more of a burden than anything else. The Butt lived a peaceful life the rest of However, one evening after dinner, that summer, and his engagement to the when the whole convocation was spread Reigning Beauty was announced in the JESSE H. WILSON, JR.

A REMARKABLE ANNOUNCEMENT.

A brief paragraph can hardly do justice to the interesting announcements which THE YOUTH'S COMPANION makes for the coming year. Not only will some of the most delightful story-writers contribute to the paper, but many of the most eminent statesmen, jurists and scientists of the world. No fewer than three cabinet ministers are announced, among them being the Secretary of Agriculture, who chose for a subject "Arbor Day," the celebration of which he originated; Secretary Herbert writes on "What the President of the United States Does," and Secretary Hoke Smith on "Our Indians,"

In a fascinating group of articles under the head of "How I Served my Apprenticeship," Frank R. Stockton tells how he became an author, General Nelson A. Miles gives reminiscences of his army days, and Andrew Carnegie recalls his earliest struggles in getting a business

The Publishers of THE YOUTH'S COMtheir name and address and \$1.75 will receive free a handsome four-page Calendar for 1896 (7x10 in.), lithographed in nine colors, the retail price of which is 50 cents, THE COMPANION free every week until January 1, 1896, the Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's double numbers free, and THE YOUTH'S COMPANION fifty-two weeks, a full year to January 1, 1897. Address,

> THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 195 Columbus Avenue, Boston.

I hear there is an abundance of dancers in the school. Did any of them ever attend a cod-fish ball?

I have seen many things which can walk,

FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE WESTERN.

NAME.	AGE.	Новву.	FAVORITE REFRESH.	Best.	FUTURE OCCUPATION.
Alexander R.	Still in his teens.	Punning.	Corned beef hash.	See Mil(ls)ton.	Milkman.
Berry, E.	Can shave.	Cleanin' gums.	Hot water.	See Greek class A.	Flag-man.
Beall.	Not too old to learn.		Smiles from Miss U.	We don't dare say.	Chemist.
Cheney, E.	Can't talk yet.	Writing poems.	"Fly" cake.	Juliet.	Poet.
Cassin,	Way up.	Growing.	The second secon	Unknown.	Barnum's giant.
Duckett,	Has a mustache.	A great "walker."	Soda water.	May or 'Berta.'	Minstrel.
Hume.	Old as the hills.		''2-fers'' and Char- lotte russe.	THE RESERVE TO A SECURIOR SHAPE A SECURIOR SECUR	Student at Hopkins.
Kirtland, S.	Uncertain.	Woman hating.		"Virgie."	Artist.
Leetch, F.	Younger brother.	Blushing.		Too many of 'em.	Musician.
McCartney.			Charles and the Arabin Carried and the State of the State	The "smart" cyclist	自己的自己的自己的自己的自己的自己的自己的自己的自己的自己的自己的自己的自己的自
McGowan.	Still bashful.	Music.	ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPER	NO DOMESTIC PORTER OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROP	Translator of Chaucer
Mannakee.	Can't walk yet.	Seeking inspirations from the ceilings.	GOLD TO THE THE PERSON OF THE PARTY OF THE P	Ask sister.	Barber.
Nesbit.	Non antiqua.		Chestnuts.	Undecided.	Loafing.
Petty.	Sweet sixteen.	Hanging round the town.	The state of the s		Actor.
Reed, L.	1. B. C.	Burning the midnight oil.	Mud.	В——е?	Reporter.
Smoot.	Keep it dark.	Unmatched cuff-but- tons.	Pickles.	He met her this sum- mer.	French translator.
Seibold.	Old enough to have more sense.	Raising a fog in S. H.	"Matinees."	Himself.	Peddler.
Wilson, J.	Kid yet.	Accepting the inevi- table.	French Verbs.	Still faithful at the old stand.	Singer.
Guess.	Just hatched.	Playing soldier.	Teething-ring.	F :11:	Janitor.

NOTES. WHO ARE THEY?

The Western High School had two youths, And these two youths were men, The height of one was five foot six, The other, six foot ten:

Now with the boys of Company "H" These noble lads had served, And, as became brave men and true, Had, ne'er from duty swerved:

So when their senior year came round, And each of them did dream, Of "H" he was the captain grand, Strange as it all may seem:

Alas, they met an awful fate, Death came one Thursday night, And all flieir hopes were "be ryed" deep, Yes, "berryed" out of sight. MEH.

The first years say that they perfer the example set by the fourth years to any that Miss McNulty ever sets.

Miss. Robinson pronounces this years' fourth year History class the best in the school's career.

We often speak of manning a ship, but how do we "man-a-kee?"

The latest-Be absent from school three days, in order that, your seat being forfeited, it will be necessary for you to take a seat in room II. and enjoy the gallery life with the seniors.

One of our bright scholars told a certain young man that he was the climax of all her joy, and then wittily remarked when he put on his hat that "That capped the climax."

LUNCHEON NOTES.

The platform in the study hall looked very Knabe, with the handsome furniture and fern, but it looked even Be(s)tor when the music was Perkin up.

Among the freaks of nature we observed at the luncheon, were Sheetz munching cake, Barnes selling fruit, Pears strolling around, It is a great satisfaction to sit in the Kanes eating oysters, Hills running up gallery, for it is the only chance we have and down stairs, and a whole Town buying popcorn.

Never before Friday last have such sweet odors been wafted from the chemical. laboratory—the cake was cut there

'Twas a prominent fact that the table over which the Kamptown Soshu Klub banner hung did the biggest business selling out its entire stock first of all.

URINS.

Mary had a little lamp, It fed on kerosene; But Mary down the chimney blew, And left this earthly scene.

A morning glory—10 in a writte lesson the first hour.

Teacher:—Analyze the sentence "Adolphus married Caroline."

Pupil:--"Adolphus is a noun, becaus it is the name of a thing. Married is conjunction, because it connects thing and Caroline is a preposition, because governs the noun." -uley

Did you hear the fall of umbian. night? teaching ne

The Mestern.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."-Buckingham.

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON, D. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1895.

No. 3.

WHEN ANN JANE SINGS.

She's poor, and sick, and dreadful thin, Old Ann Jane is; The path of life that she walks in Ain't strewn with bliss; She's bent with rheumatiz and pain, All kinds of things; And yet the world seems right again When Ann Jane sings.

Them choir girls (when it doesn't rain) All wears their best; She looks so kinder poor and plain 'Mongst all the rest. She wears a faded caliker, Old bonnet strings; But yet you somehow don't see her When Ann Jane sings.

Then of the best her temper ain't; She's old and sour; They say she finds some new complaint For every hour; She said some things to me that stung Like hornets' stings, But yet I must forgive her tongue When Ann Jane sings.

I hear the wind come blowin' through The apple trees; I see the cornfields wavin', too; The summer breeze From where my beds of roses lie, The odor brings; And one step nearer heaven I When Ann Jane sings.

ANNE M. KIDDEP.

ON THE BROW OF THE HILL.

CHAPTER I.

cold up in the mountains of Virginia; the with her father, talking to Mr. Harrison, glances, then Mrs. Tinsley sadly shook leaves of the trees were already touched walking by its side. her head. Later in the evening, when the with red and yellow and the golden-rod "Here, sister," he called out," come guest had been shown to his room and the grew everywhere abundantly. A narrow, and tote these here things to the house." old farmer himself had gone to bed, his rocky road wound around the mountain in She drew her shawl around her shoulders wife and Marjory sat before the kitchen a zig-zag fashion, leading up to a rude log and hastened down the hill. The two men fire, talking while they mended the childcabin, perched on the summit where an were a queer combination. One was a ren's clothes, irregular white-washed fence marked out a typical mountaincer, of the class who are "I can't think whatever's come over

smoke from the chimneys, the place would honest, the eyes were too close and parhave appeared uninhabited, so desolate row, the mouth too hard and cruel, a and unkept was it.

shrill voice crying out, "Ma, Pa's down gray suit with cap to match; he was handthar in the valley a-drivin' up here long some, that is he had good features and side that city gent." A little freckled- pure coloring, but there were no signs of faced, sandy-haired boy came bounding up strength or nobility in his face. After the path, reaching the gate just as the Marjory had shyly shaken hands with her cabin door opened and a young girl step- former friend, she and Mr. Harrison ped out.

cows up now."

his sister walked to the gate, shaded her a red glow on the log walls opposite. eyes with her hand and looked far out into Around a plain, deal table sat old Tinsley, the distance.

had been there fishing. Mr. Harrison had stringful to-morrow." been so kind to them all, and she had been "Keep to the streams in the valley; heard the sound of wheels. Then a farm- knows on," the farmer curtly replied. Though early in September, it was very wagon drawn by two mules came in sight, His wife and daughter interchanged

stubby gray beard grew on the chin. The Suddenly the stillness was broken by a other, a man of about thirty, wore a roung "toted" the few boxes of groceries to the "Tommy, Ma says you're to drive the cabin while her father went to put the mules up for the night.

"All right, Marjory." An open fire was blazing in the kitchen, As the little boy climbed down the hill lighting up the little room and casting his wife and daughter and Mr. Harrison, "So Mister Harrison's comin' here at supper; while several small children agin," she mused. Then her mind wan- hung about waiting for their turn to come. dered back to the summer before, when on Excepting corn-pones, the only dish was the night of the arrival of the city gentle- one solitary bowl containing a mixture of man and his friend, farmer Pack's four soup and vegetables. To break one of the daughters and the two girls from the mill long silences, Harrison turned to his neighhad come up to "hear the gentlemen bor and said, "Mr. Tinsley, can you tell talk." Then she remembered how quickly me where I will find the best fishing this that week had passed when the gentlemen year? I hope to bring your wife quite a

so sorry when he left. Suddenly she you git mo' than any other place I

weedy looking space that passed for a gar- always seen in overalls and high leather your Pa," mourned Mrs. Tinsley, drawing den. An apple orchard stretched on one boots, coarse shirts and broad brimmed her thread slowly through the rough, grey side of the cabin while on the other was hats. He was a tall old man, powerfully wool, "he's not been like himself since planted a patch of corn. But for the built, but with a face neither good nor that man came up here to see him on busisold them garden things for right much; now he answered her in a very commonbut I am afeared it's money trouble." place manner.

bent her fair face over the mother's I know." troubled one, kissing it gently as she took For a moment Marjory looked stead-

early in the morning," was all she said.

CHAPTER II.

The sun was setting, sinking slowly behind the mountains but leaving the sky still tinged with sunset lines. Glorious for supper," replied Harrison firmly. streaks of gold faded off into pale yellow, purple clouds changed quickly to pink and lavender, and against this back-ground the mountains stretched out, a dark irregular line.

Marjory and Harrison were slowly climbing up the mountain side, by a short cut instead of the usual road. At last they must be sleepin'." stood on the brow of the hill, their figures as he held out a long string of fish.

"Miss Marjory," he was saying, "I father. think you gave me luck to-day; I wish I could always have such a guide."

"I'll show you around whenever you want me to," she said quietly, "I'd love to go, if you don't mind me."

It was not the first time that Marjory had when I git ready," he growled. spoken to him in this manner. Throughout the whole day she had said and done then turned back. certain little things that worried him. She had wanted to run all the errands and even to go back to the cabin, three miles off, to

"Don't you worry, Ma," replied Mar- "Well, if you go with me every day I jory soothingly, "I reckon Pa's not expect we shall bring your mether home feelin' tolerable well jist now, but he'll more fish than she will know what to do know who done it." come 'round soon.' For a moment she with. By the way, I think your mother looked thoughtful, then the young girl can cook fish better than any other person

the sewing from the toil worn hands. fastly at the sunset, then she said slowly, "We must git to bed now, Ma, for Mis- "Yes, Ma certainly kin cook fish-she ter Harrison will want his breakfast real beats Mrs. Pack a'cookin', any day." Then, after a somewhat embarrassing silence, "My! but ain't the evening nice? the sky's real pretty."

> "Yes, the sunset is beautiful, but I think we must hurry if we want any fish

> Marjory said yes, she thought they had better go; and then she thought that somehow Mr. Harrison had changed a little and the evening was not so nice after all.

"Daughter, go upstairs and tell your Pa to come and git some supper; I think he

Marjory tipped up stairs and softly ing around her face and the large, dark stood quite still. The door of Mr. Harri- just to think. eyes turned meditatively on her companion son's room stood ajar and there on the Matters seemed to be getting very bad;

> on the rickety little steps, called loudly, "Pa, supper's waitin'."

In a second her father came to the door. Harrison was disconcerted for a moment. "Who's that callin' me? I'm a comin'

She waited until he had passed her, and

"Whar you goin' gal?" he asked.

"I've got to git somethin' for Ma."

She listened until she heard them all get some trival thing which he had forgot- talking in the kitchen; then she stepped ten. Evidently the "women folk" of into Mr. Harrison's room and raised the this part of the country were brought up to lid of his trunk. There were a few articles wait on the men. He liked this little of clothing and some fishing tackle there,

ness, and that's mo' than three months like you better than any of the boys around opened this and counted fifteen, twenty. ago. The times ain't so hard neither, we here," he felt a little embarrassed. So fifty dollars. The box slipped from her fingers.

> "What kin it mean?" she whispered. "Pa? why Pa wouldn't take nobody's money-and then Mr. Harrison would

Suddenly she remembered her mother's words, "I am afeared it's money trouble." Then the fact that her father had been so unlike himself lately. Yes, yes, it must be as her mother had said; and all this worry was connected with that horrid looking man who had travelled through the country early in the summer, and whom the farmers called the agent.

"I mus'n't tell Ma," she decided; "but what shall I do?"

"Sister, Ma says ain't you comin' to supper?" called out a young Tinsley.

"Yes, I'm comin' right now."

CHAPTER III.

One afternoon Marjory sat alone on the little kitchen steps, cutting up apples. At last she stopped peeling her fruit, and setting the bowl carefully on the ground, rested her head on her hand while a very worried expression came into her eyes. outlined sharply against the glowing hori- pushed open her father's door, but he was Marjory was thinking very deeply now and Majory's sun bonnet was pushed not in the little bedroom. As she looked it was not the first time within the past back, displaying the soft, brown hair blow- across the hall she started violently, then few days that she had put aside her work,

floor, before an open trunk, knelt her her father had changed more and more until he scarcely ever spoke civilly to Mr. "What kin Pa want amongst Mister Harrison and never to her mother or her-Harrison's things?" she mused; but she self. At night she would watch him walk-The girl turned her eyes full on him. moved quietly down the hall and standing ing up and down before the cabin, and once when the light of her candle fell across his face, the evil look upon it frightened her. The day before, when walking through the woods, she had heard her father's voice raised in conversation. As she listened, some one had said: "If not paid in a week the farm, cabin and all your effects must be sold to raise the money."

Then two men had come into view-her father and the man known in the village as "that sneakin' agent." Her father had whispered hoarsely, "Hush, don't say nothin'-that's my gal." Then he had country girl, but that was all, and so, when that was all. But no, down in one corner turned to her and bidden her sharply to go she looked at him so frankly and said, "I was a small paper box. She carefully on home. In the midst of her revery she

suddenly started up. What was that noise She might as well not lose any time she She scarcely heeded his words, her eyes children crying.

lieved.

apron.

with sudden interest.

that other mountin' whar we went befo', the cliff, facing the stream, her father was that perhaps it was Marjory herself who once long ago," said Tommy, somewhat just behind him. The same look which wished him to go. In either case, he would

It was not such a long time ago as before the cabin door, was on his face now. Tommy thought; she remembered very In a second, every circumstance flashed well that the summer before, her father had through Marjory's brain. Her father's taken them all up there one day, and that changed manner, the money in Harrison's he had said the place was too dangerous trunk, her encounter with the agent, then for them ever to venture there alone. A the lenely mountain and dangerous rocks. very clear picture of this place came be- "Pa," she called, firmly. their fishing lines into the stream, but he and said in a quiet voice: had told them to be very careful as a mis- "Pa, a man's waitin' down in the vilas she turned to Tommy and said quietly: over to fetch you. He come with me as

Tommy sat down in the little garden, you." quite contented now that Marjory had Her father measured her with his eye a and had also given him an apple; but his returned his glance: sister hastened through the house, shut the "Wall, I'll jist step down and see him, little gate carefully behind her and then Harrison; you kin wait here until I come turned down the road. Marjory hardly back. And look-a-here, sister, you go knew why she went. Of course there was along home." well, and that she must follow her father. first," said the girl. fore; in fact, people thought that anything at last he spoke.

she heard? Oh, it was only one of the thought, although they had not started were looking far beyond him, and her long before her. At last the place was whole face was quivering. Then she "Well, Tommy, what's the matter? reached. She crept along the rocks, care-turned to him imploringly. what are you cryin' about?" she asked, re-fully concealing herself behind the bushes, "Mr. Harrison, indeed, you must go Her small brother, dissolved in tears, were standing just above. Not until she jist time to catch the evening train, I'll git came up to her and buried his face in her heard Harrison call out to her father, "the the boy that was workin' for Pa to-day to "Pa wouldn't let me go a fishin' with certainly silent enough," did she realize Please don't ask me nothin' nor say anyhim and Mr. Harrison," he sobbed. what a load had been lifted from her thing to Ma, but jist go 'long." "Well, don't you mind, Tommy, you mind; it almost made her cry aloud for Harrison could not doubt the girl's earnkin go with me to-morrow; but whar 'bouts joy! But looking up, her eyes fell on her estness; the face was too appealing, too did Pa and Mr. Harrison go?" she asked father, and the sight caused her very blood imploring. Of course there was some misto turn cold.

comforted. had frightened her so, when she saw him lose no time in doing what she asked.

fore her eyes, with its tall rocks piled one The old man dropped his arm, and upon another, overhanging a mountain turned suddenly, giving her a look that exstream. Her father had helped them to the pressed anger and amazement, but above edge of these rocks, where they could throw all, fear! She walked up to them slowly,

step would mean certain death. These lage to see you. He come up to the house, thoughts passed swiftly through her mind, and Tommy said you were here, so I run "Here, take this apple and run along and far as the village, but he got played out, and play; I must go into the kitcken now." he said he would stop thar' and wait for

promised to take him with her the next day moment, then he said indifferently, as she

no danger! Still she felt that all was not "Yas, Pa, I'm jist goin' to rest a bit

The place was a long way off, the country | Marjory leaned against one of the rocks around entirely uninhabited; it was there whilst she watched her father's retreating that a man had been shot the winter be- figure. Harrison examined her furtively;

might happen over there. Marjory broke "Why, Marjory, you don't look well, into a run. She knew the country well, so you are as white as a sheet. I think you she went by all the short-cuts, wading must have come over here too quickly; through brooks, and leaping over ditches. couldn't one of your brothers have come?"

so as not to be seen by the two men, who away from here," she said, "you have fishing ought to be very good here, it is drive you and your trunk to the station.

tery; vague suspicions came to him con-"Pa, he said he was a goin' over to Harrison was standing on the edge of cerning the girl's father, then he thought

> The moonlight streamed into a narrow little room, in one corner of which two children were sleeping. The other occupant was a girl, kneeling before the window, looking out into the night.

> Marjory was thinking-"what if her father did owe money? that was far better than having a crime on his soul. He had not committed a murder. Ah! how thankful she was that he had shed no blood. And Harrison! he was in the city by now, quite safe, and he would never know anything against the old mountaineer. It was her own life that seemed so different, -but then Harrison had not returned her love, so perhaps it was best as it was.

> > LANDON CARTER BLACKFORD.

GIRLS, TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

A nner. Light F oot. Duck E tt. W ilson.

Nes B itt. E tty. A lexander.

U me.

rtland. D. E Try. A ussig. L eetch. Water S.

The best way to prevent the breaking of your will after death, is not to make one.

"How is the earth divided?" was asked in the geography class. "By earthquakes," said the boy who had just awakened.

THE WESTERN.

EDITORIAL STAFF: ROBT. LEETCH, '96, Editor-in-Chief.

ASSISTANT EDITORS:

MISS DAVIS, '96. MISS KIDDER, '97. MR. SCUDDER, '98.

MISS WESCOTT, '96. MR. ALEXANDER, '96. MISS JANIE MOOR, Alumni. MISS McDonald, '99.

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A2-MR. WRIGHT. B2-MR. BELLER C2-MISS NORDLINGER. B3-MISS WALKER,

A4-MR. CHEYNEY.

THE WESTERN is a bl-weekly magazine, devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils and alumni.
Original contributions are solicited from all, and should be given to any men.ber of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, 60 CENTS PER SCHOOL YEAR; BY MAIL, 75 CENTS. SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION TO THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1895.

EDITORIALS.

The Seniors are to be congratulated upon their signal victory last Friday, in the contest over the most popular girl.

Besides being the smallest class in school they entered the race with other odds against them. On the one hand they had to contend against the Juniors, who, having formed a strong combination with a large portion of the Freshmen, stood defiantly confident of success; while on the other, they found arrayed against them the candidates of the Sophomore and Freshman classes—who also had a strong following.

By a bit of skillful manœuvring, which the rest of the school was a little slow in taking in, they were able, on the first ballot, to place their candidate on the ticket for the final election. Then followed the closest and most exciting contest the old Western has ever seen. But it's all over now, and the Seniors look back upon it with a faint smile, while the Juniors, in a dazed condition, are still rubbing their eyes and wondering how it all happened.

With great pleasure we congratulate the fair victor, Miss Blackford. Not only is she the most popular girl in the Western, but in both Georgetown and Washington she has hosts of friends on whom she can depend for a large support in her race for the "bike." Of course she will have the loyal support of every true Westerner. Where is the boy or girl who would not support his school in everything? Surely

he is not to be found in the Western, where school. Oh no, such a one would not be worthy of us. Then let us, laying aside any personal feeling we may have, put our best efforts to the front and show ourselves and the outside world what the little Western can do against such a big fellow as the "Business."

II.

It has been a matter of some thought with us in the past, as to how we could reach our first-year students, and arouse among them the same interest in our paper that is found in the other classes. It was suggested that the difficulty lay in the fact that there was no representative from the first-year class on the editorial staff. If this be true, we believe we have overcome the difficulty by the appointment of Miss McDonald, of '99, as a member of our staff. Miss McDonald's efforts will be confined chiefly to the first year, and we trust she will have the liberal support of her class.

We renew a proposition made some time ago to the first-year class. It is our desire to devote one of our future editions entirely to the first year, to have every word from cover to cover written by first-year students. Now, boys and girls to make this scheme possible, we must have, in the first place, a greater interest on the part of each one than we have had in the past.

Secondly, your interest must be evinced by your willingness to contribute something, even though it may be only a note. Thirdly, whatever you do must be your best, so that you will issue a paper which will be, without doubt, the best edition we have ever put out. Then let us take hold of this scheme and push it through to success.

BAZAAR NOTES.

Every energy must be strained to win votes for Capt. Berry for the Officer's Sword; for, twentyfour hours before the close of the contest, all the votes of the second battalion will be turned over to the officer in that battalion who heads the list. will insure victory in the second battalion. Why not make it mean victory for the Western? Be up and doing, gallant sons of H.

The Western High School has not been neglected in the distribution of space. Full recognition has been given to our prominence and the fact that we feel as big as any of the schools, for, lo! our booth is full size—ah, too, too full a size my tardy brother, who dalliest now with thy reluctant doily-A booth II x 18 x 15 ft. and --- pieces of embroidery! Truly this is food for tho't for the Committee on Arrange-

ment. Our business rivals have us at a disadvantwe pride ourselves on our loyalty to our age, for while they luxuriate in table-spreads and center pieces, they are also in possession of some things that count for size, - and when they have arrayed their trunk and ten lamp shades in gorgeous profusion, I fear that the Western Booth will look sadly bare and empty. So ply the needle, gallant youth and fair maiden.

> The camel is stalled in the basement of the Curtis. and is in a thriving condition, adding daily to her stature—With a bag-pipe playing "The Campbell's are coming" as a herold, and a troop of Arabs to clear the way for Nellie Bly, there promises to be a lively scene along the route of the Western's favorite quardruped.

Nellie Bly is not the only protigee of the Western: Burke and his stalwart supporters having failed to carry the Perry cause to victory, are now working up their muscle, not for duels, gentle reader, but to support the weight of fair maidens who may honor the sedan chair with their patronage. Burke may look harmless enough in citizens dress (and we who watched him through the late elections know how gentle is his nature) but when transformed into a blood-thirsty Turk, I am sure he will terrorize every one he approaches into immediate acquiescence in his demands; so beware of the sedan chairs and the Turks.

The friends of Miss Blackford, the popular candidate for the bicycle, are organizing their forces for a strong fight, and the Western predicts for them unquestioned success. The Business School is larger in numbers, but we may well bank upon our larger enthusiasm and undivided interest. Many votes have already been cast for our dear '96, and we prophesy that four weeks more will find this steed champing its iron bit within the Curtis' spacious corridors.

The latest rumor from the stable of Nellie Bly hints at the loss of one castor-It is hoped this can be replaced before the opening of the bazaar.

A FIFTY-CENT CALENDAR FREE.

The publishers of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION are sending free to the subscribers to the paper a handsome four-page Calendar, 7 x 10 in., lithographed in nine colors. It is made up of four charming pictures, each pleasing in design, under each of which are the monthly calendars for the year 1896. The retail price of this Calendar is 50 cents.

New subscribers to THE COMPANION will receive this beautiful Calendar free and besides, THE COMPANION free every week until January 1, 1896, Also the Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's double numbers free, and the THE COMPANION fifty-two weeks, a full year, to January 1, 1897. Address,

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 195 Columbus Avenue, Boston.

The farmer likes the robins' song, He likes all songs so gay; But first of all and best of all, He likes the chickens' lay.

In Latin and Greek He was quick as a streak. In dress he was foppish and tony, The latter was due to his being an ass, The former was due to his pony.

A lady wished a seat in the hall the other noon. A handsome young man brought her a chair. "You are a jewel," said she. "Oh no! I am a jeweler, I have just set the jewel."

Jack Frost and Chris Anthemum came hand in hand.

OUR POSTMAN.

I see him several times a day,
And always pause in work or play,
To watch his form far up the street,
And always have a smile to greet
Our postman.

Awaiting, at the window pane,
I often watch him quite in vain.
He cries, "No mail." Say I, "'Tis fate!"
Then I exclaim, "Oh, how I hate
That postman!"

One-day he gave me with a smile
An envelope, in length a mile.
Ah! with what joy my fingers burned;
Alas! "Your manuscript returned."
Ah! Postman!!

Sometimes there comes a morning fair,
When joy is in the very air.
I really fly to that front-door,
And, I assure you, I adore
Our postman.

He has a very knowing face,
As he draws from some hidden place
A letter, very large and brave,
"I'll love you, even to the grave,
Dear postman!"

A. K. C.

AN IDYLL.

The midnight oil is burning low and the student is digging away at his Greek with a pertinacity and suppressed profanity which would, no doubt, charm the Greek professor were he present. But in spite of his forced industry he cannot entirely prevent his mind from wandering towards mundane affairs, and indeed the cause of his anathematizing seems to be other than the wrath of Achilles.

Yes, the student seems terribly worked up and troubled at some dire insult or wrong, and the awful spirit of revenge has eaten deeper into his heart than it ordinarily does into the heart of thoughtless youth. The passionate and revengeful feeling depicted in his fearfully-wrought-up countenance is awful to see in the face of one so young.

The insult must have been fiendish.

Presently he closes his book quietly and reaches out his arm with a look of suppressed but desperate determination. Surely there is murder in that look.

With that out-stretched arm he strikes himself with a blow whose force knocks him off his chair, into the neighboring sideboard, smashing three glasses and a cake dish.

And yet, thirteen seconds after he has cleared away the debris and gathered himself into his chair again, that same fly who was tickling the student's ear is now taking a quiet promenade along the bridge of the student's nose softly humming that familiar old song, "I stood on the bridge at midnight." No, gentle reader, there was no murder done, only one attempted.

J. H. WILSON JR.

Skeletons must belong to the bony part family.

"Ads" are numerous for artificial whalebone. Wonder where they find the artificial whales.

Dogs ought to be humorous animals. Anyway their tails are great wags

"Drink" may be used as a verb or as a noun, but as a noun it is seldom declined.

XCVI.

'96 I sing, and the class who, e'en as tender freshmen, large of head by nature, thinking they owned the earth, came to the Western and the Rock Creek shores! Much tossed about were they for three long years in hall and class room, swayed by harsh teachers' rules and the gibes of upper class men, while they were finding knowledge and learning that it is power, whence sprang the K. S. K. and eke our joyous WESTERN. Truly, great deeds they tell, and glory much in the telling. Their word for it fain must we take, for our memories fail us these records!

Time was '96 boasted warriors; this year name they only one Ajax. Heu! warlike Mars sought new metal, and on younger brows placed his helmets. None of his favors sent he where '96 waited expectant! Others there are, however! Fairest among the goddesses, is Venus, bestower of beauty; she, to make up for the slight, by Mars on these children reflected, lavishly heaped on the girls her gifts, which the goodly, are fatal.

Eyes sent she like stellae that twinkle et lips osculation to tempt, and a CHEEK unexcelled e'en by freshmen, nonne ita, Oh, ye gods?

Many and copious charms Cytherea to these ones donated, and Cupid, her son, for their patron saint sent—the mischievous boy with the quiver. Whence come those languishing sighs, those sonnets those "spoons" heavy plated! *Ilium fuit*, alas, but *Helen* remaineth forever!

Speak, gentle Muse, neath whose brow, secrets of nations lie hidden, tell me the wherefore, I pray, the reason for all of this thusness? Why lofty spoken are they, and why with superior air they sweep 'round our temple of knowledge?

least knowing! Where spendst thou, prithee, thy days that thou knowest not how in a night pride upspringeth and like Jonah's gourd all things covereth! Very like to a mushroom it groweth, and oft, to continue the figure, like to the same finds its end at last—in the soup! Mortals there are by honors puffed up most unduly. Such are in '96. Honors several this year fell to their lot, I can tell thee, as follows, to wit, videlicet, imprimis, attend my tale. Great Juno, as soon as aware the distrust '96 was awaking, gave them a room set apart, broad-browed Calliope guarding. Truly, a favor this, yet graciously gave she another.

High round the frescoed walls of the room where the others assemble supported by columns tall, a gallery runs, like a terrace. Here, for worship each morn, gave she reserved seats to the Seniors. (Ingratitude base did they show—for they straightway called loudly for peanuts!) More glory than this cannot be. 'Tis the climax of mortal ambition, and down from their coign of advantage, gaze they with glances of scorn alike down on teacher and student. Tacet Musa.

Sic vita est, sighed I, shook hands with the muse and departed, mournfully keeping in mind the words that wise Solomon quoted—pride before ruin doth go, and a stumble before a high-stepper!

Seniors, look well to my song. I speak the truth.

Sie volvere Parcas.

SOPHOMORICUS.

After hearing current discussions, we conclude that the present age should be known as garb age.

(General on battle field)—"Fight like heros, boys, until your powders' gone, then run. I'm a little lame, so I guess I'll start now."

1

The shades of night had barely fled
As towards the "Western" quickly sped
A teacher on whose brow so fair
Was stamped the print of heavy care—
Bazaar!

11.

The stars were gleaming in the sky,
Before she left with weary sigh
To drag herself a car upon
And seek a new committee on
Bazaar!

111.

And so it goes from morn' 'till eve And only skin and bones doth leave What were our teachers! Ah, I wis, That sad were then the end of this Bazaar!

Norval.

NOTES.

The helpful spirit, we presume of the first year, is shown by their labelling their contributions for THE WESTERN, "joke," "poem" and "story." We sincerely appreciate this, especially their identifying the jokes.

In the coming athletic games, we are confident of winning at least five of the events. Namely:

Mr. McCartney-The shot putting.

Mr. Cassin-The high jump.

Mr. Richard Brewer-The broad jump.

Mr. Alexander-The 100 yard dash.

Possibly there may be a pie eating contest. If so, Mr. Frank Gordon will easily carry off that prize for us.

One of the girls of the second year is constantly turning towards the (W) right Good little girl.

Second Year Pupil—Why are two intimate girls-like Lieut. McGowan's squad?

First Year Pupil—Because they are always "fall-ing out."

Among other nominations Friday, Miss Blackford, one candidate for the "bike," within the sacred precints of R. II., voted the fourth years, "trumps."

One of our grave and mighty (?) seniors had quite a fall last night, but was not hurt.—He fell asleep.

There seems to be a rumour afloat that W. R. Coyle is going to return "to wander no more." If so, THE WESTERN will never lack jokes, for his stock of good (?) ones, we all know is endless.

Perhaps that great noise we heard the other day came from the band on the calet caps.

We are all proud, and justly too, of our girls, especially Miss Perry, who, I declare, took her defeat very gracefully. Her generous action at the close of the elections was very much commended, as indeed it should have been. Her strong support and her coming so near to getting the candidacy have at least proved how very popular she is.

We are more fortunate than other schools in having "Matinees". Our first one is coming ere long and a great many are looking forward to it, some with feelings of joy, some of awe, for they dread to hear that awful "flunking" sound again.

People who live in glass houses are liable to give their neighbors a pane.

All women are not dreams, although all dreams are supposed to go by contraries.

SOPHOMORE PHILOSOPHY.

(Dedicated to Miss Birdie Duckett.)
Dis 'ere schule aint lak it wuz,
'Bout er yer ergo,
Cuz den we had sech fellers 'round
Ez Babe, and Captin Joe.

Ole Jedge Thompson wuz hear tu, Wid Bunny, Kirt an all, But sence dem fellers lef us, lone, We've hed no fun, er tall.

Joe, he's gone to Napalus.

Dey say he's doin fine.

De Jedge is 'mong the foot-ball men,

Back ub C'lumbia's line.

Bunny is er college man,—
I tink its called Cornell.
Kirt aint doin' nothin' 'tall,
But he's doin' it mighty well.

I tink dey'll mak' er lawyer
Out ub Babe McKee,
And he ort ter be er good one,
But wait, an we'll sune see.

I mos fergot ole Duckett heah,
He's still eround der place.
'Pears like he's bound ter make yer laff,
Till yer almos' split yer face.

But Kamptown Soshul's heah agen,
So cheer up, don't feel glum.
Wen dey gits Duckett on der en,
I bet dey'll mak things hum.

An tho' we've los' sum fellers, still,
Der's yet lef' quite er few.
So git ye all tergether, now,
An rush dis thing rite thru.

An rush dis thing rite thru.

Den cum, lets have sum music quick!

Peal out dat goldin chime.

An put yer bets on Birdie D.,

Ye'll win mos ebery time. J. M. PETTY.

ALUMINI NOTES.

'94. Arthur Birch Is taking a course in electrical engineering at Lehigh.

'93. Miss Temple Perry is visiting friends in Paola, Kansas.

'93. Miss Violet Fasset, the St. Cecilia of her class, whose clever interpretations were once dear to the heart of the Western, is at present instructing others in her favorite art.

'94. Miss Grace L. Stone is teaching at the Patterson.

'95. Will Fisher is at Columbian. He is taking the medical course.

'94. Eveleth Wilson has a position with the Southern Railway. Last year he took up technology at Central High School. The once popular commander of H has lost none of his old time interest in the company.

'93. Jesse Rawlings graduated at Columbian Law School, class of '95.

'94. Miss Clara Brewer is studying to be a trained nurse at Children's Hospital this city.

'95. Miss Lulu Lanman is at the Normal.

'94. J. W. Shea is with the firm of E. B. Curth-bert & Co., N. Y.

'94. Miss Carrie B. Troth is employed by the Emrich Beef Company as cashier.

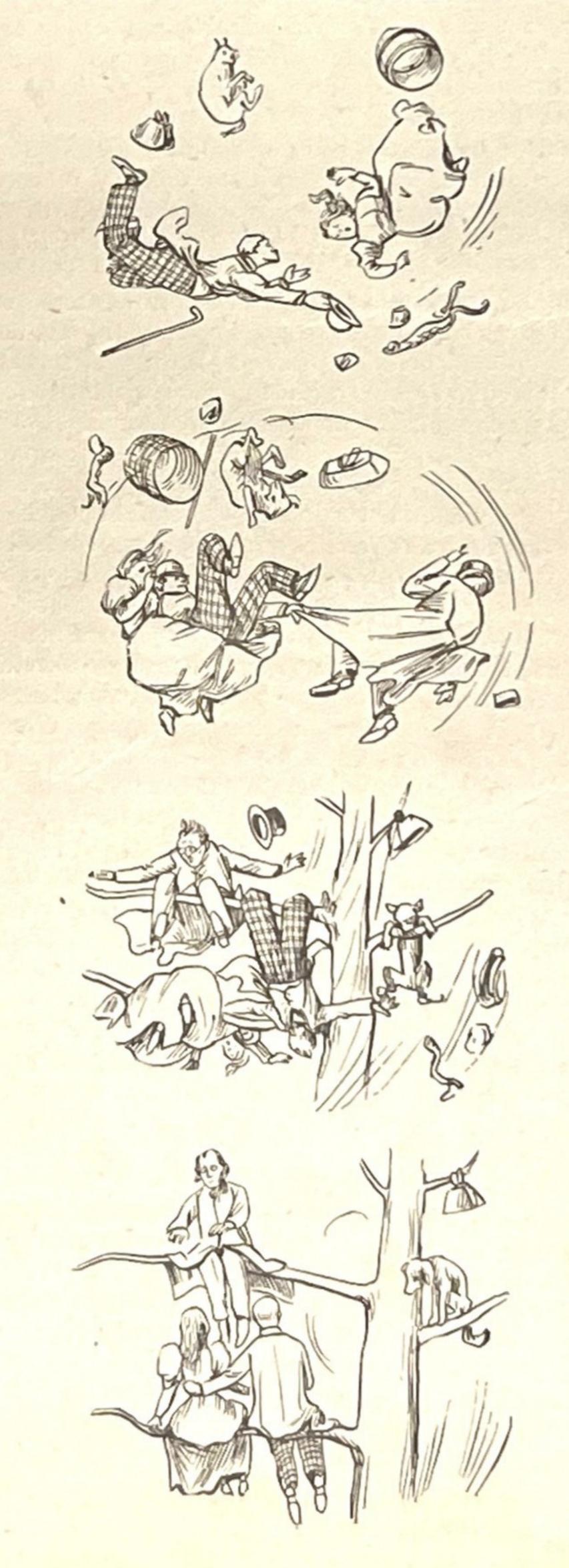
'94. Miss Orrilee Dix has been for the past year bookkeeper for the same firm.

'93. Chas. Meding is with Seymour & Young, brokers.

A MAN AND HIS SHOES.

How much a man is like his shoes! For instance, both a soul may lose. Both have been tanned, both are made tight By cobblers; both get left and right. Both need a mate to be complete, And both are made to go on feet. They both need heeling, oft are sold, And both in time will turn to mould. With shoes the last is first, with men The first shall be the last, and when The shoes wear out they're mended new When men wear out they're men dead, too! They both are trod upon and both Will tread on others, nothing loath. Both have their ties, and both incline When polished, in the world to shine, And both peg out. Now would you choose To be a man or be his shoes? M. A. E.

SOCIAL EPISODE IN THE CYCLONE REGION.



THE CHERUB THAT SITS UP ALOFT.

With modesty its eyes do downward seek
Familiar faces 'neath the gallery's rail,
With childlike innocence it rests
On dimpled hand, a cheek from study pale.
Oh, cherub fair! like Romeo of old,
My heart cries out what lips refuse to speak—
"Would that upon that hand I were a glove,
That I might touch that cheek!"

NOTICE.

STRICKLY BUSINESS!!!

Our next issue, "The Thanksgiving Number," will be worthy of its name.

To the cover will be added the words "Thanksgiving Number, 1895," artistically arranged, and the
reading matter will cover EIGHT pages instead of six.
The articles contributed bear special reference to the
occasion and have been penned by our most prominent and fluent contributors, who in this instance
have surpassed themselves.

All this has entailed extra expense. The printer being a man of business, has for his motto, "Extra work, extra pay." Therefore to meet this emergency we have decided that TEN CENTS is not an exorbitant price to ask for such an artistic sheet. Our subscribers will receive their papers as usual, but extra copies will be sold at ten cents each,—and will be worth the increased price.

Now for something of interest to our subscribers—Girls! As this is to be the "Thanksgiving Number" we have an offer to make you—whether or not this edition will be a "Thanksgiving" one to you, rests entirely with yourselves. Listen! You girls all have hosts of friends. Well, now is your opportunity to ascertain whether or not this friendship is worth "ten cents per head." To make this TEST interesting to you we offer to the girl subscriber to THE WESTERN who shall sell the greatest number of extra copies of this "Thanksgiving Number" by December 10, 1895, a handsome filigree silver buckle, (sterling) with silk belt, complete, which any one of you may well be proud to wear. It is surely worth trying for anyway.

Boys! We have not forgotten you this time. Knowing what every boy usually lacks, especially at such a time as this—a knife—we have secured one, sterling silver and certainly a "beauty." The conditions for winning this are the same, work among your friends, get them to promise to take a copy of this paper. It is only a matter of a little soliciting upon your part, and in return you will receive this handsome premium. Begin your appeal to your friends at once, the sooner the better.

These premiums are on exhibition in the office—come and see for yourself, whether they are worth working for, and decide whether or not you will be the possessor of one of them, for "Where there's a will there's a way."

Think it over! Solicit from your friends!! Remember what there is in it for you!!! The names of the winners will appear in the 5th number of "THE WESTERN."

For further particulars apply to the Business Manager.

Why walks he with important stride
Or near or far?
Why knows his vigilence no check
His "cheek" no bar?
Why this importance? He's on "biz"
For the Bazaar.
Freshman.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.",—Buckingham.

Vol. I.

WASHINGTON, D. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1895.

No. 4.

THANKSUIVING.

The purling of the tiny rill Athwart the pebbles running, The winged songsters on the hill, The myriad insects humming,

The thundering roar of mountain stream, The foaming wave of ocean, Unite in one harmonious theme Of praise and high devotion.

'Tis but a song from nature's heart, In gratitude returning To him from whom all gifts depart, Who lists with fondest yearning,-

One accent of requiting love, A prayer of thanks ascending, Re-echoed by the hosts above, With heavenly anthems blending.

Thus musing on the wondrous lay, Our Spirit heeds the calling; And rising from the bonds of clay, From pain and care enthralling,

Does join in Nature's joyous song, Of praise and highest glory, Uniting with the white-robed throng That sing sweet mercy's story.

THE PRIZE TURKEYS.

yellow with the green blinds as dark and the warmest of friends, -and now those It was already too late. Cupid's chief glory, pearance which comes from long exposure divided on the subject. Luella was a gen- grass with one leg hanging loose, and a

id and Beelzebub.

That was why, as they stood by the garden you.

to the fierce New England Winters. Silas eral favorite, but many, perhaps on business pitiful lack of feathers on his once plump White kept the confectionery shop in the principles, favored Clarissa. It was a much body. Never was there seen a more misvillage while Caleb Brown was the grocer. talked of subject, but no conclusion was erable, dejected pair of turkeys. trade was not as brisk as might be, while zebub on account of his larger head and So Luella too had witnessed the tragedy! Caleb, whose stock included the neces- body.

That evening the two girls were standing

cealed them stoically from the world. Not strut about his front yard with dignified

lately sprung up between her and Clarissa cause he could not survey the next yard. The chief reason, however, or Beelzebub was equally impressed with his rather reasons, were contained in the wood- own importance, and quite equally dignified. sheds behind the two houses-namely, Cup- Moreover there was a 'naughty little twinkle in his eye,' that quite befitted his name.

One of the highest prizes at the county On the night before the county fair both fair was offered for the finest turkey on ex- girls were most unwearied in their attenhibition, and this prize was, alas, coveted tions to the two champions. Clarissa forby both girls. Did not they each own a gother curls in carefully smoothing Cupid's turkey that was said to be the fattest and feathers, and Luella even meditated a dash largest in the state? Did not each one feel of paint to highten the effect of Beelzebub's confident that hers would win the prize? tail. It was an anxious time I can assure

gates in the gathering twilight, Clarissa Clarissa was so consumed with anxiety Brown watched the proceedings at one end that she arose very early the next morning of the street, while Luella White was deeply and went out into the yard on her way to absorbed in the other. Clarissa was a Cupid's shed. What was that sound outplump little thing with blue eyes, and fair side the gate, disturbing the early morning hair much befrizzled in front where the quiet? With a few steps Clarissa reached curling irons had evidently played a part. the fence. Horrors! Who were those two Luella was tall and slim with clear cut fea- demons fighting and clawing and tearing at tures and dark hair brushed smoothly over one another amid a cloud of flying feathers? her temples. She was a clever girl with For a minute Clarissa stood paralyzed with The two little cottages stood side by decided opinions, while Clarissa was rather horror. Then she flew into the house and side and were alike, with one exception; slow. In spite of, or perhaps because of, returning with a broom separated the com-Caleb Brown's house was of a brilliant their different natures, they had always been batants by a few vigorous strokes. Alas! shiny as fresh paint could make them, while miserable turkeys! his tail-feathers, were draggled and torn, Silas Whites' had that faded streaky ap- The opinion of the town was likewise and one eye was out. Beelzebublay on the

Perhaps it was because the hard-worked ever reached. Some said that Cupid Clarissa, leaning panting on her broom, New England farmers were too thrifty to showed a greater breadth of tail, and there- suddenly caught sight of flying skirts indulge in cake and candy that Silas's fore would win, while others favored Beel- rapidly disappearing into the next house.

saries of life, visibly prospered. What possessed Clarissa to name her as usual by their garden gates. Slowly If Silas felt any pangs at the fresher ap- turkey "Cupid" will never be known. He their eyes traveled around until they met. pearance of his neighbor's house, he con- looked far more like a bishop. He would Then both smiled. Anne M. Kidder.

so his daughter. It may be that that was strides and creet tail-feathers, the monarch 'Come to stay?' asked the fish. "O no," one unacknowledged cause of the coolness of all he surveyed; however that was be- said the worm, "just dropped in for a bite."

A WARNING.

Once there lived a dainty maiden, Curls of brown and eyes of blue, And a brain with knowledge teeming From the books she'd just read through.

But, alas, this dainty maiden With her wise and knowing way, Could not even cook the dinner For that great Thanksgiving day.

She was versed in lines of Virgil, Homer too, could she translate; But to her, Miss Harland's cook book Was unknown—sad to relate.

As she grew a trifle older, With her wit and precious book; Lo! the laddies would not woo her, For alas! she could not cook.

Then she found with bitter anguish After many years had flown, Married all the laddies were, dear, Once in olden times she'd known.

So while to-day in homes they're feasting, Where plum-puddings hold their sway; Cel'ry crisp and spicy mince-meat Reign, upon Thanksgiving day,

While glad childrens' voices welcome, Turkey, steaming brown and done, All alone, this maiden lady Pours the fragrant tea for one.

EDNA WESCOTT.

"HERE's yer latest magazines! Harper's, Century, Lipp'ncott's, Forum, Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, an' Puck an' Judge wid the Life just out!" cried the newsboy, coming in with a lively air and banging the door behind him. He was a nice looking newsboy with a round, rosy face that fairly glowed with good humor. I watched him as he came down the aisle.

"No'm, I ain't the brakeman, but I kin fix that winder for you," he said politely to the querulous old lady in the middle of the car on the right-hand side, who had been driving the train-men distracted ever since she got on at Perryville.

Two seats behind the old lady was a curlypated child of an inquiring turn of mind, leaning far over the arm of the seat to examine a screw in the floor. The brightfaced newsboy, stumbling over him, brought forth a wail of despair. It was promptly hushed by a big apple produced from the newsboy's pocket, but not before the old man in the opposite seat had been roused from his nap.

I had been watching him for some timethis old man. Shabbily dressed, and looking very poor and tired, there was yet something about him that interested me ex- school.

ceedingly. He straightened up as the newsboy dropped the last of the papers into his lap, looking surprised and pleased. "Thank'ee sonny," he said, and began to city. look at the brightly colored pictures.

corn. I could hear them talking about the last year.

to him. It was a las' week's paper, too. bian. paper!"

immense Tammany tiger.

The old man's face beamed. The sad daughsis. lines about his mouth had vanished. His lips were quivering with suppressed mirth, which seemed to be slowly increasing as the full force of the joke was impressed upon him. All at once he threw back his head and gave vent to a hearty "Ha, ha!" that made every one near smile in sympathy.

The brakeman and newsboy chuckled convulsively. "Laffin' at er las' week's joke!" said the brakeman—"Oh, my, a las' week's joke!" and he repeated it several times-"A las' week's joke"-he couldn't get over it.

Soon the newsboy started toward the front of the car.

The old man went on reading— a smile still on his face.

The newsboy came slowly down the aisle, gathering up the various papers; scarcely anybody bought one. Still his rosy face looked as happy as ever. I watched him closely as he drew near my old man. A different look was on his face as he passed by, apparently without remembering that he had left anything in that seat, but I saw him wink at the brakeman in an apologetic way, and I knew it was one of "those little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love." GRACE SANFORD,

ALUMNI NOTES.

'93, Jesse W. Rawlings is practising this year as notary public.

'93. Miss Isabella Turkenton is teaching

'93. Miss Violet Fasset, a former staff member of the Review, is engaged in writing for one of the musical journals of this

'93. Guy Elliott Davis is in a lawyer's The newsboy went to the rear, sat down office. He is also taking a course in law beside the brakeman and began to eat pop- at Columbian, which institution he entered

various people on board. '93. Karl H. Cooke is likewise improv-"Did yer hear that old gentleman thank ing the shining moments by studying law. me fer the Judge? He thought I guv it He is a class-mate of Mr. Davis, at Colum-

He don't care—never'll find it out. Jess '93. Miss Mayday J. Solyom, rememlook at him! It's er old 'lection week bered by old graduates as the contributor of many clever translations and original I looked too. He was gazing at a brill- poems for the columns of the "Review," iant cartoon of Rev. Dr. Parkhurst and an comes in twice a week from her surburban home to attend the sessions of the Wimo-

> '93. Miss Mabel French is in Cleveland, Ohio.

'93. Miss Edna M. Johnson, shortly after her emancipation from the high school was married to Mr. Wheeler, of Virginia. She is the same old enthusiast, and doubtless looks forward with great pleasure to sending at some future day the youthful Miss Wheeler, of whom she is very proud, to her own beloved alma mater.

'94. Miss Elizabeth Mockbee who, for the past summer was typewriter for a firm on F street, is at present corresponding secretary at Ellis' Music Store.

'94. Miss Edith Taylor is bookkeeper for the firm of Thomas Somerville & Sons.

'94. Miss Nellie Patterson is another of the '94 girls who are teaching school. She is stationed at the Patterson Building.

'94. Miss Euphan Washington is connected with the Old Dominion Hospital where since July 2, of the present year she has been taking the course in training. At present, however, she is stationed at the Hospital of the Soldier's Home, which is on the outskirts of Richmond.

'94 John Brennan is on the football team of '98 at the Georgetown University. Brennan and McGill are our only representatives at the 'Varsity' this year.

'95. Will Fisher is at Columbian studying dentistry and not medicine as stated in last issue. He attends also the Central High School for the course in chemistry.

'95. Miss Edna Calhoun is residing at Marshall, Fauquier County, Virginia.

Mass.

'95. Miss Lulu Trunnel is attending the Normal.

'95. Grafton McGill is at Georgetown University. He is on the staff of the college journal.

AN ANCIENT INSTITUTION.

Matinee—A form of punishment in vogue during the 19th century, consisting in the confinement of a prisoner in an apartment having on its walls cabalistic tracings, usually followed by the ancient Greek have been to throw the victim into a hypnotic state by fixing his attention on these signs and so to obtain from him a written confession of his guilt. During the ordeal the only food allowed the subject consisted of elongated cylinders of wood, enclosing a strip of graphitoidal carbon. These cylinders have often been found in the ruins of the penal institutions of those days, called High Schools. ALBERTA WALKER.

"STAR HERE!"

on the corner stopping every passer-by, was ebbing with the approach of evening. and calling in a gruff, monotonous voice, Color suddenly comes, low down on the "Star here!" Whether or not her papers horizon— a faint flush at first, which rapare bought, the expression of that firmly idly extends into a great glow. It is the set mouth never changes. Alike in storm sun shining through the scudding clouds, and calm she stands there poorly, thinly changing the gray, watery masses into a clad, jealously guarding every opportunity a light of pure rose color and purple and for chance sales. At one time I saw her amber and blue; not shining but misty soft. when "She was out of alle charitee"; Every leaf is washed with molten gold when masculine selfishness was stamped and tipped with diamonds. The east on her every feature and action. She was catches the crimson glow from the west chasing, in and out of wagons and car- and their burning blushes meet at the riages, a poor little urchin who had dared zenith. What before was clinging, oppressto trespass on her grounds to sell a paper, ive dampness in the air, is purified into Finding she could not catch him, she stop- delicious freshness, while from bower to ped, too breathless to speak, but with grove resounds the melody of rejoicing enough power left to shake her fist de-songsters. The chirping song of insects in

the bare heads of the many ragged little thoughts to the soul. news-boys who, for once safe in the mono. Tena Holzberg, '96.

'95. Miss Mary Phillips is taking a poly of the pavement, were expanding course in physical culture at Cambridge, their lungs and muscles in a lively game of leap-frog? for she was not there. Next morning I heard of the arrest and imprisonment of her only son.

Imagine my surprise to find her at her post in the afternoon with the old familiar cry, "Star here!" There was nothing unusual in her appearance except that her hair was a little more disorderly and her lips a little more firmly pressed together than was their wont. What a coarse, degraded creature, I thought; how absolutely without the most common instinct of her sex, even the natural mother love! In disgust, I character "?". The object is supposed to turned away—just in time to see her cautiously lift the hem of her apron and swiftly brush the corner of her eye.

> That was all, but that was enough; the hardness of her heart had at last been melted by the sudden fire of her soul. She had wiped away a tear.

> > BERTA.

THE ABATEMENT OF THE STORM.

The great storm-clouds have drifted away; the roar of the thunder is still heard, but broken at longer intervals and with a sound Many a time have I seen her, standing that diminishes in volume as if its wrath fiantly at her ragged but enterprising rival. the grass, the drowsy twittering of birds in At last one day there came a change. I their nests and farther in the distance, the wonder if the crowd of men and women tinkling of cow bells, the lowing of the hurrying from office, or the throng of cattle, the murmur of merry voices and merry girls and boys waiting for transfers, childish laughter-all softened and harmonnoticed that the sun had crept timidly up ised in passing through the hay-scented to the pavement and was lightly touching air, bring music to the ear and peaceful

DECEMBER 6, 1895.

The shades of night had barely fled As to the Western High School sped A youth who bore upon his face Sad evidences of disgrace,— For he had flunked.

Up many stairs he quickly hied

Himself to Room II where he spied His comrades, fully fifty-four, Sad countenances those they bore, For they had flunked.

With hopeless sigh he gazed upon The questions which were written on Both sides the paper, given him,-Then in despair he did begin

To pass that flunk.

The shades of night were falling fast As from thei Western's door there passed A youth, who sought the school to leave. For he had worked from morn 'till eve.

Upon that flunk.

Next day, about the hour of two, I saw that youth rush wildly through The lower hall, out on the street And there his comrades thus he'd greet "I've passed my flunk." R. G. L.

COMPANY NOTES.

New uniforms appeared some ten days ago but the attention they attracted was completely over-shadowed by the new cadet cap. Hardly were these products of modern military thought and good sense unpacked before the commenting upon them began, the comments ranging from insinuations about "fares, please" and messenger boys to suggestions of sun-bonnets and Flaundrish beavers. We are glad to note that wounded vanity is succumbing to a sense of the eternal fitness of things and that most of the boys are now wearing the regulation hat.

Orders for a battalion inspection are looked for in the near future. If Quartermaster Cassin can get a coat properly adjusted to his wings and if Private Dunwoody can find a 7 1-2 hat, Company H should pass muster.

The fourth four will hereafter be known as the "Pony Eight." If the members of any other four think they know half as much about drilling as do the "Ponies." Corporal Taussig will be glad to arrange a competitive drill between the "Ponies" and the skeptie

At quarter of nine

Few minutes of nine

Exactly nine

Within a few minutes of ten

Before eleven

Eating time

Lunch over

Lessons again

(Extra be a) Il in the office)

Scholars dismissed. C. A.

With apologies to "A Few Beau Ideals."

THE WESTERN.

EDITORIAL STAFF: ROBT. LEETCH, '95, Editor-in-Chief.

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MISS DAVIS, '96. MISS KIDDER, '97. MR. SCUDDER, '98,

MISS WESCOTT, '96. MR. ALEXANDER, '96. MISS JANIE MOOR, Alumni. MISS MCDONALD, '99.

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A2-MR. WRIGHT. B2-MR. BELLER C2-MISS NORDLINGER. B3-MISS WALKER,

A4-MR. CHEYNEY.

THE WESTERN is a bi-weekly magazine, devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils and alumni.
Original contributions are solicited from all, and should be given to any men ber of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

75 CENTS. SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON PPLICATION TO THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1895.

EDITORIALS.

Bazaar! Bazaar! resounds through the whole building, from gallery to basement. The very roof flings the joyous sound to the skies, and the walls cry it to the four corners of the earth. Hustling, bustling on all sides, the army of workers busy themselves with vast preparations for the great event.

The ever-faithful K S. K., not to be one whit behind the best, has organized its forces for aggressive attacks upon the purses of the many lads and lassies who are in need of cuff buttons and hat pins. With their merry songs and quaint costumes these jovial Kamptowners promise a rare attraction each night. We must not forget the little troupe of Arabs with their Nellie Bly. Truly they have worked hard, and Nellie has amply repaid their care; for when this sacred beast was first transported to the Western she was a mere skeleton, while now, in consequence of the zealous care of these Bedouin sons she has waxed fat-though not yet does she kick. Then, too, the cruel Turks are bestirring themselves to get their Sedan chairs ready bered among the army of Bazaarites.

However, we must not forget that our sister schools, with their larger numbers, have equal enthusiasm; and if we would not boast in vain, we must keep our present lively pace. Then rally to the standard, ye Westerners, and with hearty will push the work along.

Let us not forget either our popular bicycle girl, or our gallant captain, but by let us gladden their hearts and bring victory and glory to the dear old Western.

While our proposition to the first-year SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, 60 CENTS PER SCHOOL YEAR; BY MAIL, class, in our last issue, has not met with a very ready response, yet we are glad that our Juniors and Seniors have taken the matter up and expressed a desire to try the same scheme. This is probably the result of a little friendly rivalry existing, for some unknown reason, between the two classes. The promoters of the scheme are desirous of having two successive numbers of the Western devoted respectively to the Junior and Senior classes, that they may prove which class can publish the more interesting and attractive paper.

We are heartily in accord, and have arranged to devote our next two numbers to this scheme. The Juniors will publish the first of these two rival numbers, under the direct management of their editor, Miss Kidder. Under such efficient leadership the Juniors will be well able to give the Seniors much ado to surpass them in any degree. A sort of mystery shrouds these two numbers, but we know enough to look forward to them with great expectation. Indeed we may expect them to be the best numbers, from a literary standpoint, we have ever published.

Right here we must caution our contributors, in all the classes, about sending in articles which are not strictly original. If there is any clipping to be done, we reserve that as our especial privilege.

III.

"The Beview" of the Central school enfor occupancy, and many a sweet-faced tered upon its tenth year of publication on maid will these sturdy lads carry in their the fifteenth of the present month, with odd conveyance. Everyone, from our prin- "clean face and new fall suit." Without cipal to the smallest 'Fresh', being infect- doubt it is a vast improvement over preed with the fever, nowhere within the vious years, both in appearance and in building can be found one who is not num- tone. As a school newspaper it is excellent, but as a literary production it could We will wager our lives that the West- be made much more valuable. We highly

ern's display will far surpass any other. appreciate the friendly attitude of "The Review" toward us, as it expresses the feeling existing between the two schools.

We have also received the first and second numbers of "The Balance Sheet" from the Business. The outside cover of the paper is very artistic, as for the inside____ --- These enterprising Business people have received some credit which is not their due; for in "The Review" it was earnest effort and judicial use of our dimes stated that "The Balance Sheet" was the first of the school papers in the field: while as a matter of fact the first number of "The Balance Sheet" was published October 21; The Western appeared October 18. So far we believe, that in journalistic enterprise, we stand at the head of the list among our sister schools.

OUR OFFER.

Let us remind our students of the premiums which we offer to those who sells the greatest number of extra copies of this edition. These premiums are on exhibition in the case on the second floor; take a look at them and see if they are not worthy of a little effort.

THE COMPANION CALENDAR FOR 1896.

The Publishers of THE YOUTHS' COM-PANION are sending to their subscribers free an art Calendar which will be highly appreciated. Four elegant water-color paintings are reproduced in all the beauty of color and design of the originals, and of such size (7\frac{1}{2}x10 inches) that they may be framed with fine effect.

The first two pictures offer a striking contrast,-a blustering March day in the sugar orchard, and a peaceful scene in midsummer. Then follow "Noonday rest in the harvest-field" and a charming bit of color with a foreground of goldenrod and brilliant autumn foliage. The winter walk to church over the snow-covered fields is the last of the series.

To all new subscribers to the paper who send their name and address and \$1.75 at once, the Publishers offer to send free this handsome Calendar, the retail price of which is 50 cents, The Companion free every week to January 1, 1896, including the Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's double numbers, and THE YOUTH'S COMPANION fiftytwo weeks, a full year to January 1, 1897.

Address, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 195 Columbus Avenue, Boston.

AT SUNSET.

I stood by her side as the sun went down, Out in the hall one hopeful day, Her eyes were modestly looking down, Her thoughts seemed many a mile away.

Far from the west the sunset glow, Glanced sparkling off her jewels rare; Her trailing robes had a graceful flow, 'Round the shapely figure standing there.

As I watched her there in the sunlight flood, A tear of pleasure dimmed mine eye: I could almost see her chewing her cud, As I patted her hump,—our Nellie Bly! NORVAL.

A TRAGEDY ON THE CAPITOLINE HILL.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE CATILINA IMPROBUS SENATORES INDIGNATI.

Scene I. Senate House-Interior. Time; V Kal. Dec., Noon. Enter Catilina, smoking cigarette.

Cicero (starts violently, tears tunic); "Ha! do my eyes deceive my earsight? No, 'tis he, the recreant one, Catilina, base deceiver of a guileless community!

How long, Oh Catilina, wilt thou abuse our patience? How long will this thy forgetfulness elude us? Does the nightly assembly of the "Western" faculty move thee in no degree? Nor yet the fear of criticism, nor the goodly display of embroidery on the second floor?

thy doily yesterday, and eke the day before white teeth, black eyes, and startling eyewas unmarked by us? Dost think thy lack of interest in the Bazaar is not apparent to portrait of Eph Lightfoot, the hero, though asked Sam, wonderingly. all who behold thee thus insolently strutting a dusky one, of this little tale. before the senate?

and on what paltry excuse! Ye gods im- forts to eke out the family purse by run- to "keep yo' eyes peeled fer de cops," mortal! For what does this man take us, ning errands and selling newspapers, was and in a few moments the apparatus was to believe he could not a doily from all his the sum total of the work this lazy fellow did arranged to his satisfaction. Sure enough most ample youth, P. Sophomoricus, of Johnson or some equally disreputable two black imps running along beside it, illustrious parentage, and grandfathers, darky, wandering about the streets and waving their caps and yelling in high glee.

again in the presence of working enthusiasts cart, knew and dreaded him. without thy doily: With these omens be off! depart! excede! evade! erumpe!"

Exit Catilina, quam primum, followed by hisses from Senatores Indignati.

Scene II. Place-Porch of Senate House. Time: IV. Non. Dec., Midnight.

Enter Catilina with dishevelled chrysanthemum and Toga, and bearing white linen embroldered scarf. (Solus).

deferred was this the bringing of my doily! Never can I face the reproachful glances of the conspirators, nor the scorn of the consul, nor the rebuke of Nellie Bly! To yon Doric column will I my worthless self by this same linen suspend and leave a name of which procrastinating youth shall read with awe to point a moral and adorn a tale!"

Hangs himself-Red light-Slow music-Last words: "O that I should live to see myself a dead man!"- REQUIESCAT IN PACE. TOM SUNSHINE,

A DAY WITH EPH AND SAM.

If you'll think of the blackest, leanest, raggedest, most mischievous looking little Dost think that thy failure to bring in darkey you ever saw—with glistening balls—you will have a very good mental

He lived in Washington, D. C., almost ter tie de rope to de can, an' shuv de rope-O tempora! O mores! The executive in the center of the city, in Goat Alley— end dat's ravelled down de hole in de road committee sees this, the custodian knows it. "One of de high-tonedest parts ob the hull an' move her roun' twell she cotch on ter let the doily materializeth not! And we, city," as he was fond of telling his boon de cable, an' denn yo' lets go yo' hol' ob dead slow people that we are, think we do companion, Sam Johnson, who was so de can, an' she goes er whizzin' down de enough if we let the matter slide and keep unfortunate as to reside in unfashionable line like de lightnin' express. Hit's been

Verily, thy doily oughtest thou to have Mrs. Lightfoot did washing fer de qual- hit's de greatest ting out." brought at the request of the consul, lo, ity and Eph "toted" the baskets back and Soon a favorable opportunity presented

T. Graball Senioribus and a host of others, thoroughly familiar with, from Washing- watch it.

poor in purse but rich in pluck, do as much? ton Circle to the Navy Yard, and from And seekest thou, known to be the pet of the Soldiers Home to the great power the fair sex and adored by all female relathouse at the foot of the cable line. Every tives thus to evade our clutches? Get thee fire and street fight numbered him among exceedingly hence and show not thy face its spectators; every "dago" with his fruit

One morning, about Christmas time, being particularly tried by some fancy ironing, Mrs. Lightfoot suddenly informed her aggravating son that he must "clar out an" leab de house in peace ef he didn' wan' er whack side ob de haid," which mild re-CATILINA: "Alas! too late, too long quest Eph obeyed in his own good time, and might have been seen a little later, wending his way toward 7th street, holding a tin tomato can in one black fist, while from the other dangled about a yard of small rope, carefully ravelled at the end.

On the corner by the grocery store he saw Sam Johnson.

"Hi, Eph!" shouted this worthy, "whar yo' gwine wid dat can?"

"Gwine ter run her down de cable. Come erlong an' watch. Hit's de lates' ting out," and the pair proceeded to 7th street and posted themselves on the corner opposite the hole through which the grip is inserted.

"Got ter wait fer dem two cyars ter pass 'fore I kin start her,' remarked Eph.

"How does yer wuck hit anyhow?"

"Easy as shucks. All yer hev ter do's out of the way of the avalanche! Swampoodle. 'vented by de boys up ter de Boun'ry, an'

these many days ago-but thou didst not, forth. This, with occasional spasmodic ef- itself. Eph darted forward, charging Sam sisters, cousins and aunts of illustrious repu- from one week's end to another. Most of the can was instantly gliding down the line tations for needlework get! Did not that his time was spent in company with Sam - "jes' er whizzin" as Eph had said—the

but without at the time a best girl on whom, gazing into store windows, with the occa- Certainly it was a ridiculous sight to see to call, hustle greatly around and procure sional treat of setting two curs fighting, or that can moving swiftly down the middle from unknown sources a centerpiece of sur- getting chased by a policeman. of the street, with no visible force at work passing beauty? Did not C. Freshicus, Not a place in the city that Eph was not upon it, and passersby halted smilingly to

house, yo' brack herrin?" retorted Eph. ures seemed almost alive.

yo' call dat ar big cath'lic church out by to soun'!" a parting glance at the vanishing can.

the roofs upon the heads of unwary passers "Whar kin we go? What shill we do?," by.

granite masonry towered toward the sky than ever, sent Sam and Eph flying toward in silent dignity. Its beautiful stained the door, neither stopping until once again windows, "casting a dim religious light," in the open air and several blocks away only partially revealed the out-lines of the from the church. Much to their surprise, high oak pews, the confession boxes, and everything was as usual in the streets, the vaulted ceiling.

As is customary in many Catholic splashing to and fro in the slush. churches at Christmas time, a representa- "W'at yo' s'pose dat wuz?" asked Sam, tion of the Nativity of our Lord, with life- still shaking violently from his fright, mire.

"Dat ar ting'll go clar down ter de sensibility to color and music. All these wharf, ter de pow'r house. Dar han't nuf- elements were present in the church, and fin kin stop hit," chuckled Eph. deeply impressed the imagination of the "Deed hit's er gret ting," puffed Sam, two small darkies. With rolling eyeballs almost out of breath from running. "But and solemn, awed faces they leaned upon ef yo' t'ink dis nigger gwine ter foller hit the railing and gazed on the beautiful down ter de pow'r house, yo' is mightly scene. The air was heavy and sweet with staken, I's nigh upon winded now." incense; a thin cloud of pale, shifting "Who wan's yo' ter go ter de pow'r smoke enveloped everything; the wax fig-

"Yo' nebber t'inks ob moah'n one t'ing "Dis hain' no place fer niggers," whister er time! Now I's got er nodder ideah pered Sam in an awestruck voice. "Come in my haid. Sposin' we-uns goes up ter erlong, Eph, an' le's git out er hyar. I Sain' Allooysiuses Church or whot ebber feel sorter's ef de las' trump wuz er bout

New Jersey Avenue. Dey say ez how As if to corroborate his words, a terrible dar am some kin' ob er Chris'mas show crashing noise broke upon their ears. It dar an' hit don' cos not'in' ter git in." was followed by another, and another, This proposition meeting high favor with resounding in the vaulted arches, until the Sam, the twain retraced their steps, with whole place seemed alive with echoing sounds.

The morning was mild and pleasant, "Hits don' com'! I knowed hit! oh, though there had been a heavy fall of snow Lordy, what er mi'sble sinner I's been!" the day before. It was thawing rapidly quaked Eph, his eyes rolling up in his now and falling with crashing noises from head, his hair nearly straight with terror.

"Le's git outer dis place. Oh, Lord St. Aloysius's high pointed roof and sabe us, dar hit is again!"-a louder crash

wagons rumbling, cars rattling, people

sized wax figures occupied the space be- "Dunno. Wan' ter go back an' fin' out?" tween the altar and the chancel rail. The "Not much. Yo' don' kotch dis chile figures were so natural and beautiful, neah St. Allooysiuses agin in one while!

AN ASTRONOMICAL DISTURBANCE.

The Man in the Moon, He had got up too soon And was cross as an old brown bear. He fretted and snarled, And scolded and quar'led, And flung his things 'round everywhere.

He declared with a frown, That he would go down, For the Evening Star was late And Mars and the rest, Were doing their best, To put everything out of date.

The Dipper, he'd think, Might bring him a drink From the caves of the cool Pole Star And Orion's belt, He certainly felt Had been meant for himself to wear,

The seven Sweet Sisters, He called doughnut twisters And said that they giggled too much While Saturn's bright rings, He called rusty old things Made in the year one, by the Dutch.

If he had that Dog Star, That was barking afar He would give him a piece of his mind And the things that he said Of Mercury's light head Were, to say the least, not very kind.

He roared out with spite, And threatened to fight. When a smart little Meteor skipped by, And Sir Comet turned pale For he threw salt on his tail And drove him quite out of the sky.

Oh! the Man in the Moon, Had got up to soon And was cross as an old brown bear So they put him to bed And packed ice on his head; If you look you can see him still there.

EDITH MOURNING.

ONE THANKSGIVING.

The last cold brightness of Thanksfrom the tiny Christ-child in the Virgins I's gwine home git sumfin hot b'leeve I's giving-day was lingering on a westward lap, to the adoring shepherds with their got er c'nipshun fit! and they separated. window-pane. Gay ivy-twigs were tapgentle sheep, that for some days the church Had our friends gone back to St. Alo- ping playfully upon it, but the sombre had been thronged with visitors, many with ysius's they would have seen the old sex- parent vine was sad at heart, for it was true devotion, coming to pray before the ton and two other men laboriously remov- hiding, under those strong branches, shrine, others only curious to see and ad- ing an immense pile of snow from the many an empty nest. Without, the walks on each side of the church, and wild wind rollicked through the tree-tops, When Eph and Sam reached the church, laughing to themselves over the fright its nor grew more gentle as it buffeted the it happened to be quite empty, so the two fall had given the two little darkies. thread-bare lamp-lighter, whose glitterwalked unmolested up the broad, softly Human nature, black or white, often ing torch was seen far up the street. He, carpeted aisle. They were very quiet, needs a good shaking up. For fully a good man, being well accustomed to such something in the dim calm of the place week after this occurence, you might have usage, pushed onward the more stursubduing even their wild spirits. searched Washington over and not found dily—home to wife and little ones. The deep vein of superstition in the two better behaved colored boys than Eph Within, the lighted logs were crackling African nature is only exceeded by the and Sam.

L. E. merrily, while the laughing flames were

warm glow striving to penetrate beyond most rail of the grey, weather-beaten late sand-hills. the hearth-stone. Cold gloom was hang- fence. In yonder hollow, the stately iris, ing over rich old rugs and carven furni- true daughter of the sky, holds sway he locks old Autumn's arm in his and ture. There at the window was standing amid herbs and rushes. the room's sole occupant, her garment The white beach sparkles, in its shinone of deepest mourning, her hair a very ing robe all edged with dainty shells and halo about her sweet, young face, her pebbles,-sparkles for an instant only, cheek pressed close to the cold glass, and then is clasped in the soft embrace her clear eyes gazing afar into the sun- of the gentle on-coming waves. These set land. To her the corner lamp was waves seem ever laughing, softly, happily, sending forth blurred rays. All sights as they advance to meet the shore, and and sounds, to her, grew dim and muffled, then retreat, to flirt about the prows of save the sound of little, pattering foot- the idly wandering, white sailed pleasure steps coming nearer in the silence, boats, or to receive the airy compliments the sight of a little toddling form of the graceful, gray-winged gulls, as swaying from side to side in its eager they circle and dip near the water's surhaste to reach her. Once again she was face. Still beyond, the dazzling hills feeling the soft hands pulling with gentle glisten, bright as icebergs in the summer insistence at her skirts; was hearing the sun. baby voice which love had taught to sob broke the silence. The vision faded, and a childless mother fell upon her knees, praying that some day she might fair! see her darling lost one. Thus her husband found her, when he came home from his missions of charity,-her charity to the needy ones about them. Holding her close, close to him he told how he had above the sad old earth, touching with viding steps for mounting. Her wardrobe waited to see the lamplighter's sturdy clammy fingers the russet meadow's edge is in the hands of competent artists, and flock enjoy the good things she had sent and striving to obliterate the jagged sand promises to dazzle the unaccustomed with them, and how the lamplighter's wife hills which rise in sullen grandeur be- its richness and brilliancy. On Monday, would name her precious baby, "Ag- yond the colorless water. A great the 2d of December, she will make her nes." "After my own Saint Agnes!" he shudder passes through the grasses, in triumphal tour from Georgetown to Conwhispered, as he kissed away her tears. answer to the north wind's gruff demand vention Hall in charge of a troop of Arabs

Scenes on Cape Cod. I.—A SUMMER MORNING.

his golden rays to frolic with the fickle King Goldenrod, smiling proudly on his coin from the purses of unsuspecting breezes, which, acknowledging the subjects, defiantly waves his regal banner patrons, while their own choice wares of gold courtesying of the slender marsh-grasses, in the face of the despot wind. go begging. linger lovingly there for an instant and Ah! sad is the pallid beach in her "Ican call spirits from the vasty deep," selves, a sunset cloud, over a cor- harbor. On them lie a colony of grue- of cleansing fluids and silver polish. ner of the broad green field. Near some seal, flapping their awkward bodies Late as is its appearance a second wheel

III.

2.—AN AUTUMN AFTERNOON.

that they shall pay him homage. The in full regalia.

reflected in distorted images upon the by, a blackberry vine has tossed its in and out of the water. Melting away tall brass fire-dogs; but in vain was the snow-drift of blossoms over the very top- against the clouds are the frowning, deso-

> Still as the North-wind rushes onward, sighs over bowing grasses, timid woodbine, and proud Goldenrod, "Death! Death! Death to all."

> > ALICE K. COYLE.

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT HAT?

Shakespeare has written of awful crimes, Dante has sung of tragic times, Poe's wierd yarns make the cheek grow pale, History has many a fearful tale; But nothing they tell is half so bad, Nothing's so harrowing or so sad, As—its towering ugliness haunts me yet— The new style cap on the small cadet. CIVILIAN.

BAZAAR NOTES.

Nellie Bly has fully demonstrated her agility and strength, and is daily growing Thus smile the sea, the sands, the in favor with the Westerners. Her gentle whisper "Mother, dear." Then a great grasses, and thus the messenger breezes tread shakes the Curtis to its foundation whisper to all, a tale of peace and love stones at every intermission time, as troops and happiness; for Mother Nature is so of boys and girls wait their opportunity to mount this graceful steed, and take a turn about the corridors. So far she has shown so stubborn an obstinacy about kneeling, that her manager begins to fear they may have The leaden clouds hang threateningly to humor this caprice to the extent of pro-

scarlet wood-bine clings in terror to its The Central school have organized a friend the old grey fence and seems to Dorcas society to vend their wares at the Baburn itself a pathway through the hearts zaar. Let our youth of K. S. K. look to it, The genial old sun is sending abroad of its withering neighbors. But the great lest these dainty misses tempt all the small

then go rollicking on over the narrow widow's weeds of blackened mosses. Such a heading above the door of a Greek strip of dazzling beach, as if eager Leaving her gloomy and forsaken, the temple is gruesome enough to fright the for a dip in the liquid blue of gray-green waves have retreated, far timid, but if there are those of stronger the tiny, hill-bounded harbor beyond. backward and downward, and are now metal who would sound the mysteries of All nature is smiling beneath the muttering sad-sea stories to the listening the Delphic Oracle, they will find our enlife-giving influence of sun and wind, sand-bars, which show themselves, bare terprising Business rivals no less successful Wild-rose bushes have spread them- and stern, at intervals, all across the in the department of wizardism than in that

has at last come into the field, to be competed for by the Central and Eastern schools.

The National Rifles will be present at the Bazaar on December 6, High School night, so that with the entire regiment of High School Cadets in full uniform, we shall not lack attractions. The program for this evening will also include a minuette, danced by sixteen boys and girls selected from the Central High School. Every student in the Washington High School should be present on this night, and make it a memorable occasion in the annals of the school.

type gallery, an Art Loan exhibit, a refreshment room, a merry-go-round, street musicians, a whole gypsy encampment, an orange grove, cooking, sewing and manualtraining classes in operation, a corn-palace, an oriental booth, chocolate booth and a tea house, are among the more picturesque features, while displayed for sale, may be found articles varying from a diamond ring and gold watch to a 5c peanut-doll; from a set of furniture and ticket to Europe to the smallest doily brought in by the smallest Westerner.

Our printers, Messrs. Harvey & Gettinger, have manifested their interest in the Bazaar in the most substantial fashion. They have offered to furnish, gratis, one thousand copies of a poem written by Mr. E. C. Kane, as a Bazaar Souvenir. The poem will be printed on a handsome card and will be tastefully embellished with any other city's in beauty and attractiveness. letters in red and black.

F. M. MORAN.

KAMPTOWN NOTES.

As is the case at all times, Kamptown is right in line in the Bazaar. After heading the Western subscription list with a round little sum we feel that our duty is only partly done. Accordingly, with the help of our fellow students in the Business High School and those in the good old Western, we have been able to collect a great mass of army buttons. These, having been dipped in gold, are being made into jewelry: hat-pins, stick-pins and linked cuff-buttons, which the Kamptown boys will peddle at the fair. Watch out for the K. S. K. for they are coming in great style, and if they don't cause a sensation it won't be beother attractions are going to draw, but they'll sweetest (toned) on the market.

not be in it with the Kamptown. Again, watch out for us and if you don't see us you'll be sure to hear us.

After careful re-consideration the executive committee of the club have deemed it best to defer our entertainment, previously announced for this fall, until January. We have done this for several reasons, but principally because we wanted to give our aid and support to such a worthy cause as the great bazaar, and we could not assist in the preparation for it and an entertainment at the same time. When once the bazaar is a thing of the past we expect to buckle down to earnest work for our appearance in January. Already we The Bazaar offers attractions of every have made a start, but when we get all of our sort and kind. Beautiful music, a tin- new songs, new jokes and new costumes we will be ready to put on the stage a show worthy of Kamptown and the Western High School.

> Kamptown has the honor of having one of its former members, Mr. Chas. Ramsburg, on this year's Cornell Glee Club.

> Teachers and Scholars! Boys and Girls! Be sure! Be sure to get a pair of linked cuff-buttons or a hat pin!

NOTES.

Some are thankful to-day because they received four 10's (?), some are thankful because they escaped with four 7.2's, some are thankful they have but one condition to pass off; but we are all thankful that four good long holidays are just before us.

To think of it, all for ten cents or fourteen chances for fifty cents, and right here in Convention Hall in our own city we shall have an opportunity to see not alone manual training It went against the grain, but he stalked away and cooking schools in full blast but even the as best he could. "worlds fair", surpassing Chicago's, Paris's or The capitol has wings and yet it cannot fly.

Poor J. W. could no longer resist the temptation. He was late Monday the eighteenth, not because he overslept himself as is usually the case, but simply because he had spent long." Sunday out of the city—at Rockville (?)

One of the English sections was discussing the sentence not long since when suddenly the teacher exclaimed, "Oh! I do so long for a class that I can criticize for beauty!"

What disease has the Thanksgiving turkey? Consumption.

Should "Bud" our giant, let a second year Latin book drop from the gallery on a certain first year maid the result would be none other than the fall of Caesar, the humiliation of Cassius, and the destruction of a living Bean.

The experienced musician Mr. A. B. Bencause they won't try. Nellie Bly and all the nett pronounces A. Bradbury (piano) the

A Humerous boy of the second year has apparantly been moved in religious lines lately. as we see him spending so much time with the Bishop.

If poetry was the result of spontaneous emotions is that the reason the metre is so often "spondaic hexametre"?

An echo from the Physical Laboratory.

Teacher, explaining: "Now in a candle there are two flames. I can represent the inner thus, (holds up both hands curved together) and by putting one hand over the back of the other, thus, show the way the outer flame fits down over the inner on one side, but I haven't another hand to show how it looks on the other side."

Smith, '98, eagerly: "Oh, take one of mine!" -Tableau.

A teacher's reproof of some of our scholars has about the same effect as the letter "p" in the pronunciation of pneumatic.

GRINS.

Johnson has two bouncing boys, And now J's a fine feller, For since he's pushed the kids around He's known as the "twin propeller."

"Say Mrs. Young, do you teach Algebra?" "Yes, sir." "Oh, I thought you taught mathematics."

"Give me Washington," was the call over the long distance telephone. "It can't be done-he's dead."

A side issue—out the side door.

"Shucks, that fellow stepped on my corn."

Funny, isn't it?

"No consultation," said the teacher in the French examination. "No," said one of the victims, "but we will need consolation before

> The lover and the gas are foes, Without an earthly doubt, For surely as the one comes in, The other one goes out.

As two elderly ladies were walking down F street last week one of them noticed a sign "Mrs. Smith's Hat store." "Well," she exclaimed, "I wonder how she tore it?"

Teacher rushing into class room, "Why, the classes changed long ago." "But we did not hear the bell," replied the class. "Well, hereafter when you don't hear it, come to the office and say so."

Although the wagon has the longest tongue, it can't talk half as much as some women.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."—Buckingham.

O mayster dere and fadir reverent, My mayster Chaucer, floure of eloquence, Mirrour of fructuous endendement, O universal fadir in science, Alas that thou thine excellent prudence In thy bed mortel mighteste not bequethe! What eyled Death? Alas! why would he sle the? OCCLEVE.

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON, D. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1895.

TO CHAUCER.

Now, through the hedges bright with budding May? With loosened bridle rein and eyes cast down, Comes one, a stranger 'mong those pilgrims gay Riding at ease toward Canterbury Town. The slender form in garment dark arrayed, With ink-horn girdle and with loosened hood, The tender mouth, the youthful heart, betrayed By boyish brow and eye's incertitude, Quick-glancing, suddenly darting here or there, Anon cast down, - "as he would find an hare" -Chaucer,—best loved of all who search his stores, Chaucer,—first warbler upon English shores. Gertrude Frost.

AT THE WAYSIDE INN.

"Thou lazy lout! Where hast thou been all these hours? Did I not bid thee build the fire and have all in readiness when I returned? 'Tis long past sunset now and there is my lord's supper to get. I shall make thee rue thy carelessness this day."

The cook was a large, powerful woman, and Hans, the kitchen boy, well knew the weight of her fist. Therefore he made no reply but set himself sullenly to building the fire, while she bustled about him, still scolding. His duties finished, he stood back in a corner, well out of the range of her arm and watched the kitchen maid as Indeed," she added presently as she set the she polished up the great beer-mugs.

lend a hand instead of gaping and staring of whom they tell such brave stories of per."

his horses are the finest in England, and brave man and a true I doubt not one whit. old yellow dog. his followers the handsomest lads in the I know why thou dost speak so rudely of It was a gay scene that met his eyes.

finer than a cobweb and a wimple whiter than the wax candles in church."

"I like her not," said the kitchen boy "They are not idle boasts," cried Hans. roughly, "I held her bridle rein while she dismounted, and she swept her skirts aside as though I were some vile beast. And seest and went out, slamming the door behind thou that dog?" he added, pointing to a him. poor, half-starved animal crouching by the fire, "he did but come up to her, sniffing and begging for food, and my Lady spurned him with her foot. Yet those little beasts of hers, with the shining coats and beribboned collars, she loves so dearly that one may not touch them for fear that they be hurt."

"Holy Saint Martin," laughed the girl, "but thou art particular, Master Hans! I saw thee, thyself, kick that same dog from the doorsteps this morn. Has not the Lady Prioress a better right than thou? She is a right holy and good lady. 'Tis beggars, and her eye is so cold it gives me one with the brave suit of green. the shivers of a night, but it brings one little good to quarrel with one's betters. beer-mugs on the table, "if thou comest to thou art, Hans."

ernment. I have no patience with such idle boasts."

"Before to-morrow morn thou wilt see that they have spoken truly." He got up

When he came in again some time later, the supper was all cooked, and the polished tankards, filled with wine, stood on the table. Hans went over to them, and stood there examining them, for several minutes. He looked especially at the King's goblet, which was of silver, ornamented with cunningly wrought designs.

The kitchen girl was staring out of the window, trying to discern the men-at-arms who were sitting without.

"Look!" she cried, "there is that lusty black-bearded knave who asked for his beer so sweetly. I would he would come true she doth despise all poor folks and for more. And there is the fair haired

> "Peace, girl!" said the cook, "attend to thy duties and leave the men alone."

As the kitchen girl went back to her work, Hans turned around and walked "How now," said the girl presently, that, there are none of these fine people, slowly towards the fire. Suddenly his eye turning sharply upon him, "canst thou not but have their faults. The King himself, fell on the opposite corner of the room, and he started and blushed guiltily. A like a stuck pig? 'Tis no time for idleress courage and daring, even he is not much Benedictine friar, one of the wayfarers now with the King within awaiting his sup- to look upon. He is little handsomer than stopping overnight at the inn, was standing in the doorway between the kitchen "King indeed," said the boy contempt- "Have done, wench," cried the boy and the outer room. His pale face was nously, "what care I for the King or his angrily, "an' thou likest not my face thou overshadowed by the dark cowl, and his supper? He may await it till the trump of canst turn away thine eyes." bright eyes looked at the boy intently. doom for all me." The girl burst out laughing, "I do love His lips curved into a sardenic smile, but "For shame, Hans," cried the girl, to tease thee, boy," she said "but I meant he said nothing and went back into the the is thy liege lord and master. Verily no disrespect to our King. That he is a other room, followed noiselessly by the

land. Of a truth we have some brave him. Thou hast been with those vile men, there. A company of tradesmen and yeoguests here this night. The Lady Prioress I saw here yesternight, who swear that they men were sitting about the fire, and in the that did arrive at noon has a gown of silk will kill the King, and overthrow his gov- middle of the room was a long table, at

the head of which sat King Edward the was about to set forth again. He had per to be thus disturbed?" been obliged to stop for the night at this Three men at arms rushed forward with The Prioress sat on the right of the King. calmness. delicately with her white fingers. The shall not disturb us. To your places." his hand lying on the dog's ugly yellow returned to his corner. lating his many adventures on the battle- and began: field, and recounting the victories of the Black Prince. Every one was greatly interested and the meal progressed pleasantly. At last the wine was brought in, and the King rose from his chair, holding his silver goblet in one hand.

"My fair Lady Prioress," he said, bowing to her, "may I beg that thou wilt drink to the welfare and prosperity of our expedition?"

The cheeks of the Prioress flushed, and her eyes sparkled. Taking the cup from the King she bowed low and gracefully, "I deem it a great honor to so do," she said; "May his Majesty's mission be crowned with success, and may he return to England victorious and unharmed!" She raised the cup to her lips. Crash! Unseen, the Benedictine friar had approached from his corner, and taken his stand behind her. With a sudden moveess's little dog rushed to the spot, and lap- less merry than usual. ped up the crimson pools with great relish, "Tis an ill omen," said one lord to buried her face in her hands. had been too much for her.

Third. He had returned some time before thin lips compressed, his eyes glowering omen, indeed, for our expedition." from his first Conquests in France, and with rage. "How now, thou naughty fel- As the Prioress passed out of the

be a great event, had exerted himself to turned to the spot. The friar alone seemed to offend thee." honor the occasion. The table was spread entirely indifferent. He stood there with and his nobles, together with the Prioress head of the King at the wall beyond. His accept no apology from thee." and her party, were a very gay company. utter indifference restored his Majesty to

Benedictine friar stood in the dark corner, The men at arms fell back, and the friar

head, and watched her intently. There The festivities of the evening went on was a flush on his thin cheek, and a strange undisturbed. There were stories told and light in his dark, bright eyes. The Prior- toasts drunk, and finally the Tinker, one ess was leaning forward a little, laughing of the group around the fire, was asked lightly at the King's jokes, and listening for a song. He cleared his throat with eagerly to the King's tales. He was re- many remarks concerning his hoarseness,

> Oh a day in the spring, When the little birds sing 'Mid the flow'rs of pink and white And up in the sky The clouds go by And the sun is shining bright.

I'll take my love To a flowery grove And gay as the birds we'll be, For my love is as sweet As a red, red rose, And as sweet as a rose is she.

Then the fiddler gay Will begin to play And we'll dance the green leaves upon, And we'll dance all night While the stars shine bright And we'll dance till the break of morn.

Ten times more fair Than any lass there My own true love will be, For she is as sweet As a red, red rose And as sweet as a rose is she.

but his mistress hid her face in her hands, another, "I would it had been any toast The next morning broke clear and bright.

The King turned upon the offender, his who desires his downfall. 'Tis an evil

now, after enjoying for a while in peace low! What hast thou done? Are all my room into the hall she felt a hand laid on the praises and plaudits of his people, he men asleep that they allow the King's sup- her arm. Glancing up, she saw the Benedictine friar.

"Thy pardon Lady," he began, "if I wayside inn, where the Host, feeling it to drawn swords. All eyes in the room were acted rudely this night. I did not think

"Peace, fool," said the Prioress with all manner of delicacies, and the King a slight smile on his lips, gazing over the sharply, "have a care what thou sayest. I

"Tis thou that shouldst have a care, that thou mayst not one day rue thy She was dressed in her finest gown and "Nay, nay," he cried hastily, "let the words," replied the friar gravely, "I came looked her best as she sat there, eating fellow be. He is mad, and his madness not to insult thee, but to beg thy pardon if I have done aught amiss."

> "Thou saucy varlet," cried the Prioress, "cease thy prating, be gone, ere I call the King's men to send thee."

A dull red crept into the friar's cheeks, and he drew himself up proudly. "I obey thy orders, madam," he said quietly, "I have but one last word to say. Look well to that dog of thine," and he was gone.

The Prioress stared after him for a minute in wonderment, then she said, with a disdainful shrug, "My Lord the King was right, the fellow is mad," and gathering up her skirts she went up the stairs leading to her room. As she passed through the door her foot came in contact with something soft. She looked down, and with a sudden scream, recognized her little dog. He was lying on his side with his little legs sticking straight out and his tongue hanging from his mouth. His body was stiff and cold, he was quite dead. The Prioress pressed her hands to her head. as all at once the events of the night impressed themselves upon her mind with startling clearness. The cup prepared for the King, the friar who had dashed it from her lips, and the little dog that had lapped up the wine lying in pools on the floor. Then she recalled the strange light in the The song was greatly applauded by both friar's eyes as he watched her at supper, ment he had dashed the goblet from her nobles and trades-folk, but a furrow still and the longing in his voice as he begged hands, and it rolled along the floor, the remained on the King's brow, and when for her forgiveness in the hall. All at wine spilling in all directions. The Prior- the party broke up, for the night, all were once her knees seemed to give way beneath her, and she sank down by the bedside and

and burst into tears. The sudden shock but that. I doubt me not the fellow is one The sun had not yet risen when the first who is ever plotting against the King, and traveller left the inn to go forth on his way.

t was the Benedictine friar. He walked alkslowly down the path, his head bowed in or thought.

By the gate stood the kitchen boy, singing a merry tune. The friar paused for a second and looked fixedly at him.

"So thou wouldst have poisoned the King?" he said presently.

The boy started and turned red. "I was but doing as they told me. The men said it was right," he replied, sullenly.

"Tis never right to kill" said the friar, sternly. "If the King had done thee harm; if he had taken from thee all that thou than she is. hadst; if he had slain all who were dear to thee, even then shouldst thou not kill him, but bear with his cruelty in Christian pa- dust there. tience. But he has done thee no ill. If he were harsh or cruel thou didst not know it. Yet thou wouldst have killed him because some wicked men told you it was right. For shame, boy, think on my words, and thank Heaven that thou hast not a black crime on thy conscience this day." After taking a bit of silver from his pouch, and giving it to the other, he went on his way, leaving the boy staring after him, open-mouthed.

When he reached the turn of the road he paused, and looked back to the window of the Prioress's room. "There she lies sleeping," he said, bitterly, "and I, who saved her life, already am forgotten." But the Prioress was still kneeling where she had knelt all the night, praying for his welfare.

A. M. KIDDER.

ON THE ROAD TO CANTERBURY.

A SCENE.

CHARACTERS:

MADAM EGLENTYNE, the prioress. A NUN, her chaplain. THE GOODWIFE OF BATH. THE PLOWMAN. THE YOUNG SQUIRE.

Goodwife, Plowman and Squire, who are traveling with a large party of Pilgrims, are riding in a group by themselves.)

Prioress. (turning to Goodwife) Tell me, my good woman, is not my cloak very dusty, and is my wimple much awry?

wimple is not of the freshest.

Prioress. (directing a malignant glance thick ahead, my lady. Farewell.

what can one expect, riding in such a large and mixed company? All the horses make such a dust, -especially great awkward ones like that plow horse yonder.

Plowman. (apologetically patting horse) Indeed my Lady, it gives me much sorrow, that my horse so clumsily kicks up the dust, but he, like his master, is more used to plowing than to travelling. An it to the Plowman, they are fit company. please ye, I will ride in the rear.

Goodwife. (coquettishly), Nay, good Plowman, I pray thee do not leave us, methinks my lady could be no more dusty

SQUIRE. (gallantly) My lady Prioress, ride you ahead with me, there is very little now will be too short.

Prioress. (with a coy smile) Many thanks, sweet sir, but that would be unseemly.

SQUIRE. (turning to Goodwife) Since my lady deems it unseemly that we go alone, -wilt not thou give us thy company, Goodwife?

Goodwife. Gladly, young sir, an the Plowman will come too.

thyself, Goodwife, I will call my nun to them to run. ride with me.

PLOWMAN. An thou wilt point out thy nun, lady, I will bid her come to thee.

Prioress. (condescendingly pointing out the Nun) There she is, good fellow, pray thee bid her attend me.

ride with me, my sweet fellow.

Goodwife, how canst thou speak in such an unbecoming manner?

Goodwiff. (bluntly) Surely, lady, 'tis no more unseemly for me to bid the Plowand make eyes at the young squire.

(The scene is laid on the road near Canterbury. The Prioress, thy tongue, woman, and do not dare to criticise thy betters.

> SQUIRE. Here comes thy chaplain, lady. Let us ride on and leave this vulgar woman.

Prioress. (whipping up her palfrey and Goodwife. (teasingly) Ay, thou dost calling to her nun) With all pleasure, dear indeed look very travel-worn, my Lady young sir, (sarcastically) I wish thee a Prioress.—thy cloak is full of dust and thy pleasant time Plowman with the Goodwife.

PLOWMAN, I hope the dust will be less

den, lady Prioress, and hope I may never see thee more.

PRIORESS. (to Squire, as they ride forward) Insolent woman to talk so to her betters! I am well minded to give her a good rating.

SQUIRE. Nay, lady, 'tis not seemly that thou shouldst speak to her; leave her

Prioress. (with a sweet smile) My sweet sir, in thy pleasant company I will forget that woman, and the journey which has been so tedious will now seem only too short.

SQUIRE. (gallantly) To me also the way

NUN. My lady, are not those the spires of Canterbury that rise yonder?

PRIORESS. In truth, I believe they are. Have you my fresh wimple and handsome new cloak in readiness for me to don when we reach the tavern?

Nun. Brother John is carrying them, my lady.

Prioress. An art sure my Prayer-Book, Bible and Rosary are there? And is brother Prioress. (haughtily) Nay, trouble not Andrew carrying the dogs? It is too hot for

> Nun. Yes, my lady, brother Andrew has the dogs, and brother John thy books and rosary.

Prioress. (sweetly to Squire) Did I not tell thee that no sooner was my journey made pleasant by thy company than we Goodwife. Be sure thou returnest, to would arrive at Canterbury? We are within a few moments' ride of the gates Prioress. (with dignity) For shame, and I must join my priests—so fare thee well, sweet sir.

> Squire. Farewell, dear lady, I hope to ride with thee on our return.

PRIORESS. (as she and the Nun ride off) man ride with me than 'tis for you to smile I shall not ride back this way, for fear I may meet that vulgar Goodwife and her Prioress. (blushing and angry) Hold lout of a Plowman, so farewell, sweet sir, farewell.

MARY HOPKINS.

Scene, a Butcher's Stand. Butcher: "Come, John, be lively now; break the bones in Mr. Williams' chops and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him."

John. "All right, sir; just as soon as I've sawed off Mrs. Murphy's leg."

"That remains to be seen," said the boy at Plowman who rides beside her) Well, Goodwife. (angrily) Give thee good as he spilled the ink on the tablecloth.

THE WESTERN.

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JUNIOR CLASS NUMBER.

Miss Kidder, = = Editor.

EDITORIALS.

far as practicable, a Chaucer number. Although we know that the majority of the school are not studying Chaucer, yet we hope that they will be patient while we help him to bring his motley band of pilgrims to the Canterbury shrine, and that they will listen, not altogether without interest, to our efforts to reproduce some of his immortal tales, or to weave new ones with his golden thread. We have sought to Our friends of the Eastern have much Poetry."

theme.

will expend our best efforts, striving to first merits of such a paper should be make it bear comparison with even the able every article original with the study year will be sure to produce.

ive number that has yet been published. vious years, as a welcome sign of that day course, an attractive exterior does not al- the schools of every city in the world. ways indicate an interior to correspond, still it is hoped that such will be true in this case as there will be at least ten pages of reading matter from some of the most gifted pens of the school.

While striving to make THE WESTERN pre-eminent among the High School papers, we must not lose sight of the fact that other contests challenge our reputation. We must not let the delights of the Bazaar and the preparations for Christmas so absorbe our attention as to crowd out two other very important matters; namely, the winning of the bicycle and the securing of the Captain's sword. Remember that we This is a third year number, and as have a reputation to sustain, that of always carrying to success whatever we undertake. So let us put forth all our energies, buoyed up by the thought of that proud day when we shall behold our Captain adorned with his sword, and our bicycle girl riding triumphantly to school on her wheel.

II.

present only such articles as are of general to congratulate themselves upon in their interest, and at the same time show that we Paper. The blue and white cover is very have appreciated, if we have not always neat and effective, and the inside also caught the divine fire that shines through is attractive. There are one or two the works of this "Father of English sketches and poems that indicate In reference to the proposition made in tor certainly deserves high credit for his rivals were forced to join. the last number regarding the competition ingenuity in filling up extra space. We devoted our paper to a special subject, to enliven the odd corners of their paper. with a particular end in view, the contest and relieve the Editor from this great tax would hardly be a fair one. At all events upon his inventive powers. Perhaps it is we deprecate any attempt at rivalry and because we are not so learned as our Easonly consider our paper as one written by tern brethren that we fail to altogether the third year pupils, with Chaucer for its appreciate their scientific column. While we deem it a most important mission in a To prove to the Seniors, however, that school paper to indicate the progress of

ber later on in the winter. Upon this we than to instruct. Moreover, while and highly interesting paper the fourth and these notes are but clippings from in different scientific journals. Howeve Our next issue, owing to the Christmas there is much that is most excellent in t holidays, will be postponed until the third "Easterner," and we hail the marked it of January. There is every reason to be- provement in this, and the other High lieve that this will prove the most attract- School papers, over the attempts of pre-To begin with, there will be a new cover to come, when the schools of Washington which is very tasteful and especially de- in their literary productions, as in other signed for the occasion. Although, of respects, shall stand pre-eminent among

PREMIUMS AWARDED.

The premiums offered by The Western to the person selling the greatest number of our Thanksgiving edition have been awarded as follows: the boy's premium, a handsome sterling penknife, to Mr. Earle Tanner of the first year; the girl's premium, a beautiful filigree silver belt buckle, to Miss Amy Concklin of the fourth year.

BAZAAR NOTES.

Write it down in your best gilt edge note-book that the Western scored another triumph by her participation in the great Teachers' Bazaar now coming to a successful close. Our fame began with the imposing street parade of November 30th, when Nelly Bly, headed by the K. S. K. kazoo band in full uniform, escorted by her Turks and Arabs and Guarded by Co. H, after her exit from the friendly shade of the Western corridors make her first appearance in public. To say that we attracted attention is but mildly expressing the tumult of excitement stirred up along the line of march, culminating in the perfect storm of enthusiasm which greeted us much ability in their writers, and the Edi- at Convention Hall, and in which even our

Even our wonted modesty will not perbetween the third and fourth year papers, would suggest to the Easterners, however, mit us to omit the mention of cur successes we neg to say a word or two. As we have that they contribute a few jokes and poems in the Hall. Everywhere our people with their natty badges of red and white have been in evidence. Kamptown, gorgeous in white ducks, red and green shirt fronts and "tiles" of the same delicate hues, are features of the festive scene impossible to overlook. Their cordial manner and attractive jewelry have brought in many a we are not afraid to measure swords with the school in the various branches, still we shining shekel to the fund, while the dulthem, we should like to have another num- consider it the chief object to amuse rather cet strains of "Darling Cloe," "Side-

walks of New York" and "I've been working in the Company' surrounded them with an admiring crowd at every rendition. K. S. K. with all its love of fun and song, has an eye for business and, ere the first week of the fair had come to a close, had sent in an order for a new stock of army and navy pins and buttons.

Our booth is highly commended by all for its really artistic appearance. This is largely due to the fact that we kept our stock in trade strictly confined to the one branch of embroideries, even at risk of parting with some of our most charming donations in other lines. This prevented the conglomerate appearance characteristic of so many of the other booths and allowed us of more scope for the artistic arrangement and setting our dainty work than would othrwise have been possible.

On Thursday and Friday, December 5th and 6th, the Western held sway at the High School candy booth. Our receipts there on our first evening exceeded those of any other High School during the first week, and it is with pardonable pride that we also state that our girls were the prettiest the un anywhere else during the Bazaar.

Nelly Bly was kept on the trot early and late. The mount was so crowded with impatient would-be riders every evening that order could be maintained only by aid of a burly policeman. New relays of Arabs had to be cabled for and fresh supplies of Turks were pressed into service when the less crowded condition of the floor made it possible for the pretty sedan chair to be carried.

Nelly netted the sum of \$95 during the first week and is still in excellent condition and shape, notwithstanding her arduous labors. It is not improbable that a pension will be voted her by our grateful teachers, in the near future.

It may be of general interest to know that the largest receipts of any one night during the first week of the Fair were those of High School night, amounting to \$1500. On the whole, the Bazaar has been a great success, and our share in the good cause so much as well-directed enthusiasm and ever work?" Second Tramp. "Only concentrated enterprise.

THE AWAKENING.

The lingering light of a dying day, Some five hundred years ago, Looked down a rocky gorge where lay Saint Christopher's Monastery gray; And the last bright sunbeam cast a rav Of light on its golden cross.

Within the hall was warmth and light, And merriment and mirth;

Without, the gloom of the coming night, Now gathering fast, obscured from sight

The hills and the valleys, but made more bright The feasting within the walls.

The Monk at his wine in his room, alone, Was hushed and deep in thought; Dreaming strange dreams of a doubtful tone, And thinking cold thoughts for his heart was as stone,

And of human sorrow and human moan, Had he little knowledge or care.

The brothers were in the cells below, Some talking, some drinking wine,— When a cry of "Fire!" rang out to and fro,-A stifling smoke, a heat and a glow Filled the building with fear and woe, As each man fought for his life.

Pushing his way, with the strength of ten, Came the Monk excited and wild,— "They must stand aside for this man of men,— His life must be saved first of all,—and then His fur-trimmed robes and his jewels, when His horses and hounds were secure."

"Brother Hubert is missing!" a sudden cry Rang out from the crowd around,-For a moment silence followed,—then by The cloisters and postern they started to fly, While the Monk with scorn and contempt in his eye, Stood motionless,—silent and grave.

What was his life, that he should live? Had he ever done any one good? Had he cared enough for the poor to give A groat's worth of bread? or e'en to retrieve A soul from sin? or from pain to relieve? Were the questions he asked himself.

At last he hastened towards a door Of a room apart from the rest, Into this through the fire and smoke he tore, Never once heeding the crackling and roar, Till he paused by a half grown youth on the floor, Apparently stifled by smoke.

Lifting the boy in his arms he turned And hastened into the air-

His milk white hands and his robes were burned, But a life-long lesson he had learned,

And he found the peace he had nobly earned; For his life lost its selfish alms. BLANCHE BIRCH.

Labor Question. Two tramps were standing on a street corner, one day, conmakes us realize that size doesn't count for versing. First Tramp. "Say Bill, did you wonst, when I was a boy I swallered a ing to quote "Hamlet," "to that land D. G. STARR. 'east cake.''

THE PRIORESS, A CHARACTER SKETCH.

On arriving at Canterbury the pilgrims separate, some to seek refreshment in the town and others to hasten to the old Cathedral which raises its lofty, graceful spires far above the roofs of the busy little town. Those who mean to make the church their first resting place wend their way through the narrow, old fashioned streets and in groups ascend the time-worn stairs.

Madame Eglentyne, my lady prioress, attended by a nun and three elderly priests, slowly follows the rest. Before her, one carrying a large Bible and the other a heavily embossed leather bound Prayer Book, solemnly march two of her priests. My lady follows, gracefully holding up her long, full cloak with the tips of her jewelled fingers. The quiet little nun and a tall priest, each holding with tender solicitude a fat puppy, the special pet of his mistress, close the procession. With a dignified manner the prioress mounts the stairs, pausing at the top to have her wimple straightened and the folds of her cloak and gown arranged by the attendant nun. Then, after a motion of approval, my lady steps over the threshold and going to the fount dips her fingers in the holy water to make the sign of the cross on her broad white forehead. Closely followed by her attendants she next sweeps through the broad portal and up the sculptured aisle.

The church is dim and silent, the occupants all kneeling, apparently at prayer. The odor of the incense burning in the swinging vessels pervades everything, and low solemn chords of the organ float from the chancel.

Madame Eglentyne reaches the front of the church and, making a deep genuflection, enters. Her Bible, Prayer Book and puppies are deposited beside her by her attendants, who retire. She pats her disturbed pets and from her capacious pocket draws a morsel of sweet-meat with which she regales herself and the little creatures. Then, after casting a coquettish glance behind her, she composes herself and kneels -to pray? CHARLOTTE W. HOPKINS.

"We shall go," said a speaker attemptwhence no traveller's bones ever return."

ODE TO K. S. K.

Who's always true to us? Kamptown, Kamptown! Who upheld the Western's cause Thro' the whole bazaar? Who loves to cut a dash, Who knows how to rake in cash, Who never gets too "brash"? K. S. K.

Whose flirting's always nice? Kamptown, Kamptown! Whose songs are always sweet In concert or in Hall? Who hath bewitching smiles, Who hath seductive wiles, Who weareth giddy "tiles"? K. S. K.

Who're always gentlemen? Kamptown, Kamptown! Whose glory shall ne'er fade From THE WESTERN'S page? Whose spirits never tire, Who're full of fun and fire, Whose pluck do all admire? K. S. K.!

A. M. BROWN.

THE PROCESSION OF PILGRIMS.

tance? Let us throw open the upper sash loudly, I think she must be deaf. She "Now the procession is drawing to a of the door, and try to see what is going seems not unskilled in coquetry, for as close. But two remain, conferring to on. It may be another procession of pil- she listens to the friar, she not only enjoys gether. Mine host of the Tabard, well grims to Canterbury.

of one of them, and that brass cross glitter- ing to entrap his companion, the sergeant a robe of brown, is a stranger. ing in the sunshine, that they are pilgrims. of the law! He, however, seems quite They are coming almost near enough for proof against her charms.

feels his importance as leader of the pro- wrought knives. cession. What ever induced him to wear "What a poor rider! He must be a have such ugly legs?"

gorgeously attired in embroidery of crimson | three-pronged fork which he carries. | his best girl that he forgot to ask for an F silk and gold. He sings merrily snatches "Isn't this a contrast? A doctor of phy- street transfer, and had to pay extra fare. of ballads, as he makes his horse caracole sic and a clerk of Oxford! The one in It's queer what an attraction the chocoand prance, and again reins him in, to such handsome, silk-lined garments certainly late booth at the Bazaar has for one of the admiration of all around. Truly an must have a large practice; the other, in our K. S. K. boys who never drank a cup interesting group. That sturdy yeoman in a threadbare coat, rides a lean horse and of chocolate before.

attired; and how solicitous about the little perhaps. dogs that trot along beside her! I see she 'More music! It is the famous song. uses a side saddle. How very fashionable! 'Come Hither, Love, to Me.' What a She must have been in Paris, to have great deep bass and thin sharp treble! Or learned such ways.

ied by three elderly priests. No wonder one looks like an ale house sign, with his she looks so solemn. They probably attend great garland of ivy leaves, and his buck my lady prioress.

of the one, he must be a parson, while the face is enough to frighten you. tabard of the other would prove him to be "The other seems to be trying to sell a serf-probably from the manor of the something,-relics or possibly pardons. Yes, franklyn, yonder. I wonder how they fell he must be a pardoner, for he carries that in with the lady in the broad hat! They brass cross that shone so when we caught seem out of spirits and not inclined to lis- a first glimpse of the procession.

too, has grown tired of her quiet compan- cross and formidable. My! what long, ions and turns her attention to the friar, in thin legs! Perhaps he is a reve. Surely the rounded cape who rides behind. From bis docked head is not in harmony with the "Hark! what is that music in the dis- the great effort the friar is making, to talk sword by his side. the admiring glances of the merchant, who known to all the country around, is one, "Yes, I can tell by the crimson dress, rides at a little distance, but is actually try- and the other, a small fair man dressed in

us to see their faces. What a motley crowd! "By my faith! Tradesmen also travel "See! the miller takes the lead. How Canterburyward! Here come a dyer, a he swaggers along in his clumsy way! His weaver, a hatter, a carpenter, and an upbroad chest rises and falls as he tries to holsterer. They are no doubt, well-to-do, keep time on the bag-pipe, -I suppose he for look at their new girdles and silver ing in wide-eyed wonder at Nellie Bly and

that blue hood on his red hair? sailor, his face is so tanned and his clothes Things surely must have been approach-"What a noble looking knight! How are so coarse. They say that a sailor ing a serious state when one of our seniors quietly he rides, in company with a young never rides well. That man by his side on his way to Georgetown, from the Bazaar, squire, his son perhaps. The squire is is a cook. I recognize him by the great the other night, became so wrapped up in

brown and green, must be their attendant. carries a book under his arm, as he looks One of our Arabs awoke the other morn-

ion, a jolly monk who rides a fine brown alone. I wonder what he is thinking please! Out the way there."

palfrey. How demure she is and stylishly about? How he can defraud his masters

O! What a pair of riders are these! Can "Here is a solemn little nun, accompan- they be going to Canterbury? Why the ler-why, I heard some one in the crowd "Now, who have we here? Another say, that his buckler is only a huge cake! little group. By the shabby crimson robes Don't look at him! his horrible pimpled

ten to her conversation. "This last fellow seems unsocial. He "My lady sits her horse astride. She, tries to avoid the others and looks quite

NELLIE YEATMAN.

NOTES.

The "Bzuz" ar has many attractions for Miss Manakee.

Whose did he mean? (Small boy, starher Arabs.) "Mamma, do the real ones,

"What a dainty lady comes next—A thoughtfully upon the ground. Probably ing to find himself pushing with might and prioress, I suppose. Although too lady- he is a great scholar. Scholars are always main against the bedpost. His mother like to show her feelings openly, she seems poor, you know. told him at the breakfast table, that all not disinclined to coquet with her compan- "That maunciple appears to prefer to be night he had been shouting, "One side,

The Mestern.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."-Buckingham.

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No. 6.

CHANGES.

What meaneth the peal of those sweet chimes of midnight,

That ring out a carol, melodic, harmonious, Proclaiming glad tidings, good will unto men? It meaneth naught else than the glad world's awa-

To greet that bright natal day sweet to us all, Of him who came down an example to set us, Who died to uplift the whole world from its fall.

What meaneth the toll of those sad chimes of midnight,

Which comes o'er the breeze in harmonious cadence.

Proclaiming a parting to earth and to man? It meaneth nought e'se than one moment a death knell,

The next an announcement of birth and of life. A new coming season, a new generation. The New Year has entered her pathway of strife. L. R. ALEXANDER.

EBENEZER'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

He was an old man with a bent shrunken figure and a thin grey beard. His eyes were of a pale, watery blue, and to his attentive friend. thus the matter was settled. his thin lips were pressed so closely toonly a short-tailed, soft-eyed dog for a take that g'ranium an' trim it up kind of. hood, and he raced about the room and companion. When times were good he It'll be real pretty with the red flower an' jumped up on the geranium plant until he earned a little money at shoe making, but all." finally attracted the attention of his master. in general he preferred to decrease his few The old man chuckled with delight as "See here, dorg," said the old man, bor. The other people in the village had was a large geranium, with glossy, well- keep still or be put out. You hear?" little or nothing to do with him. When kept leaves, and a bunch of red blossoms. As the dog knew very well that his mashe was a young man, with a warm heart To keep this alive and blooming during the ter was totally unable to dispense with his and quick impulses, he had left his native long, cold winter months had been his society, he did not cease his demonstra-New England town, at the outbreak of the chief care for some time past. tions. At last Ebenezer became seriously war, and joined the Southern Cause. Later in the day he and his dog started alarmed for the safety of his plant. many an empty place in the little village; was thronged with buyers and it was some I've got to put it somewhere, out of your uniform in rags and with lines of weariness many rebuffs he had received, when the to pieces." on his face, came home, unhurt and unharm- sound of a friendly, "Good evenin"," He took the geranium under his arm, ed. He took up his abode again among his made him look eagerly up at the speaker. and set out across the street with it.

fellow townsmen, but he was no longer one It was the Widow Lane, who lived across ent.

customary trip to the village for tobacco, our Christmas tree to ourselves," he said. he had passed by the school-house window, "We might ez well let the widder see it, and seen within, the Christmas tree the too. She was a real nice little gal when children had been decorating. The bright she and I went to school together. She colors had caught his fancy, and the had a blue apron, an' a red ribbon in her thought of them occupied his mind all the hair. She used to show me how to do my way home. By the time he had reached sums. Yes, dorg, we'll let the widder see his house, an idea had taken definite shape it too." in his brain, and he proceeded to impart it Dorg, as usual, made no objections, and

"Dorg," he said, "Let's have a Christ- Christmas Eve night found Ebenezer gether that it seemed to require a great mas tree. We kin git some paper down filled with a pleasurable excitement, so effort to open them, whenever he spoke, to the shop an' make some chains like also the dog. Something in the air re-He lived a lonely life in his little hut, with them on the school house tree. We kin called to him his long past days of puppy-

of them. Thirty years had passed since then the street from him, a little white-haired and the outspoken indignation of the villag- woman neatly dressed in black. Her kind ers had gradually faded to silent contempt, heart was filled with good-will towards all but he was still an outcast. Perhaps he and malice towards none, and she always would have felt this more keenly as he spoke pleasantly to the old man whenever grew old and feeble, but his once hot, they met. Thus it happened that as Ebeyoung blood flowed sluggishly in his veins, nezer trudged homeward, a roll of paper and all the excitements and dangers of the under his arm, another idea had formed in past were merged into the uneventful pres- his mind; an idea which he speedily imparted to the dog.

On coming home that morning from his 'It's kinder selfish for us to be a keepin'

wants, than to increase his capital by la- he examined his choicest possession. It "this won't do, you're either agoin' to

When at last the war ended, there was again toward the village. The little store "See here," he said, "this won't do. many a brave man had left it, never to re- time before he could get his wants attended reach. I guess I'd better take it over to turn. But the Southern Soldier, with his to. He was feeling rather hurt by the the widder's now, er you'll have it all tore

He set the plant down carefully, and amount.

way.

widow from within.

man shortly.

1 ed.

an' back."

He stopped, for a minute, to look at it.

mother's finest plants, I guess."

said, and putting it into his coat pocket, he help of his, and his heart melted.

a visitor. Not a welcome one, to judge time between this and Spring will do." All this time old Ebenezer had been

"We'll leave it here on the window paid her in the Spring. If he would only She had wandered around the house, giving

Soon after this the door of the widew plaintively, "I've lived here all my life, of geranium was dislodged and rolled down Lane's house opened and the figure of a I would not know where to go." While the terrace onto the side-walk below. It so young man, her son, appeared in the door- the woman poured out her tedious plaint, happened that a few moments after, a young "Where are you goin'?" called out the impatiently with his fingers upon the pane. way from evening service. The night had "To the rehearsal," replied the young saw in it no signs of relenting and her heart bare shawl closer about her as the wind "It's awful early," objected his mother. snow-covered street, wishing she would widow's house her eye caught sight of the "I said I'd stop in for Jennie," he re- have done, so that he might get home in dark leaves of the geraniums, thrown up in "Land's sake!" said the widow, fretfully, scent of geranium came to him through the With a joyful little cry she picked it up, "Le lives at jist the other end of the town. window. It startled him for an instant. broken pot and all; "It will please Jamie," You won't be home till all hours of the It transported him back through the years she said, and putting it carefully under her night, if you're a goin' to take her there to a nine-roomed cottage, with himself, a shawl to protect it from the wind, she has little curly-haired child in a blue pina- tened on her way. "I said I'd stop for her," said the young fore playing in the front garden. His In a little room at the back of the baker's man. He stepped out, closing the door mother, busy with her knitttng, watch- shop in the centre of the village, lay a boy behind him. As he passed by the window ed him from the window, the bees and the whose wasted cheeks and fever-lighted eyes the odor from the geranium attracted him. butterflies buzzed and fluttered all about him told of a long illness and great suffering. and the whole air was filled with the sweet His pain, however, seemed to be forgotten "Its real pretty," he said, "one of fragrance of geraniums. He turned away for the time as he gazed at the large gerafrom the window and his eyes fell upon the nium standing on a chair by his bedside. It did not occur to his dull masculine in- poor little widow, sitting there, the very His thin fingers stroked the plant caresstelligence to wonder why his mother had picture of woe. How frail and shrunken ingly, as if to gain strength from the vigleft so choice a plant out in the biting De- she looked! Small wonder when she was orous freshness of the dark leaves. There cember air. He hesitated for a second, about to lose the home that had sheltered her were no signs of Christmas cheer in the then put out his hand and broke off the all her life! Then again came the thought bare little room. Business had not been flower. "I guess she won't mind," he of his mother, who was beyond all care or brisk in the bakery this year and there was

Later on in the evening the widow had is no great hurry about that money,—any gift Christmas had brought the sick boy.

sill," he decided, "an' after we get them wait, - But no-with calm politeness he utterance to several suggestive miaus, but paper chains made we'll come an' trim it had argued every point with her, the result no one came to let her in At last the light up. Then we'll make the widder open the being always the same. Either the entire in the sitting-room window attracted her window, an' we'll bring it in. She'll be sum must be paid by New Years or the and she prepared herself for a spring on to real surprised. Won't she, derg?" widow's home must be sold to make up the the window sill. Now pussy was large and well-fed, while the window sill was narrow. stumbled back to his cottage. "But I cannot sell my house," she said and therefore as she jumped upon it the pot he rose and went to the window, drumming girl was coming along the street on her She watched his countenance anxiously but grown bitterly cold and she drew her thread. sank. He stood there, looking out into the whistled in her ears. As she reached the time for supper. All at once, the faint bold relief upon the snowy back ground.

little enough money even for the necessities strode off down the street. "After all, Mrs. Lane," he said, "there of life. The geranium was the only

from the tears in her eyes and the anxious The widow started up,—could she have fashioning paper chains with his clumsy lines on her forehead as she sat opposite to heard aright? "You are very good," she rheumatic fingers. It was late before he him. He was evidently one of the well-to began, but he waived her aside with, "It laid aside the glue pot with a sigh of satisdo members of the little community. His is nothing, nothing at all, I do not need faction, and gathering the chain in graceful fur-lined coat was warm and handsome, and the money just now." He seized his hat festoons over his arm, started across the his hands were covered by thick gloves, and hurried out, feeling a little ashamed of street. He stopped under the window of while his face wore an expression of well- this unwonted act of generosity, yet there the sitting room and reached up his hand bred condescension as he laid the facts of was a warm glow in his heart such as he for the geranium. To his dismay the the case before the tearful little woman. had not felt for many a long year.

Christmas tree with its scarlet bloom had It was a very simple matter. A debt owed Outside Mrs. Lane's cottage a dark ob- vanished! He stood for several moments, to him for many months, the payment of ject might have been seen, lying in the gazing bewildered at the empty windowwhich he would no longer await. In vain snow. It was nothing more nor less than ledge, then hearing the sound of approachdid the widow plead for an extension of the widow's cat which had been locked out ing foot-steps, he turned round and went time, she was expecting some money, to be of doors, for her mistress kept good hours. slowly back to his cottage. Safe in the

from the rehearsal with a young girl lean- Georgetown!" ing on his arm. As they passed by Ebe- The fatal words fell like a knell upon Peeping from under her soft, woollen hood seconds.

earth.

door behind him. He knocked the ashes yer can't lose me, Charlie!"-and the snow from his pipe and laid it down on the table, kept on falling, and the car kept out of then settling himself into his splint-bottom- sight. ed arm-chair, "Dorg," he said, "next Chrismus you and me're agoin to keep our tree fur ourselves." A. M. KIDDER.

DESOLATION-A PASTEL IN PROSE.

The great hall was but dimly illuminated by the single electric light at either end. Of all the vast throng which but an hour the arms of a very near relative of Morago had crowded the hall, only a few pheus, a dainty maiden with cheeks a trifle preparing to depart.

booth, a youth rushed out like a sheeted walked, down High street. ghost. The cold glare of the electric Coming up that same street, fighting the light struck mockingly upon his influences of Nature and puffing along at spotless duck trousers and emphasized the agreat rate, was a short, stout, badly dressed lines of care on his young face, o'er which woman. She carried a basket filled with the shadow of a crushing fear was slowly Irish potatoes and topped by an immense

and Derby hat, the other was pressed ent certificate of her nationality. against a red and green shirt-front under They met, the maiden still engrossed in whose delicate texture probably lay some- thought when lo! there in that basket was where concealed a beating heart. Despair, the object of her meditations, the goal of remorse, desolation were unspeakably her ambition for the past week! Sinking stamped upon his countenance. A crowd into a deep study, her eyes fixed steadfastly of sympathetic women closed around him, on the basket, she stopped. Suddenly, she but he waved them off. A groan burst was rudely awakened from her reverie by a from his quivering lips. With an effort sound box on the ears, followed by, "Thir he controlled himself, and bending toward now, take thot, you impudent young Miss,

ing. It was the widow's son, returning swiped my other pants—and I live in

nezer's house the light of the street lamp the ears of the little band. Silence reigned cast a gleam on her young, sweet face. in Convention Hall for the space of thirty

was a spray of scarlet gernanium, closely On the wind-swept corner of 7th and L pressed against her dark hair. streets a solitary figure in white ducks stood The old man watched them until the alone. It was a solitary figure. No one else sounds of their footsteps died away and was near. The first snow of winter envelopthey were out of sight. Down in the vil- ed in its soft and silent embrace the S. F. and lage the lights shone out over the snow in slid pityingly down the creases of the ducks the streets. Far away the church bells o'er which the flickering lamplight loved rang out the hours of mid-night. A crow to linger. The S. F. resolutely faced the flying over the house-tops gave forth a north whose bleak whiteness was broken harsh discordant cry. Above all gleamed by no friendly cable-car. "It cometh not," the myriad stars, each one sending its mes- he said. Down L street swept the wild sage of Christmas love and cheer to the east wind, howling in fiendish glee at sight of the S. F. on the corner. "Lost yer At last the old man went in, closing the other trousers, did yer? Ha! ha! Well, MARIA T. SLOWCOMBE.

BEWARE.

"Observe" said our learned Professor of Botany. "We will," responded our eager class of Junior girls.

One calm, sunshiny day in October, the kind that inclines one to give himself up to weary women remained and these were pale, expression very studious, and form a little bent from an armful of unmerciful Suddenly, from behind the Western looking books, sauntered, rather than

stealing, like the dawn of a winter's day. head of cabbage, which together with her One trembling hand clutched overcoat plainly marked features furnished a suffici-

shadow of his doorway, he paused and those nearest him he whispered in tones it is about time that the likes of yez be looked up and down to see who were com- hoarse with emotion. "Some jay has afther larnin a few minners, instid of papin in ither paples' baskets." Slowly the soft eyes of our poor little maiden filled with tears as she said, "Indeed, ma'am, I meant no harm, I was just looking to see how different a raceme wa-as from a hea-ead like the bras-sica oleracea!"

ALBERTA WALKER.

THE GIRL NEXT TO ME.

'Twas Christmas time up in our town, The leafless trees were bare and brown, And everywhere that one could go The air was thick with falling snow. 'Twas mighty hard to sit in school Bound down by stern, barbaric rule, Watching the snowflakes dance outside And longing to go out and slide.

The ice-bound river lay below, Wrapt in its winding sheet of snow, And the trees stood out against the sky Sighing for summer days gone by. I sat in the unpainted school-room chair In my neat little suit. with my well-combed hair. My teacher had filled my heart with joy,-She had called me a dear and a good little boy.

She had also told the girl next to me How much better and wiser I was than she. We were ancient rivals, this girl and I, We would often with each other vie. A great man came to the school that day With a gold-topped cane and a beard of gray, To see what we all had been doing there And what we had learned in our teacher's care.

He had given us very long words to spell And told our teacher we knew them well. And at last he called the girl next to me And told her to say the table of three. Well, she jumpped right up as smart as you please And rattled it off with the greatest ease, But it soon became apparent to me That she didn't know what was nine times three.

She looked up at the ceiling and down at the floor Out of the window, then up once more, Her dark cheek flushed and her eyes grew bright, But she couldn't remember that number right. I laughed out loud, then turned it off Pretending it only had been a cough, But I was so glad I could hardly see, Cause she didn't know what was nine times three.

I called to mind what she'd often said That I had a large and an empty head, And as for her, if she didn't half try She could do ten times better than 1. I laughed again, this time right out, I felt so pleased I was ready to shout, To see her black eyes cast down on the ground As she twisted her curls her finger around.

Then I gave a glance at her half turned head, And suddenly on her cheek so red A great tear trickling down I see, And—I whispered what was nine times three,

A. M. K.

THE WESTERN.

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EDITORIALS.

There is always a reluctance on the part of school boys and girls to return to the daily routine of the class room after a holiday, but if there is one time when this should not be the case it is after the Christmas holidays. At this time we come back to make a new start with the new year. Whatever may have been our failures in the past we will bury them with the old year, as with firm determination we start on a new course.

Whether or not the remaining half of this school year will be as pleasant for us as the past has been, rests with us as individuals to determine. If the individual is honest in his efforts, thoroughly conscientions, we can safely prophesy that, for us as a school, the remaining months will pass as rapidly and profitably as the past have done.

THE WESTERN enters upon its new year's work fully determined to continue its course of improvement from issue to issue. In order to accomplish our purpose every student must have the same determination and follow it up by contributing largely to its pages. One of the most gratifying evidences of the increasing interest among our students, is the fact that nearly every week brings to us some new contributor. Keep the good work up and let everyone contribute.

Our next number will be published solely by the Senior class. The Seniors will Donald, of the staff.

have much ado to surpass the paper pub lished by the Juniors, for without doubt the "Chaucer" number, from a literary standpoint, ranks among the best we have ever issued.

II.

The promoters of any enterprise are always besieged by a set of people, best denominated "know alls," who, out of pure kindness, of course, are ever anxious to offer a bit of advice here or a suggestion or two there, in order that the scheme may prove successful. Of course these people mean well, but nine times out of ten if their advice or suggestion should be followed, utter failure would result.

In the promotion of our journalistic enterprise in the Western we are not absolutely free from these busy-bodies, for once in a while some wise-acre tenders his sage advice and then goes away, probably with the satisfaction of duty done.

The latest annoyance or rather amusement we have had in this line comes to us car line. from our esteemed contemporary, "The Review." We quote from the exchange column of its last issue.

"We suggest to the editors of THE WESTERN that they are publishing a school newspaper, and not a literary miscellany or a text book of liter A high literary standard is excellent and that THE WESTERN has attained and for it desires (we suppose they mean DESERVES) great credit, but please desist from an attempt to usurp the province of The Century, Harpers or the New York Evening Post."

We are indeed grateful to "The Review" for reminding us of our object as a school journal, but we think that they might have saved themselves a misconcep ion by consulting our motto. While we do not "Harpers," it is our purpose to raise the as the ability of high school students will selves the rest of the hour," said the permit, for we believe that a school peri- teacher.—The pay-roll had arrived. odical should be not only a school News-PAPER, but a stimulus to the literary ability of the students as well.

Jealousy, pure jealousy is the only reason we can assign for this and other harmless slaps, beneath our dignity to notice, which the Central insists on giving us. Let them slap away; we are strong enough to stand all they give us and more beside.

Our new cover was designed by Miss M.

Mr. J. H. Wilson, of the fourth year has been appointed a member of the editorial staff.

It is too bad that "The Balance Sheet" has not enough originality to offer a comment of its own make, but has to copy from us. What next will the other schools want us to do for them?

Wait for the Kamptown Soshul Klub's entertainment in the near future.

NOTES.

"She only answered ting-a-ling"-Alice.

The bazaar was pronounced a great success by all the boys except "Spider," who had the misfortune to fall into the clutches of a fair South Washington lass who resided eleven blocks from any street

Nelly Bly and her sisters, the Sedan Chairs, enjoyed the much-needed rest of of the holidays, in the basement of the Curtis.

Did you ever notice a teacher when one of the ushers rushes into the class room with some memoranda or notice from the office? Sometimes the paper will call out of class a reciting student, sometimes the teacher himself; again it may be a notice of a teachers' meeting at noon. We are all familiar with the effect of such notices upon the instructor, but last Friday week a precedent was established. The usher profess to compete with "The Century" or rushed from room to room, until at last he came to the fourth year Greek classliterary standard of our paper just as high the lesson ceased; "you may enjoy your-

> By trade she's a Weaver, by preference a Tanner.

> Why not change the name "Teachers" Retiring Room," to "Teachers' Attiring Room?"

She stood on the beach by moonlight, A Sawyer, although a "she," And the Waters before her moaned, "Amo te, nonne amas me?"

TEDDIE'S CHRISTMAS.

a blister. We'll never reach the valley 'f day, and the long purple shadows linger Rob's own devising, in which he always we're not purty stiddy—Whoa! guess I'll but to caress the rugged slopes of the hills, "struck it rich," and carried Teddie away git down and walk a bit. Wait 'til I git's and then melt into the tense blackness of over the hills to Denver to the great docmy hand tight in your tail, Jack-Now, the night. Down comes the dark garment tor who would make his twisted ankle ge-up! Golly, it's cold. Wonder ef dad's over the shivering mountain, and the rising straight, and smooth the lines of pain out missed me? Wonder ef Teddie's sleepin' wind revels in mad carnival, shrieking of his little brow. A solitary life, full of sound_" and Rob fell a musing as he among the gaunt pines standing spectral stern realities, of fears lest "Dad would git walked heavily through the loose snow and ghostly in the gloom, moaning through too much at Barker's and 'buse Teddie' that for some hours had been falling in deep slumbering valleys, and sending its of anxiety for the winter's stores, latterly feathery flakes, clothing the rugged sides reverberating thundrous voice, laden with grown so alarmingly small, of shuddering of the mountain in a robe of spotless ermine. ten thousand echoes, down the resounding terror for the wild brawls which sometimes "Didn't I work it slick tho'?" he murmurs aisles of the rocky canon. I's tired, and wants a good sleep; and then I breaks through the pauses in the wind ent, brother, doctor and nurse, bravea climin' out the winder with the wind symphony, and in the momentary silences hearted Rob! of his trousers' pocket, whence came another wild night. sound than the tinkling of Jack's bell, or But what had sent the child out alone He hardly knew how it came about that ful of small coin.

purchase, fingering the coins with the loving caress of unaccustomed ownership.

"Stiddy Jack, old fellow. Whew! what has run his race swiftly this brief winter's and best of all, the never finished game of

the moaning of the winter wind among the this bleak December night, facing the thou- he had walked by the strapping young surscant pines that skirted the trail to Buenna sand terrors of the solitary (and oft dan- veyor in brown corduroys and top-boots, Vista,-the cheerful chink, chink, of a hand- gerous) path, to reach the settlement in the that he had gradually been drawn out in valley a dozen miles away? His life thus conversation with him, that at last, yielding A glad light gleams from the depths of far had been uneventful enough. Long to the sympathetic interest of his companthe boy's wondrous eyes-eyes that have summer days when he had carried Teddie ion, he had poured out the story of their made many a fair one turn to gaze a second on his shoulders in search of such treasures lives in Lone Pines. Albert Temple, destime upon the sturdy little mountaineer; as the mountains had in store for them, pite his six feet of stalwart manhood, and for many tourists visit this region in the when they had sat for hours beside the soft brown beard, had not entirely out summer months, and stop for a guide silvery mountain stream watching it play grown the romanticism of youth. The or to rest at his father's cabin. His cheeks upon the pebbly bottom while Rob skillfully prospect of spending Christmas day in camp are all aglow with health, and there is an landed many a speckled beauty in Teddie's was not a pleasing one, and with his mind indescribable buoyancy in every movement fishing basket. Dreamy summer evenings, full of the festivities in which he was for and gesture, as he moves along, the soli- when under the mysterious spell of the twi- the first time doomed not to share, what tary traveller upon this lonely road on light Rob had held his little brother's deli- wonder that he poured into the eager heart Christmas Eve. A rough fur cap is drawn cate hand in his, singing his very heart out of the child the wonderous story of the close over his tumbled locks, and his worn to him in fanciful sweet songs, half-re- Christmas feast? not the story of the jacket is fastened close under his chin with membered from the crooning lullabys a Christ child, but of brave Saint Nicholas a large thorn. With one hand clutched dark-eyed woman had sung to him in that and his merry reindeer, and of the thoufirmly in the donkey's tail, he follows misty far-away past of his own baby-hood, sands of children beyond the hill country stumblingly thro' the gathering darkness, and half the product of his own poetic who hang up their stockings on Christmas now whistling cheerily, now singing imagination. Then there were winter days, eve to have them filled from the overflowing snatches of wild mountain melodies, and bleak days, when Rob's ingenuity was stores of jolly Chris Cringle. anon losing himself in the delicious calcu- taxed to the uttermost to divert the thoughts | Every word sank deep into the lad's lation of what the money in his pocket wil of the little lame boy from the too often heart. His face glowed, his eyes seemed empty cupboard and cheerless hearth; afire with excitement, and his little frame long games of Bizique learned from a trembled with a new emotion.—Half un-Far in the west the last streaks of depart- friendly miner, and played with a dirty consciously he took the handful of coin

ing splendor have vanished. The Day God deck of cards, curious tricks in whittling, reached even Miggs' remote cabin. The half under his breath. "Soon's ever the Far up the snowy defiles of the moun- love of Teddie made up the measure of his candle was lit I crawls up aloft sayin's how tain pass, the tinkling of Jack's bell life. He was to the orphaned child par-

'most blowin' me away, and takin' Jack snatches of a child's voice singing. The The day before, a party of surveyors had outer the shed, an' findin' the trail—gosh!" song is full of the rugged beauty of the stopped at his father's cabin desiring a and he blew his warm breath upon his al- mountains, and as strains of it are borne guide to "Sikes' Diggin's." In Miggs' ready benumbed fingers-"Bet yer life in fitful cadence down the rocky way, it absence Rob had cheerfully undertaken to they'll never guess where the beauties seems to breathe the spirit of heroism, al- pilot them, and with many a tender reassurcomes from," he resumed with a gay laugh most of defiance. Stout hearted Rob to ance to Teddie, had set out, not however, as he plunged his free hand into the depths brave the mountain pass alone this weird without some misgiving at leaving the child

heeding the gay charge, "There, sonny, the east a single luminous star has burst ing triumphs of the choir? buy some Merry Christmas things for Miggs' its cloud fetters, and is shedding a soft Motionless, wide eyed he nestles in the cabin in Lone Pines," he mechanically be- ray of light thro' the darkness. A veritable sheltering corner of the great pew, hearing gan retracing his steps, absorbed in deep Star of Bethlehem. thought.

tales.

leg with a sudden resolution as he bounds jollity. Gosh: I'll stuff his stockin' chock full o' Christmas!" tho't that the great world bas sent a mess- the altar.

fierce gusts of wind shake the boy's rag- yound the star-lit sky, on the waves of deli- while, and merrily anticipating the joy to red locks, and bring the sturdy little don- cious sound. Now the melody is plaintive Teddie from the unpacking of his treasures. key to a halt, but at Rob's voice now and tender, recalling the night in Bethle- A trolley car that would run the whole gently persuasive, now shrill and imper- hem so many years ago, "When shep- length of the hard dirt floor, a peppermint ious, he staggers on. No stars glim- herd's watched their flocks by night;" anon cane that would made a very joke of mer in the vaulted sky, no lambent filled with the anguish of exquisite suffer- Teddie's lameness, and—he tho't of this moonlight sheds a glory round the rugged ing, as the Life was brought into the world, with half-abashed enbarrassment, a picture mountains, but wrapped in gloomy shad- and swelling into glad triumphant tones as card—the faces of Mary and the child. ows, with a strange feeling of dread and the wise men lay their precious offerings at The sun had reached the meridian when the two strange companions pursue their Glory."

Why had St. Nicholas never found Ted- pale in the gray dawn, the first lights in Christ who loves little children. From a die? Was the pass so steep he was afraid the windows of the little village where al- maze of strange inexplicable emotion he at to try it with those reindeer steeds? Or, ready good church people are bestirring last arouses himself to note that priest and perhaps he had never heard of Lone Pines themselves to attend 5 o'clock mass at St. people have left the church and only the or perhaps Christmas was only for the child- Paul's. A great sob rises in Rob's throat, organist remains, who, letting his hands ren living in the cities in the distant valley- for even to a sturdy mountain lad, bred dwell lingeringly upon the keys in an abcities of which he had heard such thrilling by hard experience to the enduring of all stracted mood, is filling the place with quiet, dangers with silent fortitude, the night had tender melody. Suddenly a bright leaps into his been one of severe nervous strain, and as The village street is now the scene of eyes, and an exultant little laugh banishes he nears the goal of his hopes he feels an life, for early as it is, the hurrying sleighs the lines of bitterness that had grown tight almost hysterical desire to cry. He forces with their glad bells, the merry tooting of about his boyish mouth. He slaps his it back, muttering with a feeble effort at horns, and gay salutations everywhere be-

down the path like a deer, exclaiming "Bet yer life they can't git a head o' But to Rob as he walks soberly by Jack's "Teddie shell hev a Merry Christmas, by me'n Teddie! Hooray fer Teddie's Merry side, there is a spirit of loneliness that the

things—O! what larks for Teddie." He The first early worshippers are entering cast upon him; a sense of being shut out resolves to go himself down the pass to St. Paul's church, as Rob, his donkey tied from the knowledge and sympathy of his Buenna Vista. To go in the night when to the paling of a near fence, slips cur- kind, of reaching after a love that never "Teddie's sleepin' an' dad's at Barker's." iously through the open doors, lured by the yet had gladdened the low door-way of Surely some of the shops will still be open, flash of light and warmth which their sway- Miggs' cabin, and brought peace to its and he can buy the gifts St. Nicholas is so ing throws athwart the untrodden snow. pale sufferer. But the thought of Teddie tardy in bringing. Then he will tell Teddie The color, the melody of the full-throated cheers him. Hastily reassuring himself that this wondrous old man has brought organ, the mysterious hush of the place that his treasured toys are safe, he sets out them while he slept-How Teddie's eyes awaken in his soul emotions new as strange, sturdily for home, trying under a gay whiswill sparkle at the story of the reindeer! and under their sway he slips half uncon- the to lose consciousness of a growing How his little heart will gladden at the sciously into a seat under the very front of dread and heaviness.

age to Teddie—the cripple at Lone Pines! The church begins rapidly to fill with the morning vision in the church, and the Does this explain the solitary journey worshippers. Devoutly they kneel; as the elevation of soul that comes to an imaginundertaken by a twelve year old lad that full tones of the organ sweep thro' the ative spirit under the stress of strong emowild December night? aisles, the glow of ecstatic devotion is on their tion, vanished before the homely needs of Onward they plod through the darkness- upturned faces. Each seems carried beyond healthy boyhood. He ate his "hunk" of eerie sounds swell up from the rocky glen, himself, beyond the rugged mountains, be- coarse bread cheerfully, patting Jack the

Temple held out to him, and apparently un-has almost ceased falling, while away in chanting monotony of the service, the peal-

for the first time of the Christ, the Christ Below him appear other stars, faint and who this day is born in Bethlehem, the

token happiness and the Christmas-tide. wildest haunts of the mountains had never

The night with its dangers, the glory of

terror combating his manly, reiterated, the feet of the holy babe, and sing their Rob, with a gleeful exclamation, leaped to "Umph, th'aint nothin' to be 'fraid uv," anthem of "Glory to God in the highest— the ground in front of his father's cabin, and, leaving Jack to find his own stranger journey. The journey is almost To the little mountaineer, forgetful of his way to the stable, cautiously lifted the latch, over, Teddie's Christmas is becoming very empty stomach and aching fingers, what as Teddie's frequent illness and timid real. The wind has abated, and the snow mean the many glittering lights, the fears had made it habitual with him to move

quietly lest he alarm the shrinking invalid. The glad salutation was frozen on his lips as he stood there in the open doorway, grasping his trolley-car with one hand, while with the other he clung to the wooden door-post.

Beside the fireless hearth sat Miggs stupified with drink, leaning his head heavily upon his sodden hands. moved not, nor spoke, but remained in the same impassive, uncomprehending attitude of semi-consciousness.

On his little cot lay Teddie. The light of the eternal peace was on his face. He too had found the love that passeth understanding. For one wild moment a torrent of rebellious grief welled up in Rob's great heart, but even as his soul cried out against this cruel sorrow, the peace of the dead stole upon his head. He stooped in reverent awe over the tiny form, caressing in a quiet, gentle way as any woman might, the little lifeless hands.

Reverently he placed by the bedside a little wooden stool, and tenderly unwrapping each clear token of the Christmas-tide, laid them by the bedside on the stool. A peace akin to joy filled his soul as he turned his gaze from the pale-featured brother to the print of Raphael's Madonna and half unconsciously he murmured, "Teddie's found the merry Christmas."

GERTRUDE FROST.

They were gathered around the fire, the grandmother and the three goldenhaired children. The little ones had been roasting apples, but now the fun seemed to have died away, for grandmother appeared so thoughtful. Finally tears bedimmed her eyes as she murmured, "Twas ten years ago to-night."

"What, Grandmother?" asked the the children.

"Have I never told you, dears?" Here a tear fell from the dear old lady's eye "Twas on New Year's Eve that my youngest son went to sea and,"-

heard, and in walked a strong, well built man-

Stop a moment, dear reader, 'twas only the man bringing in wood for the fire.

CONSTANCE ADEE, '97.

RIDIN' "NELLIE BLY"

'Gin a body, meet a body, Down at the Bazaar, 'Gin a body, greet a body, Need she call Mamma?

Ilka lassie has her laddie, None they say, ha'e I; Yet all the lads, they smile at me, When ridin' " Nellie Bly."

'Gin a body help a body, Ride on "Nellie Bly" 'Gin a body tease a body, Need a body cry?

Amang the crowd, I hear aloud, A voice I love mysel' But whose it is, or where it is, I really canna' tell.

Ilka lassie has her laddie, None they say ha'e I, Yet all the lads, they smile on me, When ridin' "Nellie Biy." AHNY.

MICKY O'HOOLIGAN'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

My story, though not long, is sad. It tells of Michael O'Hooligan's Christmas Eve and Morning.

Let me first introduce the reader to the O'Hooligan mansion, which though small, possesses that appearance so admired by lovers of the picturesque,—the appearance of extreme age. This dwelling, standing alone, on the very summit of that lofty eminence known as Goat Hill, commands a view of an extensive plain, well fertilized by brick-bats and tin cans.

Upon the Christmas eve of which I write, this palatial mansion has but a single occupant, a little, snub nosed, red headed Irish boy, our hero, Michael O'Hooligan, called Micky for short. He is seated on a soap box which, together with two rickety chairs, a dilapidated bedstead, a large washtub and a tall cupboard forms the furniture of the apartment.

There is an air of suppressed excitement in our hero's appearance as he sits with his eyes fixed on the cupboard. What can be on his mind? More, let us hope than there is on his stomach, although in a moment of preoccupation he has eaten all All started, as heavy footsteps were the food in the house, fully three slices of bread! No, it is not this unusual feat of made ready for the ensuing year. gormandizing which causes this excitement; it is the fact that a short while before, his mother, a washlady, had produced from

fully hid behind some tin plates in the cupboard.

After his mother had left the cabin, to enquire about Mrs. Rafferty's sick goat, Micky had felt at liberty to open the cupboard and feast his eyes on the spot where he knew the treasure to be. He did not attempt to open the package for he was an honorable boy and it was beyond his reach. So he took his place on the soap box where we have seen him, with his soulfull gaze resting on the plate behind which the treas_ ure is hidden.

What can it be? He ransacks his brain and goes over time and again the presents he has hoped to receive, but to no purpose. He cannot form the least surmise as to the contents of the package for in his wildest dreams he has not expected a package as large as this. It is fully six inches long by four wide.

But now, seeing his mother returning from her call, he leaves his post of observation, shuts the cupboard door, or rather what is left of it and wrapped in meditation and an old overcoat, hies himself to his evening chores.

His task finished, he retires to his downy couch in order to make the morrow come as quickly as possible.

His dreams are rose colored, visions of tops, marbles, penknives and other toys float before his enchanted gaze, and once he even dreams that an angel gives him a quarter! What bliss!

What would not some bloated capitalist give for such a night!

In the morning Micky rises with the sun and seeing the package lying on a chair, without waiting to array himself in anything but a radiant smile, he rushes towards it. His mother, entering at the moment with a tub of water, sets down her burden in a matter of fact way and makes for the treasure also. She is the first to reach it and quickly unfolding the wrapper holds before the astonished gaze of the disappointed boy, a cake of soap!-by whose gentle ministrations, in the hands of his energetic and impulsive parent, Micky is

GEORGE T. MAY, B 3.

Half the people that talk yachting don't under her shawl a package which she care- know the port tack from a ten penny nail.

THE QUEEN OF MY HEART.

Silently tripping out from the fair, Into the chilly and frosty air, Onto the snow-covered pavement, that gleamed Like thousands of fairy lamps, just lately cleaned,

Were a lad and a lassle, happy and free. "The Queen of my heart-she is," said he,-Then looked at her slyly, as if by chance For a tell-tale look, a jealous glance.

But she calmly said, with an easy grace, As she turned to him a mischievous face, "Monsieur, curiosity prompts me to say Where is your lady and who is she, pray?"

"Come then, follow me, and you shall know The lady who borrowed my heart long ago. Since then, my dear, I've had to agree To neither a lender nor a borrower be."

Before a window where shoes were displayed And mirrors reflected images made, By the passers by, he paused, -"Ah me! There is the Queen of my heart" said he.

MUSICALES.

giving holiday, Miss Florence Stidham way of encore. sang the beautiful solos from the Messiah at enjoyable affair. our Christmas Entertainment, we welcomed her right royally this year. The program was delightful and we hail the day that shall bring her once more among us. Miss Bestor played in her usual happy manner, and we may safely assert that no musician is more welcome among us.

The following is the program.

Andante B flat, - - -Chopin Miss Bestor.

a. He was a Prince, - - Lynes b. Lullaby, - - Dennee Miss Stidham.

Who is Sylvia, - -Schumann Ladies' Chorus under the direction of Miss Bently.

a. In A Year, - - Carl Bohn b. Daddy, - - -- Behrend Miss Stidham.

Waltz in A flat, - - -Miss Bestor.

a. Kept in, b. Goodbye, - - -Miss Stidham.

December 20, the following program was arranged by Mrs. Harriet Mills. Barcarolle, from "La Gioconda,"

Ponchielli

Mr. Otto Luebkert.

Polonaise No. 1 in C minor, Chopin ing. Mr. Frank Ward.

a. Tell Her I Love Her So, De Faye b. The Soldier's Betrothed, Mr. Otto Luebkert.

a. Praeludium } Op. 40 Grieg b. Rigaudon Mr. Frank Ward.

The Wanderer's Song, Mr. Otto Luebkert.

an unusual pleasure, for it is the first applauded. singing had a certain brilliancy and style formed the next number and another Since the advent of our grand piano, the which quite won his audience, who showed double number was Mr. Sanford Kirtland's monthly Musicale has been one of the their appreciation by such insistent ap- piano solos "Beauty's Eyes" and the pleasantest features of our school life- plause that he sang the inimitable Figaro "Water Mill," November 26, the day before the Thanks- song from "The Barber of Seville," by The announcement of the next number

Miss Bestor as pianist. As Miss Stidham cution of the masterful numbers by Grieg quite won our hearts last year when she and Chopin, and altogether it was a most

JENNIE JEAN.

VERY WINDY.



Mrs. O'Flewetry.

Mrs. O'F.—Ah, yez forgot the big wind | Speeches from several former members National Tribune.

NOTES.

The Christmas entertainment consisted of a program rendered entirely by home talent under the direction of the K. S. K., Mr. Robert Leetch, the president, presid-

The programe opened with a charming shepherdess drill by ten girls of the fourth Chamindi year class. This was followed by Miss Bentley's solo "Ave Maria" by Luzzi. K. S. K. then took the floor and sang, "In the Old Carolina State!" in their own inimitable manner, well earning the enthusiastic Schumann recall to which they responed with, "In the Evening by the Moonlight." The Accompanist, Mr. Angelo Fronani piano duet, Spindler's "Conquerors" by We are indebted to these gentlemen for Misses Alexander and Appleby was heartily

time we have had a program rendered en- Two songs by Miss Bentley, "My Little tirely by male artists. Mr. Luebkert's Love," Hawley, and Tosti's "Serenade"

called forth a round of applause as Mr. gave a delightful song recital assited by Mr. Ward was no less happy in his exe- Roy Kirkland moved toward the platform. The applause was more than doubled at the close of his solo, the Turnkey's Song from De Kovin's new opera "Rob Roy," and Mr. Kirtland was obliged to repeat a stanza as an encore. Another former student whose popularity was very evident was Mr. Will Mckee, whose piano solo, "Girls of the South" was also encored. To many the encore "Annie Laurie" was more pleasing than the original number.

The strictly musical programe closed with the "Soldier's Farewell" sung by K. S. K. in a way to make the average college glee club wild with envy. Of course, they were recalled. K. S. K. is always recalled, and always responds nobly. This time the encore was particularly pleasing and brand new-"Some People Say," a Mr. McSpat-It's the mosht terrible rollicking darkey song with a solo bass sthorm Oi remimber of, we're a hovin now part in which Mr. Tanner's fine voice comes with excellent effect.

in Oirland, Mr. McSpat: 'twas the day of the school were next in order, after Chopin Uncle Dennie got hurted. We lived 50 which, through the courtesy of Miss Westmoiles from the say, sor, and the wind cott, the entertainment was closed by a - Nevin blowed the red herrin's into me father's horn number, which in volume of tone and - Tosti door till the flure was the color o' blud !— enthusiasm of delivery easily surpassed all that had gone before.

OUR BICYCLE GIRL.

A merry Western lass is she-Of course! She has full many a loving friend-Of course! And so she won the envied wheel, That dainty thing of shining steel, Of course!

And now she'll ride to school each day, Of course! Her heart is light, her spirits gay-Of course! The children cry. "Just see her go!-And Georgetown says. "I told you so!" Of course!

IN A STREET CAR.

here a fat old lady in the front of the car gest hit of the season. wishing to get out and refusing to take transfixes you with her elbow, yet you are in such a merry mood that you cheerfully flatten yourself against the door or your next neighbour to let her pass.

Some one near by has a bunch of holly which viciously scratches your hands and face, but as the owner of the flower, hearing it scrape your tender skin, politely begs your pardon, you smile as if he had given you the beautiful bunch, instead of a horrible scratch, and murmur, "Dont mention it."

A small child sitting on its mother's lap directly in front of you amuses himself by smoothing your new coat with his sticky fingers, or by poking you in the ribs with a large piece of peppermint candy, while you stand holding to the strap with one hand, and to your many bundles with the other, helpless to defend yourself.

Yet you can't feel vexed by the stickyfingered baby, or by the fat old man who had taken up his stand on your feet, or by the thin lady who is trying to dissect Michael? your backbone with her needle-like ellooking up into yours with perfect confi- ional Tribune.

dence in your good nature, the heavy THE TRICK WE PLAYED ON THE MINISTER. Christmas eve!

Josephine M. Davis.

KAMPTOWN NOTES.

Clang go the breaks in the gripman's issue we are not prepared to enter any have had more sense.

For the public interest we will state that the short cut from that end, suddenly there yet remains in the hands of Mr. Ed. Duckett a little of our Bazaar jewelry. Mr. Duckett would be glad to wait upon any one notifying him of a desire to purchase. Because it is left over it is not of inferior quality. On the contrary it is some of our last order from the jeweler and is really better than our first assortment.—Any K. S. K. boy will be glad to make a deal with you.

MYSTERIOUS.



old gentleman is at least keeping your We aint feelin' right smart just now, feet warm by standing on them, you phi- Will and Tom Jones, Artie Allen and losophize, and then, more than all this, myself, but I reckon no one would, there is the feeling of peace and good will for aint I got a broken leg, Will's sprained among men, this frosty night, for it is his wrist and Tom and Artie are laid up with their bruises? Omy! I wont be out for a month, the doctor says, and next week my base ball team was going to play the West Buskers. Gosh! It's hard luck The Bazaar over and the tedious work to be laid up just when you don't want er connected with it a thing of the past, be. If I only hadn't done it, -but I don't Kamptown is now putting forth all its think it was very bad,—its all Artie's fault efforts toward making its appearance, at anyway. If he hadn't been sech an idjit an early date, a great success. At this we would have been all right. He oughter

benumbed fingers, and the cars slip pro- farther into the particulars of the program | Well I'll tell you how it all happened. vokingly along on the frosty rails! At last than to state its general character. At a You see we had a new minister drive over you are in, with your bundle-laden arms recent meeting of the "Klub" it was de- from Newark to preach, cause old Mr. so firmly pinioned to your sides by the finitely decided to have the first part of Newman was sick. His name's Mr. crowd of humanity pressing around you our program the usual minstrel overture. Peters and I just wish he'd staid away. that your heart fails at the prospect of a The arrangement of the remainder was He come and jest preached 'bout nothing search for the ticket so safely ensconsed put into the hands of a special committee, but the "unregenerate youth." He made in the pocket of your new coat! Just which expects to offer the public the big- me tired. He said our parents weren't doin' their duty by us. None of his business. He said we were to be the men of the village and pretty men we'd make if we never went to meetin' but spent our time smokin' cigarettes and hangin' round the meetin' house. Well he went at us so hard that the old folks said we'd have to go to prayer meetin that night. I didn't want 'ter, none of the boys did and I was jest goin' to get even with old Mr. Peters. So I told Will and Tom and Artie to meet me a little before meetin' and I'd tell 'em somethin'. Artie drove the boys over in his father's wagon, that was a new one. He took the horse out and left the wagon in the shed whar I met them. I'd thought hard how I could get my revenge and I had got a fine way. I told the boys, and we went to the minister's wagon and took all the nuts off the wheels. He had to drive back to Newark that night and we calkerlated the wheels would come off in a lonely part of the road and then wouldn't he have fun footin' it home! No one would know we done it. Well, after meetin' we boys hurried out so as to get away fore Patsy-Phat hav yez in the bag, Uncle the minister came out. Artie said he'd drive us home in his wagon so he went Michael-Pigs, and if you'll guess how out, gave the horse a drink and hitched bow; for the chubby face of the child is many. Oi'll giv ye both o' thim. -Nat- him up and we all got in. We were drivin along, laughing about how the minister'd

feel when he was dumped out, when all of a suddint I thought there was an earthquake, everything seemed to be turned upside down. I felt myself buttin' against somethin', and that was all I knew till I sort'o waked up and looked around. There we were all out in the road. I felt pretty bad, Will was cryin', he aint nothin' but a baby, and the other boys looked kinder scairt. The four wheels was lyin' round us and Tom said the horse had run off with the rest of the wagon. Artie said his father'd be awful riled when the horse came back that way. We didn't know what ter do, I couldn't walk and the others didn't feel much like it, so we jest stayed thar till some folks from meetin' picked us up. I tell you it hurt but I didn't say nothin'. When I got home Ma didn't say much but Pa said it served me right.

Well Artie went and told, I made it up to play the trick on the minister. Wait till I catch him, I'll wallop him good, blaming it on me, when it was all his doing, hitching Betsy to the minister's wagon sted o' his own! But anyhow his Pa's got pay for the fixin of Mr. Peter's wagon so I don't care.

EDITH WOODRUFF.

GRINS.

As you enter the building each morning And stride toward the cloak room so neat, You are greated the very same moment With, "Much lighter there, on your feet."

As you start up the first iron staircase, A sweet voice rings out through the air And you look up to hear that old greeting, "No talking, boys, while on the stair."

As you start up the third flight, disgusted, And fear that nought would you appease, Your attention is drawn by a whisper, "Good morning, boys, single file please." REESE ALEXANDER.

The Geom. Teacher. "You have not prepared your lesson? Then you must see see Miss Westcott, immediately." The boy left the room, but returned in an unreasonably short space of time.

Geom. Teacher. "Did you see Miss Wescott?"

Impenitent Youth. "Yes'm, I saw her, but she did'nt see me."

Slight Acquaintances—Cassin and Blackiston.

Matchless—The empty match box.

"Hark! what muffled roar Like billows on a rock-bound shore Fills all the air? List! what awful shriek Like perjured villain's funeral knell, Falls on mine ear?" "Sweet freshman, tremble not 'Tis but the High School yell!"

Young Lady. Why did'nt you meet me the other night, as you promised?

Young Man. There was no moon.

Young Lady. No, but the gas lamps were lit.

What do you take me Young Man. for, a gas meter?

A grave-digger who had made a grave for a Mr. Button, sent in his bill to the widow-To making one Button Hole, Then your mixture's complete; if handled with care, \$1.00.

Smart boy—Hartwell McCarteney.

Our second year Greek class is now making earnest inquiries as to the difference between a bloody and an aorist dual.

Eyes have they, but they see not .-Potatoes.

Ears have they, but they hear not .-Corn.

Lips have they, but they kiss not .-Pitchers.

Hands have they, but they clasp not.— Watches.

Feet have they, but they walk not .-Measuring rods.

Teeth have they, but they eat not .-Saws.

Tongues have they, but they speak not.—Wagons.

Those of us who assisted in decorating Convention Hall for the Bazaar, saw some sights which the less fortunate mortals were denied. One was Miss Westcott, Miss MacNulty and Charles Arth standing on a small table tacking up a frieze. N. B. It was a freeze-out for the rest of us.

A first year sends us a poem beginning, "I gaze at the moon in the sky." That's right young man; that's where to gaze at it. Don't try to gaze at it under the bed, or in the coal cellar.

Hens. (as the farmer appears in the henhouse) "That's the man we are laying for."

"She had never seen the streets of Cairo," our Camel.

"Oh my friends, there are some spectacles that a person never forgets!" said a lecturer after a graphic description of a terrible accident.

"I'd like to know where they sell 'em at," exclaimed an old lady in the audience.

A RECEIPE.

First, some active brain tissue. Dissolve quite a lot In some German or Latin; and then, while 'tis hot, Add some hard mathematics; some history, too; Then mix well together, and simmer it through.

The sciences next, and some spelling (the best) With music and drawing, to give it some zest. Greek and French may be added, if both are quite pure,

And last, but not least, some good literature.

'Twill be found that few others can with it compare; It will never grow old, and I'm ready to say, That its owner will never attend "matinee."

GRACE F. BIRD.

It's a subject for serious consideration whether or not Wagner is making a greater success of car building than he did of music.

It would surely take a better mathematician than the Western can produce to figure out the story of the old English lady who, as she was showing the portrait of her great uncle said, "And he was the bravest of men, but in every contest in which he fought he lost an arm or limb, and altogether he fought in twenty-four battles."

It is said by authorities that a horse can go a mile and yet not move but four feet. Astounding isn't it?

The cadets are protesting against the high crowns of their caps. Crowns generally do come high, especially England's.

> We did win that sword, To our endless fame. For our captain adored We did win that sword, Other rivals were floored— We regret it! But we entered the game Full of energy stored And accomplished our aim— Don't forget it!

MARY B.

There's a phrase that haunts me ever, There are words I always hear, As I cross the first-floor hall-way, As I hie me up the stair.

Ah! she knows not what a shudder O'er my stricken soul doth glide, When I hear her voice exclaiming-"Only one line there—wall side!" TIMID FIRST YEAR.

Mestern.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."-Buckingham.

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MONDAY, JANUARY 20, 1896.

No. 7.

PRIVILEGE AND DUTY.

Why stand in useless silence there With tear stained eye and mournful face? What means that sad discouraged look Wherein thy hopeless mood we trace?

Ah, 'take but one short moment's thought, To read those eyes, to know their grief, And then to stop and realize How many might have brought relief:

How many close around us live Who fall disheartened day by day, When you or I by one kind word Might send them gladly on their way.

'Tis sweet to hear a word of cheer, When hopeless grown and in despair. So where there's one whose lot this is. Just sto,; imagine you were there.

L. A. R.

THE SERENADER.

in such visitants, then drewher light shawl ously hailed as her companion, a merry weird light.

ment."

garet laughed and clapped her hands, in in Boston. It was one of those perfect summer eve- childlike glee, at the thought of a new ex- He was not long in discovering her pasnings which, coming after a day of oppres- citement. There was the usual chorous of sionate love of music and, as he had atsive warmth seem to create all things anew, "Do tell it!" "Relieve our curiosity!" etc. tained no small proficiency in that art, and to make all men at peace with one an- Thus encouraged Dr. Rodney began; "Per- many was the fond serenade to which she other. A party of friends, visiting at the haps you know that this house was built of listened, through the honey-suckle which summer home of one of their number, had good old English brick by one of our an- screened her window. gathered under the friendly shelter of the cestors some years before the Revolution. All through the winter he lingered in that vine hung piazza, for August moonlight, The original owner, one William Rodney, valley, but with the spring@came dreaded though fair, is treacherous. The conver- was, as far as I can discover, a kindly, rumors and he was demanded by his connsation, as the evening wore on, was con- clever, straight-laced old duffer, who hated try to fight against her land and people. verted into story teiling, and many a the English and all their customs next after I will not dwell upon their parting. ghostly yarn was spun. A bright-eyed the Devil and all his works. His wife died Sufficient that they promised to be ever Virginia girl, having just finished a mar- when she was quite young, leaving her lit- faithful to one another. Again the sum-

ly, set every one to shivering with horror, upon her the quaint name of "Patience," that she saw him coming through the light now thinking to alleviate the suffering she grew up in time, 'though her father hardly and shadow, streaked across the lawn. had caused, cried vivaciously to her hostess, seemed to realize the fact. He, good man, At last, one night, she really saw him. "Surely, Bertha, this fine old manor with was much absent in Boston, so that his He came from the poplar grove behind the its deep window-seats and dark corners, its daughter, when the governess days were house and sped across to her window. shaded lawn and lonely grove must hide a over, was left much alone on the great There he knelt and sang to her a sad faretraditional ghost which appears at stated place with only her dogs and her riding well. Trembling with joy she cried to

close 'round her as she answered that her young Englishman who was traveling in puritan ancestors were, she trusted, all safe the States to wile away his time. There in their graves; but her elder brother, a was nothing forced or conventional about mischievous young physician, shook his their acquaintanceship. Each was lonely head doubtingly at her, as he exclaimed, and longed for companions, each found in "Bertha is right in saying that our ancestors the other a friend who filled his every are a lazy set who are more than content need. In an incredibly short space of to sleep peacefully where they were laid; time the bud of friendship bloomed, as is so nevertheless, Miss Margaret, I will admit often the case, into the beautiful flower of that there is a story, and a very pretty one, love. All the summer he lingered in the connected with this rambling old establish- neighborhood and they took many walks and rides together. Too late Patience Bertha looked in surprise at her brother, remembered her father's antipathy for the wondering what wild legend he was about English. She could not renounce her gallto resurrect, but his usually merry voice ant foreign lover, so frankly telling him of was subdued and thoughtful, seeming her father's views they arranged to hold hardly in keeping with his words. Mar- their meeting when the latter was absent

velous production, which, despite the tle, three-year old daughter to his care. mer came and every moonlight night she weather and the stout hearts of the assemb- This girl, whose parents had bestowed would sit at her window trying to imagine

intervals to perform solemn rites!" horse as companions. him, but a black cloud swept across the The fair-haired Bertha shrugged her So it happened that on one of her lonely moon's face, and when it was gone she saw plump shoulders, in token of her disbelief rides about the foot-hill, she met and joy- nothing but the queer gnarled trees in the the battlefield."

someone asked in a trembling whisper, 'Is to thus arrange a meeting. the Serenader may yet be seen in the moon- this heavenly vision?" light on a summer's night,—provided only "I did not know, I came to test it," that the spectator be a maiden who is in he laughingly declared. love!"

Bertha smiled incredulously at what she pleased to call "the silly fancy," and the others soon forgot the Doctor's simple lebut to Margaret, the impressionable South- Mrs. Sullivan. them.

to have heard somewhere before. With Mrs. Sullivan expressed her desire so to household. Maria T. Slowcombe. voice and form-not of the ghostly Eug- nothin' to say aginst and Mr. Marsden' sight?

Many miles away, at that same instant, lishman-but of the lively American, Laur- another, shure, an' the peacefullest man

ALICE K. COYLE.

A BACK-DOOR CONFIDENCE.

Suddenly on the sweet air a nearer sound thetic expression, and remarked. "Shure, apart from yez company, shure. comes to the window. With a smothered noo, Oi do recall me av hearin' some And the back-fence party adjourned sine exclamation the girl watched the approach- koind av wild yellin' this marnin'. Noo, die, as Mrs. O'Rourke charged up the walk ing apparition. There he was—the Ser- phat moight the b'y have found to do so towards the kitchen, dish-cloth in hand enader coming swiftly towards her! Paus- arly?" "Howly St. Dinnis, he begins be- and a gleam in her eyes that boded no ing close by her, as she sat partly hidden fore he gits out av the bed! Whisht Mrs. good to the recreant Boppet, should he fall by the vines, he sang softly, clearly a Sullivan, it's the truth Oi'm afther tellin' into her clutches. Verily, eternal vigi-

unaccountable gladness she recognized the do. "Mrs. Marden's a lady that Oi've Is the man who wears glasses gifted with fore-

the Englishman breathed his last, for he ance Rodney. Involuntarily she held out into the bargain, barrin' whin mad, but had that day received a mortal wound on her hand in welcome, and he, pushing Master Boppet is loike to droive me to an aside the honeysuckle, whispered how he arly grave wid his murtherin' thricks. The young man paused. The merry had for days been waiting for an opportu Yez moind Mayrie that nurses the childer, group was strangely silent for a moment, nity to impart his secret to her and how, Miss Dor'thy, mostly, av course, her bein' so gravely had he told the legend. Then failing to find her alone, he had made bold but the two year's old? Frinch she calls hersilf, but Oi niver lift Oirland an' County that all? "Not quite," he answered sol- "And how did you know sir," she spoke Cork if the ancistors of her was nt barn in emply. "The strangest part of all is that quite sternly, "that I would be able to see Harlem an' verra young whin it happenned! An' as full av airs as a strate peayno, she is shure! She sez to me, sez she-but thot's nayther hear nor thereas Oi was sayin', she lift thim two young wans in the nursery whilst she wint down this marnin' for their bathin' wather, an' Mrs. O'Rourke leaned over the back whin she came back that villyan Boppet gend in telling of adventures more exciting; fence to talk with the next-door cook lady, had found his father's name stamp which same he marks all his letthers wid, the ern girl, the story seemed so possible that "Och, hone! Its the first impty minnit crather a-workin' wid a spring which yez she secretly determined to test her powers meself's had this marning. This young press, an' he was busy a-stamping Miss of second sight before the sun should rise man, partic'lar that Boppet, do be that Dor'thy all over wid big "James A. upon her ignorance. It was after mid- tormentin' as the blissed saints above Mardenses, Attorney-at-Laws an' Penchin night when Bertha bade her guests good- niver had put on thim. It's losin' all Clams,' av a delicate purple shade, mum, night, wishing "happy dreams" to all of the religion Oi've iver had, that Oi am, as dark as the skirt of yez! The poor darshure, with the plague of thim!" lint had it all ovur her for all the warrld Reaching her room, which was on the She wrung out her dish-cloth and spread loike the tattooed mon at the carcus. Och, ground floor, a little apart from the others, it out on the fence to dry. Mrs. Sullivan Mayrie she let out a screetch to wake the Margaret seated herself by the window, expressed her sympathy demonstratively. sivin slapers an' the madam came on the and leaning out inhaled the honeysuckle "An' phat is thot young limb o' Satan run an' loike to have fainted away. Whin perfume with which the air was laden. after doin' the day?" she asked. "It's the master let his eyes drap on the blissed Yes! it was as she had thought. Her mesilf seen the loikes o' that Boppet a babby the divil a warrd he sez, barrin' window commanded a view of the smooth a-hanging from the shed-roof in a foine 'Robert'-thot's the christhen name of lawn and dark grove described in the story. way to break his neck this now!" that blayguard Boppet—'Robert,' he sez, The moonbeams sifted through the silent "Niver yez moind his breaking his Its' comin' wid me yez be afther goin'! And branches and fell in patches on the dewy neck, the spalpeen! Its nearer murther- thin the two av thim went out to the shid grass and tree trunks. The girl shivered ing his mother's heart he'll do first! An' an' yez heard the yells, Oi'm thinkin'! as she looked at the fantastic shadows. she that tinder she cries whiniver he gets Much good it didn't do, but whin they She half expected to see the poor dead a batin'. Poor lady, it's weepin' she's come up Masther Boppet had the look on Englishman, even to hear him singing. been the marning now, entoirely, for he's his face loike the angels in Hivven an' he's Within, without, all was breathless silence, got wan av his days an' it's stoppin' at been actin' loike the foul fiend the while save that somewhere in the distance a nothin' he is, an' him but six come nixt since. O, wurra, wurra! D' yez moind brook whispered tenderly to the drowsy Michaelmas." Mrs. O'Rourke paused for thot noise! It's some new divilment he's flowers. breath and her audience took on a sympa- at, and Oi must be afthur tearin' mesilf

quaint little melody which she remembered yez av yez care to lishten." lance was the price of peace in the Marden

IN ANOTHER YEAR.

Where will the hours be spent In another year? What will life represent For each one here? In Virgil the fifty-five lines,

These tales in the French and the Greek, The grave mathematical rule, The German that one must speak, This work, causing murmurs to-day Will pass in another short year, What seems such a great trial now Will then be to us thrice dear; In another year.

> Where will each classmate be In another year? What will the fates decree For our Seniors, dear?

The dingy red gallery above Where we have assembled each day And chanted our morning pray'r And hymns, in our reverent way, This dusty but cherished retreat We'll leave in another short year. Its memories, like to its cobwebs Will ever before us appear, In another year.

> Life will have changed for each one In another year. Old duties done, new one begun With trembling fear.

We'll pass on our journey of life With greater ambition and zeal; Perfecting each character thread, Entwining our highest ideal. We'll leave thee, Oh Western so dear! Your scenes, each familar face; Forgotten so soon, shall we be, For another's will fill our lost place E. R. W. In another year.

ON THE CORNER.

It was rather late in the afternoon and the blustering North wind, growling in notes either. burley tones 'round fifteenth street corner, A recent recitation of the fourth year had driven the pedestrians homeward, be- English class comprised special topics on fore its spiteful gusts. The streets were the life of Robert Burns. One of the nearly deserted.

coat buttoned closely was passing on the sweethearts." Coincident with this a Treasury side, when a little ten-year-old shadow was noticed to pass over the boy approaching him from the rear slipped noble brew of our editor-in-chief. Some his grimy hand into the gentleman's newly irresponsible person is so irreverent as to gloved one.

on 'em!" The little fellow lifted his big base calumny. eyes in earnest pleading to the kindly face above him, as he repeated his question in husky tones

The chill of the child's cold red fingers had already penetrated the warmth of the gentleman's glove, and as the little chap shivered from the wind's fresh attack, bit and Reed.

thoughts of his own boy at home, surrounded by luxury and warmth, flashed through his mind. Instantly he brought forth a was comfortably seated on a soap box in silver half dollar and placed in the boys front of her humble one-story shanty, enhand. "There!" he said, "that will cover joying her after-dinner pipe. Suddenly a your loss. No!" he smiled, as the young- strange sound fell upon her ears, a sort of ster thrust the soiled papers towards him, wild moan, that seemed to issue from the "keep them and sell them again" "Golly!" open second-story window of the house ejaculated the small boy staring first at the opposite. The old woman was aroused. money and then at the man with a look of Her wrinkled black hand jerked the cornsurprised innocence. "Gee Willik--." cob pipe from her mouth. She stretched ragged jacket, he paused in his gleeful just starting out dressed in a calling costume. chuckling to wave his dangling sleeves in the air and cry breathlessly, between bursts of laughter and wicked winks; - "Ha! Ha! Billy, that old fellow was a dead cinch! Ha! Ha! a bang up one!"

EDNA WESCOTT '96.

NOTES.

some terribly crushing things are cast daughter is practicing elocution." over the gallery rail each morning, generally toward those of the female persuasion and these things are not hymn books or

girls who had had assigned to her several of An elderly gentleman with his great the poet's lady loves said, "I have four suggest that he objected to the word "sweet-"Please Mister, buy a paper? I'm stuck heart" being put in the plural. 'Twas a

> It is evident that company "H" is not destined to be part of the standing army of the U.S., judging from the number of setting up exercises they indulge in.

-And they'll never come back-Nes-

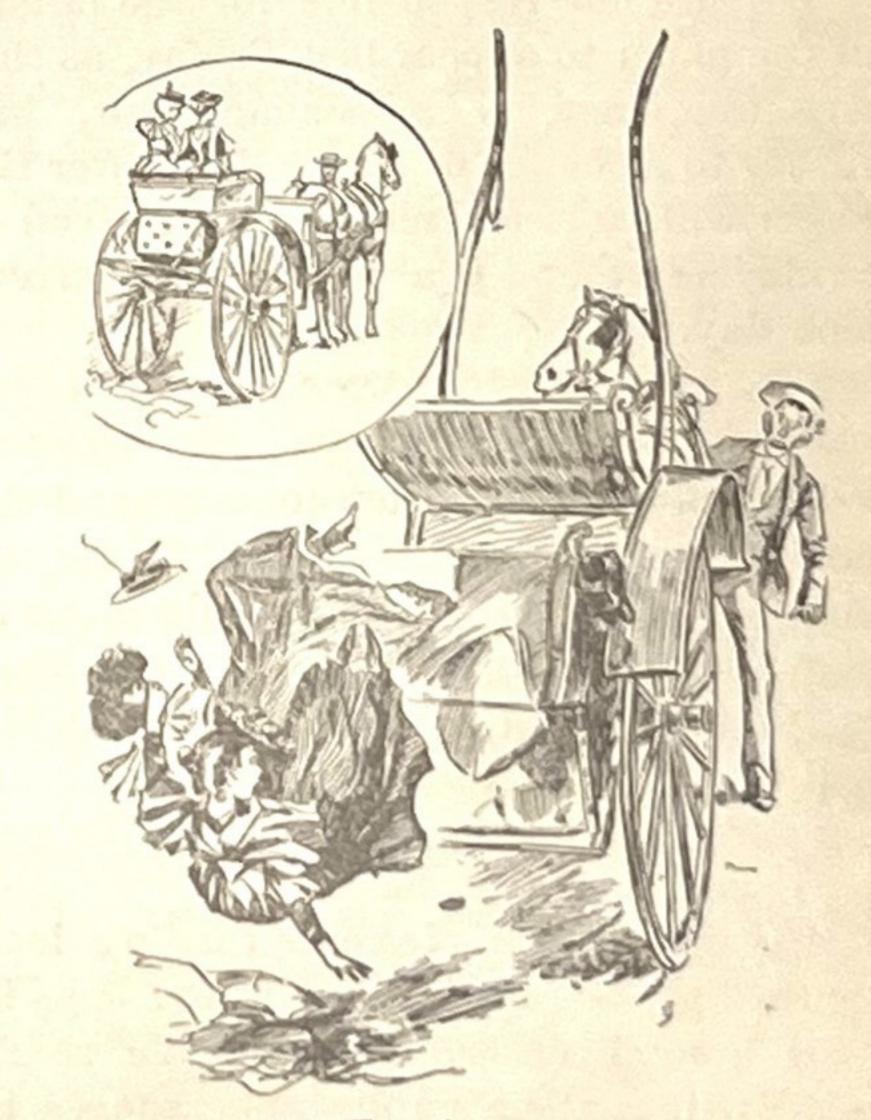
KINDLY INTENDED.

One bright spring afternoon Aunt Airey Here he clapped his fist over his mouth her head forward to listen. Then replacwith such suddenness that his cap slid back ing her pipe and shaking her woolley head on his tumbled curls. "Thanky Mister," in a determined way, she rose to her feet. he stammered rather awkwardly as the With wonderful agility, considering her gentleman looked back and smiled encour- years and the size of her carpet slippers, agingly. He stood motionless for a brief she shuffled across to the handsome, colomoment then glancing cautiously around, nial brick mansion vis-a-vis to her humble I saw him scud around the corner, where residence. She had scarcely mounted the another urchin stood holding his coat, steps and rung the bell when the door was When he had struggled half way into his opened by the mistress of the house who was

> "Deed missus," said the old darkey, hurriedly, "some body's done hurt herse'f or somefin, upstairs yonder, 'pears to me like she's bein' murdered. -I heerd somebody a hollerin' an' a squealin', an' I come over to tell you you'd better"-But her kind, neighborly speechwas interrupted.

"Oh, that's all right Aunty," was the Although the faculty is unaware of it, reply, "I know what you heard-my

WHAT THEY WANTED.



Ladies-Oh, Tom! we want to sit and watch you unhitch.

Tom-All right. National Tribune.

THE WESTERN.

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THE WESTERN is a bi-weekly magazine, devoted to the interests of the W. stern High School, its pupils and alumni Original contributions are sollcited from all, and should be given to any men.ber of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION TO THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

Monday, January 20, 1896.

EDITORIALS.

We seniors believe the juniors erred in confining their paper to the work which their class was then doing and which was of especial interest to them alone, and so profiting by their error, we have endeavoured to issue a paper which will be of general interest to all our readers. It is of your own classmates, and lastly to take not to be expected however, that we will surpass the "Chaucer" number in any point other than the one mentioned.

We are not responsible for the failure of the paper to appear last Friday, as this was due, not to mismanagement, but rather to a change of plan. Hereafter the paper will be issued on Monday instead of Friday as we find it a much more convenient day.

II.

By presenting their performances in the hall they give to them a more local bearing and will thus appeal more to the students and their friends.

It is with much pleasure that we look forward to the appearance of our boys in their annual entertainment. We recall with delight their public appearances in the past and from them we know what to expect in the future. Nor do we fear disappointment for they promise us even

rarer attractions than we had reason to expect. Never yet has the appearance of this popular club failed to call forth a most cordial response, not only from our students, but also from its numerous friends outside the school. On behalf of the boys we would be peak the same hearty support in their present undertaking. They have a strong claim upon you as a school and upon this claim they base their appeal for your patronage. Then let us stand by the K. S. K., the boys who have done so much toward keeping alive school patriotism; who have done so much toward cultivating an appreciation of music among our students, but chiefest of all, who have rendered the school most substantial support in the financial way.

TO THE ALUMNI.

Unquestionably if you have ever been fortunate enough to attend the Western High School, be it for one brief year, or the swift passing four, you have in your heart an all enduring interest in the dear old alma mater. If you desire, and you should, and will, if you have lost none of your old time loyalty to the institution, to trace the progress of your former school, to take a peep at the bright doings of your followers and compare them with the efforts a sympathetic survey of the management of things in general, you cannot possibly find a swifter, surer way than by taking up, and perusing the columns of "THE WESTERN."

We beg of you not only to show your patriotism by subscribing, but encourage you to make the paper a success in other than a financial way by contributing from your own store of wisdom made the richer by a larger experience. It is your school, We take this occasion to commend the your paper; therefore you should feel and young gentlemen of the K. S. K. for the take a personal pride in its successful judgment they have shown in deciding to management. You have gone into larger hold their entertainment in our own hall. fields, your lives are crowded brimful of other interests but you will be the better for having kept that love for alma mater bright and burning.

> "THE WESTERN" offers a way. Subscribe! Contribute! It will keep you in touch, most assuredly, with you old school and classmates. Let each and all, graduates and non-graduates, show their loyalty by subscribing to "THE WESTERN."

> > ALUMINI EDITOR.

KAMPTOWN'S ENTERTAINMENT.

SECOND ANNUAL APPEARANCE OF THIS POP-ULAR ORGANIZATION—BETTER THAN EVER BEFORE.

The time is near at hand when that well known organization, the Kamptown Soshul Klub, will make its yearly appearance before the public. After more than a year's experience in public entertaining, the Klub feel that they are able to and have selected a program which will appeal to the public as no previous one has done. Generally speaking the class of music to be sung this year is of a higher quality than any previonsly used, yet the popular songs and good old darkey melodies have not been forgotten and will find ample space on the program. As was announced in the previous edition of The Western the first part will be the usual minstrel overture. If you want a good laugh, come and hear the end men sing and talk. The Klub has more talent in the comedy line than it had last year and every bit will be put to a test. To pass on to the second part, it is with great pleasure that the Klub announces to the public that having obtained the services of one of the most competent of instructors, Mrs. Walton, a selection from Shakespeare's Midsummer Nights' Dream will be presented. Though this is a new departure for the Klub it is the feeling that if every bit of ability is put to the test, as will be the case, the presentation will be the greatest hit in the history of the organization. After careful consideration it has been deemed best not to go to the city for the hall and accordingly on the evenings of February 20 and 21 and the afternoon of the 22 the performances will be given in Curtis Hall-At each performance a limited number of seats will be sold so that the hall shall not be uncomfortably crowded. Lastly and most important of all, the prices of admission will be twenty-five and fifty cents; the later price being for reserved seats of which there will be over a hundred directly in front of the stage. For the matinee the price of admission will be twenty-five cents all over the house.—Come one, come all!

"What a beautiful hand your daughter has, Mrs. L-." "Yes, I'm thinking seriously of having a bust made of it."

TRANSPOSITION.

She changed his seat. No more behind that oaken post His lunch he'll eat. No more, or seldom at the most, Of secret mischief can he boast, Those happy hours departed when She changed his seat!

Oh, Spanish monks of long ago, No torment like this did ye know! Just see him squirm Like baited worm On fish-hook neat. Away down front he's now revealed, No more his pranks can be concealed. She changed his seat!

F. M. MORAN.

TWO REVERIES.

I. OF AN OLD MAN.

three score and ten to which the scripture At first, however, I am shy of it, I like when I come to my senses, with my wife's limits the days of man. Nathless I am no scheme that is to pay off the country's sweet face bending over me. But we are a hale man for my years, coming from a debt by traffic in human beings, and I have in a strange room, unlike anything to which long lived race, and my back has become confidence in Sir Robert Walpole, who is I have been used and my awakening senses bent, my step made faltering, my glance fighting it fiercely. But my need is urgent realize that there is nothing before me but lustreless and my spirit lacking more by and excusing myself on that score to my want and penury.

I am still possessed of the desire and full surrender to the temptation. and then years of weary labor at a meagre strength to go to the city to draw my half I scrape together my entire fortune, and clerkship until on old aunt left me the yearly dividends from the banks, although, borrowing what more I can, I hasten to the slender annuity upon which I now live. when I am thus drawn into that neighbor- Exchange. And even at this instant as I With a dreary sigh I come to myself and hood, I usually hasten away as soon as is stand, leaning on my cane, old, ambition- find that I am still gazing at those treachpossible and with all the speed my aged less and broken, I seem to feel that ter- erous portals which swallowed up the wealth strength can summon, for the place is as- rible fever of excitement burning in my of the land and caused a wail of desolation sociated in my mind with bitter and mock- veins and gnawing at my very soul. and a cry for vengeance to go up from over ing memories. But as I left the bank The deserted street seems suddenly to all the broad fields of merry England. ersed with the confident stride of hopeful precious slips of parchment in return. into the offices where the work of ruin was youth and once again rushed along with Then for weeks, the stock keeps getting done and see the rooms and tables where the madness of despair. higher and I am the lucky sat the directors as they planned their work

And now as I stand in the narrow street speculators, men pointed out to each other great dust covered ledgers containing the leading to the entrance of that tall and on the streets. My fortune is quintupled names of their dupes and the moneyed extent handsome but ill omened pile, my memory and sextupled, should I sell. But I ho'd on, of their folly, and finding my own name takes a backward leap of nearly forty the stock is still advancing steadily and the among them, sink lew into a chair overyears.

glish blood once more jumps in my veins liar scheme in France, (premonstrating an- my ruined life, and as I think the great and again I am young, strong and assured. other greater crash), the withdrawal of blue veins in my temples swell, my old But, young and hopeful as I am, cares some of the directors of the South Sea blood boils, and my bony old hands clinch. press upon me and I am of a rather more Company, and long days of horrible sus- for to this day the recollection of that gigancautious turn than the generality of youth. pense, times when all my efforts to sell tic swindle stirs me deeply.

For though I have a good patrimonial were unavailing, times when I could get estate, am newly married to a fair young no sleep, times when my very soul seemed wife, yet my fields though broad have burning up with anxiety. been burdened by my father with heavy Then the bursting of the bubble. mortgages and I have the certain knowledge And I am before the South Sea House pressing upon me that unless I soon raise in a n ob fiercer than before, and with the a larger amount of money than seems possi- fever of revenge not of gain in their hearts. ble, my tenure of them will soon be at an On every side of me are white, drawn faces end.

this, but, nathless, the consciousness of sometimes appear at the windows are palit weighs upon me continually and I am lid and seem ghost-like to my feverish visever on the watch for some safe venture ion, but we greet them with stones and for my money.

scheme. The city, the whole country, is Tower and there can be no hope of further wild with the fever of speculation. The vengeance or recompense, we rage all cost of shares is advancing at the rate of night through the city like madmen. a whirlwind and all men are mad with the Then there is a gap in my recollection.

trouble than by age. conscience and my prudence, I soon make Soon after this came my dear wife's death

to-day the desire to once more visit the fill with pushing, shouting, fighting, cursing I enter and wander through imposing theatre of those unlaid ghosts attacked me men, and I am fighting among them. I porticoes and up magnificent staircases, with too much persistence to be unheeded, am forcing my way into the building, built of the groans and curses, starvation so I turned into a path I had once trav- spending my all and receiving so many and want of how many thousands! I go

I came hither to the South Sea House. speculator, whom even in that day of of heartless deception. I examine the fever for gain is eating at my heart. come by so many bitter thoughts. And as

set with misery and despair but lit with the Happily my wife knows nothing of all awful light of vengeance. The faces which curses.

Then there comes the famed South Sea And, though the directors are in the

I am an old man now bordering on the lust of easily gotten gains.

I remember no more until some days later

My bent old back straightens, my slug- Then comes the crash of John Law's sim- I sit, I think of my lost opportunities and

II. OF A BENEDICT.

my soul is filled with anguish as I know ing too doctrinal. of coal.

and proceed to fill the hods.

Now I am not a nervous man. I am per- I rise from my chair and my promising me. It does not frighten me, you understand, but it bothers me. I don't like it

why doesen't something sound, anyhow?

Great Heavens! there is something or somebody! He, she or it, is over in that to follow until I incidentally mention corner stirring the coal. Merciful fathers the fact that it is time for him to retire. spare me! I don't want a death on my Then he makes some old and illogical but

There he comes! But he is coming on I am sure, however, that you, O reader lover.

and risk your valuable life by imperson- second expedition to the cellar would result ating burglars! Why don't you sleep in in Tige's utter demolition, I must retire and

I stumble up the steps, replenish the fire and settle myself to read about that

down in Venezuela cannot fight their own came rushing into her mistress' drawing battles.

the aforesaid Administration should have I sit in my armchair and mournfully more consideration for the sensibilities of gaze at the last embers of the dying fire. I my wife and children than even to hint at am not suffering from an unrequited affect the possibility of their loving husband and tion, nor do I mentally compare the dying father being drafted. In my opinion that embers to my wasted life. Yet, as I gaze, man Monroe perverted his religon by be-

that my only alternative from committing I am getting very much interested in the heinous crime of freezing myself and my the question, and after a careful study of family to death, is for me to go down into the map I begin to think that it is a great the cold, cold cellar and lug up two hods pity that I can't impart a few of my ideas to that investigating commission.

But like the man I am, when the worst But as I cannot, I call my wife, meancomes to the worst, I stumble down the ing to impart them to her. With the steps into the dark cellar, take two bold paper upheld before my face I am (for her determined steps, stumble over the shovel benefit) marking out the disputed boundary and land on my face amidst the coal. An line on the map with the tip of my little irresistible desire to express myself in pro- finger. While in the very midst of my fane language wells up in my suffering soul explanation a hard, spherical object and I deliver an anglicised version of strikes the aforesaid finger tip with consid-Cicero's first oration against Catiline, the erable force and I come to the immediate surrounding darkness and stillness forming | conclusion that the war has materialized a most attentive and appreciative audience. and that I am martyred by its first shot. These classical exercises being accom- It proves, however to be the result of the plished I pick up myself and the shovel fact that my infant son has been engaging in a solitaire game of base-ball.

fectly calm amid the most terrifying tu- offspring beats a masterly retreat under mults and alarm, but dead silence bothers the table, while I, with one hand behind me and my injured finger in my mouth, deliver him, as best I can, an address, It is terrifically silent down here. Oh, summing up and expatiating upon the many games lost on account of wild throws.

I grieve to state that he does not seem conscience, I don't like newspaper notoriety. very forcible objections.

four feet. As I live it is Tige! of much abused patience, will be much Oh, you conscienceless cur you! I'll more considerate, when I say that as the teach you to sleep around in coal cellars fire is burning low again and I am afraid a the parlor, anyhow? close this record for the present, at least. JESSE H. WILSON, JR.

war we are going to have with England. Biddy the cook, unaccustomed to the I don't see myself, why those people gaiety of the society season in Washington, room New Year's afternoon and exclaimed Of course John Bull is hoggish, that is without any hesitancy "Sure Madam war his national characteristic, but I think that has bruk out wid Auld England fur all the the Administration should consider the army officers wid all their togs are going awful results of war, and think also that wid great haste to the White House.

GRINS.

Teacher, You were absent yesterday What is your excuse? Charles.

Ma thought brother Willie had the measles.

Always making dates—the calendar printer.

Even sweethearts sometimes get up in arms against each other.

Allowed sin-blasphemy.

Deacon (of the Mount Hope colored Methodist Church to the retiring pastor)-De flock hab tuk up a c'lection and bot yer dis heah stanshiel timepiece to show de lub dey feels in deir pasture.

Pastor (examining the Waterbury) Bredern and sistern, I'se ovahcome wid gratitude and can't find words to 'spress my feelin. De congregation will jine me in singin', "Dere nebah endin spring abides."

It brought tears to the eyes of all who stood in a group in the lower hall and heard some one down by Nelly Bly sing to the "wood" be camel "She may have seen better days."

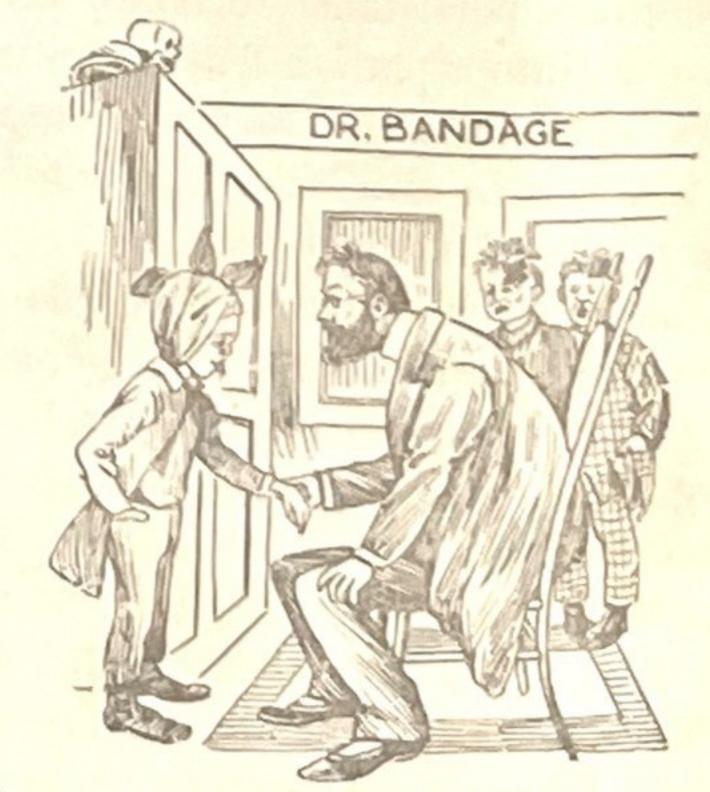
The cadet of Company H who asked if the muzzle of the gun was not to prevent its going off has our profound sympathy.

Not sticking to facts—the postage stamp on the leve letter.

Can't be retailed-horses with clocked tails.

"Tommy what are you doing in the pantry?" "Oh, just putting a few things away."

A pressing engagement—that of the



Doctor-Unless your little tongue lies, my boy, you are suffering from a severe attack of ice creamitis, complicated with bananaria and peanuticus—Nat. Tribune.

The Mestern.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."—Buckingham.

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1896.

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GOOD NIGHT-DEAR.

Not long ago, there ca ne to me A vision veiled in mystery; Stooping down, it whispered low "Get thee to an art school. Go!"

I bravely took my brush in hand, raked my brain, I thought, I planned; I tried to think of something quaint, Original or hard to paint.

Twas done at last. My eyes did shine For Mother said, "It's very fine For one who's never tried before," As she tacked it firmly, over the door.

Just gaze at it! A beauteous night, The moon sent down her trailing light, I could almost see the sturdy wind blow The delicate tufts of rose-tinted snow.

To break the monotony of this waste, wide A leafless tree upon one side An near, in awful majestic height Stood a stag, with Antlers, long and bright.

But to go again to the story of me. I am only a simple girl, you see Yet I have many friends of the sterner sex. The kind that tease, the kind that vex.

One night there called a bashful child. Of course he looked at the picture, then smiled. As he was going, what should I hear? I'm surely right,—t'was "Good Night, Dear."

Oh, horrors! will ever audacity sink Where man cannot find it, for here, just think One I had thought ever bashful and shy To say that to me; how dare he e'en try!

He saw in my face I was honestly mad, So he turned to the picture, -may hap he was sad, -No, -for he said as he showed on the view, "A good night, deer," and then off he flew. ALBERTA WALKER.

"MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER" OR HOW GETTHERIO WON HIS BRIDE.

hall-door in numbers whose magnitude and asked Atalanta to be his forever. "I pray thee, Getthere, old fel, what's her rival, the red-haired girl around haughty beauty at first scornfully rejoined And when Gettherio answered nothing

was a "beaut."

she owned a bicycle whereupon she youth might call for his final answer. lived, moved and had her being and passed So it happened, that early in the morneverything on the road. Her only other ing of the following day came Gettherio to employment was that of turning down the home of his love. He found the maid would-be lovers, a thankless job, which sitting on her front doorstep, adjusting a not only consumed valuable time, but as bran-new cyclometer to her front tire and years passed on, gained for her the repu- glowing with lofty pride. tation of a mulier nova, which as everyone "What, ho, Gettherio: and hast thou knows, is worse than the measles for keep- courage and muscle greatly to stand a test ing suitors away. But Atalanta minded of this thy vaunted affection?" quoth she, the stings and arrows of the gossips not at as he opened the gate. all, but gayly went her way and wheeled "Ay, Atalanta, an' it were a ride down

town of Gotham, to whose attentions Ata- Western and had a clas(s)-sic(k) soul. lanta had not been as frigid as to others. "Go to. That were easy. List to this. These were men whose names stood high Hie thee to you shop, and there invest in the record of the L. A. W., and who some shekels in a toy like unto this." had never bored her by falling in love with She pointed to her cyclometer. her. To one, in particular, she had even "In one week if thy indicator points to been mildly gracious. Gettherio was his a greater number of miles ridden than name and he was a good-looking fellow mine, I am thine! If not—tho' it be but

were spooning in the cherry trees and the more! Tra la!" spring mud was dry in the country lanes With these cutting words she mounted

green, discussing the scenery, the road and her toils. Once in the days of Blankhatton, the their several wheels, till at last, when pass- And while he sat there using language, alderman, there dwelt in the town of ing through a particularly secluded and behold there came out of the mansion by Gotham a maiden of such remarkable romantic spot, Gettherio completely under way of the area door, the small brother of loveliness that suitors flocked to her father's the spell of her beauty, declared his love Atalanta, and Hustlericus was his name.

arithmic tables, latest edition, and even and with such passion, that although the love-sick one with his shinny-stick.

the corner, had to acknowledge that she "Nit," in the end, she was forced to compromise and promise to reserve her decis-This fair girl's name was Atalanta, and ion at least till the morrow, when the rash

from dawn till dark. the descent to Avernus," answered the Now there were a few youths in the youth, for he had studied Virgil at the

with a five hundred mile record. the fraction of a mile less, by the air in Now it befell one day when the robins my front tire, thou shalt see me never

that young Gettherio arrayed himself in her wheel and sped adown the street, therepurple and fine linen—that is to say, his by getting the start of him, while he, sick best sweater and most becoming golf hos- at heart, being forced to work in an office iery, and hied him out 5th avenue to keep all day, and seeing small chance for him a date with the maid Atalanta. in this race, tore his elegant foot-ball hair Together they rode through pastures and cursed the day that brought him into

could only be estimated by means of log- Now, the youth pleaded so eloquently masticating you?" spake he, and poked

yet the more and at last wrung from him advance, on demand. all the truth.

words.

punish me for some paltry joke upon her. coming a mere anatomy. time. And this my scheme. Do thou ride mansion, there to be met by Hustlericus. as much as thou canst each day, but trust "An' how high art thou?" queried the not to equal her thereby, for she doth youth. naught else save only scorch from early morn to dewy eve, and thou forsooth, lover. must grind away at thy law all day. But when she returneth and leaveth her machine for the eve, will I secretly to the back hall betake myself and there turn back the meter, which thou seest can be done, though wearing of the cuticle of the index finger. thou comest for thy final answer, and on that night, come thou upon thy wheel early her eager suitor marked four better. to the postern gate, that is to say, the alley gate, where I will meet thee and together will we fix things up."

Gettherio, at first stunned by the magni- though even a lover is not to be compared tude of the deceit shown by this boy of tender years, interposed a feeble remonstance.

"But Hustlericus, my young friend-" boy with a touch of his sister's haughtiness. "An' thou wilt have my help, speak now, or else forever hold thy jaw!"

but only groaned the more and hung his sel, suffered himself to be advised of Husthead, straightway Hustlericus interrogated lericus and paid him a large retainer in

Now when Hustlericus was made cer- And the days passed on, till at length tain of the racket, he rejoiced greatly in his the week came to an end and in all that heart of hearts, and a mighty idea entered time had Gettherio seen the young Huststraightway into his soul, for he saw oc- lericus but seldom and Atalanta not at all, casion therein to work the game for great save on her shining wheel, yet was he kept profit unto himself. Therefore, he com- informed of the state of things and knew forted Gettherio exceedingly and advised that each night, Hustlericus had got in him to purchase the cylometer immediately. some strokes and turned back Atalanta's So they started for the shop and on the way cyclometer not a few. She, coming in Hustlericus imparted his idea in these late and weary often neglected to examine her record, or forgot it when examined, so "Now, Getthere, thou must understand that it was not difficult for the young that 'tis from small love of thee I do this brother to deceive her. However, on thing, but rather for that I owe my fair this final day, the distance measured was sister Atalanta many grudges of long stand- still very greatly in excess of that travelled ing and one, yea verily, since but yester- by Gettherio, though the poor youth spent morn, when she did induce my father to his nights in the saddle and was fast be-

wilt, assuredly, furnish me something with appointed for the comparison of records, eral weeks. which I may refresh myself in the mean Gettherio betook himself to the gate of the

"Four-thirty-nine, and she?" gasped the

"Beats you by a cool one-twenty! Hasten, there is work for us. Lo! here by a stroke of luck, hath she left her wheel out to be cleaned. Do thou on that side, I on this, turn back you tay. Look to thy at expense of much time and some out-fingers, man! Watch me!" So sweated they for long, till at last, when they arose This will I do, as often as may be, until the record of Atalanta stood at four hundred and thirty-five miles, while that of

So Gettherio won his bride, the fairest Company "H" is progressing finely When Hustlericus paused for breath, the youth was pleasing to her, as men go, drill on February 22d. to a wheel for delight and they lived only of a single day, wherein the treacher- sence, on account of sickness. ous Hustlericus, having waxed wroth at his brother-in-law, did in his fit of passion, "But me no buts, old stager!" roared the give the whole business of the cyclometer dear children, the hair flew for a while, dom surpassed. but as I said this was an exception and only goes to show that men cannot keep a heart and knowing naught of better coun- - particularly brothers. M. T. S.

AN ALPHABET OF FIRST YEAR BOYS.

A is for Allen, an all-around fellow. B is for Burke, whose hair is light yellow. C is for Creecy, delightfully trim. D for Duvall, the "Spider," they call him.

E is for Eiker, with cheeks ever rosy. F for young Fisher, as neat as a posey. C Is for Grunwell, as fair as a girl.

H is for Hudson, whose hair doesn't curl. I's there ain't any, nor even a J, but K is young Kleinschmidt, who's always so gay.

L is for Lacey, who talks a blue streak. M is for Mechlin, and hard is his cheek! Not an N nor an O can they muster defiant, but

P is for Perry, a strapping young giant. Ouriosity's something this class doesn't know, And of masculine R's they've no one to show.

S stands for sev'ral, from Shannon to Smart, and T is for Tanner, devoted to art.

U're not in at all, tho' your double is there, W begins Waters, flirtatious and fair. With this fine assortment, contented pray be, 'Tis an X cellent lot, Y, of course you must Z!

NORVAL.

NOTES OF INTEREST.

Mr. Bennett of the Sophomore class. has Therefore do I enter this game, and thou Well, some forty minutes before the hour returned to school after an absence of sev-

> Mr. Larcombe of last year's class visited the Westerm last week. The Baron's looking well.

> The "Current Topic Club" has reorganized, and holds a meeting every Tuesday, in Room II. All are welcome to attend, and discuss the items of interest

> There is talk of a ball team for next season, to represent the Western. Why shouldn't we have a team? With such notables, as Tanner, Leech, Duvall, Reed, and numerous others, we should be able to organize a club, that could complete with any of the High Schools. It's a good thing so push it along!

maid of Gotham, for Atalanta could not under the able leadership of Capt. Berry, but acknowledge the corn, and in truth and will be prepared to put up a first-class

We are all glad to see Lieutenant Mchappily ever after, with the exception Gowan back again, after his enforced ab-

The "Kamptowns" are actively rehearsing for their coming entertainment, and dead away to Mrs. Gettherio, and then, are acquiring a degree of proficiency sel-

Mr. Wilson has been appointed to the So in the end, Gettherio, being sick at secret and therefore none are to be trusted staff, and greatly aids us by the excellent productions of his pen.

THAT OLE RAG MAN.

Now der's dat ole black rag man, Er comin' down der road, A pushing' dat ole soap box, Where the rags is th'owed Sn dey is! He com ter see sis' 'Liza So mighty much las' year, I lowed as dey'd be marri'd Fo dis day got yer, So did Liz!

He uster giv' me nickels Fo' scarse a poun' of rags, Den I buyed some candy, Done up in yaller bags, So I did!

One day, he laugh' and an' tease' me, An' call'd my pigtails, quills, An' say my purple ribbons waved As ef dey had de chills. So he did!

One day he was a sayin' Ob sumthin' mighty gran; Fo' Liza was er grinnin'; An' swingin' back her han;

So she was! An' he held his han's togeder Beneath de old red pump, Fo' some one stole der dipper As was hidden in de stump, Among the fuz!

He telled her that he'd brung her A wappin' water-millon An' Lizas' mouf was water'n' Jest like ther pump was spillin',

When it riz! As she pursed up her big lips To take a sugar drink I yell'd, "Look out dere, Liza! His han's is black as ink! So dey is-"

"He stole dat water-millon From outen Daddy's patch!-" Den Laws! I did some runnin' Fo' Land! I ain't his match,

'Deed I ain't! But den he neber cotched me, An' he neber com'ed agin, Fo' Liza's feller drives a wagon An' ain't as black as sin: 'Deed he ain't!

Yo' see dat old I lack rag-man Er comin' down de way; Befo' he cotches sight ob me I guess I'll runned away! So I will!

EDNA WESCOTT, '96.

It is hardly to be wondered at that people catch cold on the cable cars, because one of the cars always has the grip, and grip is contagious.

The latest thing out—the owl.

Why is a messenger boy like a penny? Because he is one sent.

PIANO RECITAL.

The Fourth of the Monthly Musicales which have proven so attractive a feature of our school work this year took place Thursday, January 30 at 1 o'clock.

The announcement that Mr. Mayo assisted by Miss Josephine Appleby was to render the program, was sufficient to draw nearly a hundred visitors; so that Curtis Hall was filled to its utmost capacity.

Mr. Mayo was never in a happier mood at his chosen instrument, and played with that rare art which combines brilliant execution with perfect interpretation and sympathetic feeling.

plauded, but the Papillons by Schumann this skule an teown reknire them tew giv a and the brilliant waltz by St. Saens seemed te be especially pleasing.

Perhaps there is no instrument so universally beloved as the violin, and in her mastery of it, Miss Appleby fulfilled our highest expectations of its possibilities.

Our only regret in regard to Miss Appleby's playing was that our insistent applause failed to elicit an enchore.

In fact, both artists left us with the hope that before many days they would again brighten our day with another such delightful hour.

The following is the program. Caprice Etude, - Mendelssohn Heller. Polonaise, G sharp minor } Chopin. Fantaisie Impromtu

Mr. Mayo.

Wuerst. Fraumerii, Miss Appleby.

Schumann. Papillons, Mr. Mayo.

Russian Air with Variations, De Beriot. Miss Appleby.

Etude in F flat, - -Liszt. Etude en forme de Valse, -St. Saens Mr. Mayo.

Since the Latin in the Sophomore class has assumed such a serious aspect, it has become noticeable that a very general interest in horsemanship has developed itself.

"I'm stuck on you" said the fly to the fly-paper.

We have heard of the strong butter, for which some boarding-houses are famous, but the billy goat is about as strong a butter as we care to encounter.

DEDICATED TO A BOOK.

If thou art borrowed by a friend, Right welcome shall he be, To read, to study, not to lend, But to return to me.

Not that imparted knowledge doth Diminish learning's store, But books, I find, if often lent, Return to me no more.

Read carefully, keep neatly, Handle cleanly, And return with the corners Of the leaves not turned down.

S. G. O. A.

KAMPTOWN KLIPPINGS.

The Kamptown Soshul Klub has broke His numbers were all enthusiastically ap- loose agen. They feal that the enterests uv nothur entertenment, Sew, havin from their innur conshessness envolved a skeme for a progrem they're goen tew giv it.

Wats it goen tew be?

Wy its goen tew be semply grate uv corse.

But, tew be more perticuler its goen tew be dividead intew three parts. First thers tew be a reguler ole time minstrel shew, with funny songs an jokes an stories, which we hope will alsew be funny. Duren this part, Fred Sybuld is goen tew sing abeout his Old Gal an duvulge the most sacred secrets uv his luv affares, Roy Curtlend is goen to sing a Grinney Legund, Tanner is goen tew sing abeout his Heoney, an Babe McKee is goen tew burst forth in song abeout hew bad he was to his honey, which last is affectin tew the emoshuns,

Then aftur this part is ovur theres goen tew be an enstrumentul part wen All Right an some othurs will showely make yew want tew get right up an dance.

Aftur this, an finully as the preachur seys, will be gevun the most lamentubel comedey of Pyramus and Tlusby, wich was rittnn buy a man named Shakspare, spesshuly fur this purformance of the Klub.

En this our tew end men Sybuld and Berdie Duclsett hev the leaden parts an they is fine. Ef you want tew laugh real hard an most die from an attack of consencrated risibility, cum an see Fred Sybuld die an Berdie sorrowfully follow him tew the grave.

At present we ar looking fur a furstclas banjoe klub. Are you saw one?

THE WESTERN.

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Original contributions are solicited from all, and should be given to any men ber of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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Monday, February 3, 1896.

EDITORIAL.

Since the Western High School first ture, she is never declinedstarted on her career, her sister institutions have been ever ready to give her the benefit of their wider experience. She, as they know, has always taken in good part their agrees with one. sage counsels and fraternal advice, gratefully observing that they regard as her most painfully active. heinous sin what time is doing his utmost to remedy; namely, her youth! In con- erns the case of a person; sometimes she nection with her youth we would speak of the measles, which disease has lately paid an untimely visit to her sacred precincts. This monster, whom, as we all know, children have to encounter at some period of their existence, has at last seized the feel that she is indeed a question. Western in his clutches. Nobly has she repelled his attacks, yet many a fair maid sound her. and gallant youth has been laid low! The Western, however, has not allowed this compared. obstacle, however serious, to interfere with the regular course of study, since, as far-as we can judge, our scholastic endeavors have been crowned with as much success as if no measles had come to bar the road to learning. In most cases, too, the monster has been satisfied with but a slight exhibition of his powers, allowing his victims to return to their respective places before many days have elapsed.

recent pages of our honored contemporary up Caesar. As this gentleman has been field of journalism the Washington High ing exhumed is awaited with interest.

Schools are approaching a standard, which we may safely say, few other schools have succeeded in reaching. The Eastern is a bright little sheet, that with each issue perceptibly lessens the distance between it and the goal of perfection. We would especially commend the editorials, which indicate not only surprising maturity of thought but also a ready pen well versed in the arts of journalism: What we would like to suggest to all our sister schools in regard to their papers is, that with more frequent issues, a far more marked rate of improvement is possible. It seems rather strange that the "young and ambitious" Western should put her youthful mind to the matter, and "sette hir alle cappe" in this respect, the present number being the eighth Western published this year.

WOMAN.

She is not a noun, for, charming crea-

Nor is she an adverb, for she rarely modifies anything she says or does.

She is not an adjective in that she seldom

Her voice, never passive, is sometimes

Often she is a preposition for she govhas a case herself.

Why is it that she is so often objective? She can't be a conjunction for she is rarely a minister.

When she is in the imperative mood we

She is a letter, not a J, for we often

She is never impersonal and is not to be

At times she calls herself an object, but she is never an indirect object.

Best of all is she when she is the second person singular, feminine gender and pos-A. L. CONCKLIN. sessive case.

Owing to lack of space the usual joke on McCarteney's intellectual abilities will have to be mitted.

Miss Westcott recently announced to moment?" she said. Constance Adel. We have perused with much interest the the Sophomores that they would soon take

'TWAS EVER THUS.

I wrote a poem and bedew'd each line With tears, so touching was its tale of love. I said, "The Western Is the setting bright Wherein this darling of my heart shall shine!

And then, in dainty envelope of blue Perfumed throughout with fragrant violet, With beating heart too full for common thought. I mailed my treasure, Editors, to you.

The laggard days their length of hours prolong'd Or e'er a word from you to me did come. At last, like to the cat of vulgar song,

My gem "came back," alas, how foully wrong'd!

Heart-breaking then the words I found upon it. In common, spiteful, slangy High School English-

"This rot returned. Don't try it on again, Is our advice. Go paste it in your bonnet!"

IN THE STUDY HALL.

The study hall was awfully still—so still in fact that an occasional turning of the leaf of a text book was the only sound to be heard. No desk-lids squeaked, no pens dropped, no pencils were being sharpened. Everyone was absorbed in his own study from the frolicsome first year to the demure teacher on the platform. My thoughts had been far away in the Forest of Arden; there stood Rosalind playfully talking to Orlando, and there Celia-rather apart from the lovers. Thus I mused, -"As You Like It" lying upon my desk Suddenly I started, for a voice resounding through the hall called my name. What could be the matter? Had I been dreaming, and in my sleep had I acted as was not unusual for me in study hours? Had I passed a note under my desk-lid across the aisle to my neighbor, had I cautiously put a chocolate-drop into my mouth, and had it all been seen by the teacher? I shuddered, I grew cold, but nothing being left for me to do, I slowly marched up to the platform, feeling all eyes were upon me as I turned from red to white and to red again. Finally after seeming hours had passed, I reached the step, ascended, and stood awaiting my doom. The teacher turned her head slowly towards me,-1 turned away, -I dared not meet her gaze.

"May I borrow your ink-eraser for a

"All the world's a stage."—If so, few-"The Eastern." Undoubtedly, in the buried for some time, the result of his be- er of us would have to stand up in the herdics.

COMFORT.

Must Earth seem ever dark to thee, O wandering Soul?

Is thine a lonely path? Art ignorant of thy goal?

Hear'st thou the birds chirp busily, high in you apple-tree?

They have each one a nest to build. It is not so with thee.

earth in May.

Thou hast not such a lovely place, nor canst thou smile so gay.

But hark! A hope I give to thee, an thou wilt list awhile.

cease to smile.

Butthou! O thou, a radiant path awaits thy halting tread!

Wherefore, O Soul, be not cast down, but with uplifted head

Pass on. What though on either hand are joys thou canst not share?

Strange tempters they, but at the end, a home awaits thee fair;

Fair? nay so bright, so glorious, it sheds its light below,

That, if thou wilt, in darkest hour, thou may'st behold its glow.

Then Peace and Light be on thy path, that path which all must tread,

Which leadeth to the Font of Life, where hungry ones are fed-

Thou wilt not sorrow now, Oh Soul, for Fear and Doubt lie dead!

A. K. C.

LUCY JONES'S WEDDING PRESENT.

"Did you ever see sech weather ez this The wind's that strong I'm clean tuckered out, and I ain't been walkin' more than ten minutes nuther."

loud and penetrating, and she seemed al- "I'll leave it down here till to-morrer," the door, and returned into the sitting-room. of Mrs. Meggs.

Meggs."

ez busy ez I can be."

"I guess you must be," Miss Small said edge, and the clear blue sky reflected in with a commiserating glance, "I heard the wide expanse of water about him. about that tidy you're makin' for Lucy. Here, with nothing to disturb the quiet but They say its real han'some."

Meggs, her pride piercing through her he could find a refuge from his wife's loud modesty, "I dunno but it's the best thing voice, his daughter's remonstrances, and all Behold the flowers nod and smile. They deck the I ever made, an' I've done considerable of the other inconveniences and worries of that sort of work. You must drop in some civilized life. Poor lonely old man. He day, an' see it, Louisa."

slightly. "I'd be real glad to," she said, grown to confide his cares to the great The birds must pass from you fair tree, the flowers 'if I can spare the time. Mis' Sims she Mother Ocean, from whom he found a says its the talk of the town its that han'- solace for many griefs. some!" Mrs. Meggs smiled in great good Mrs. Meggs had her household up and humor. She alway enjoyed Louisa's com- astir very early the next morning. Lucy pany when other amusements were un- Jones's wedding, the great event of the time, available. Louisa was so very lenient in would come off in a few days, and she her judgment, and so flattering in her re- wished her house-cleaning to be completed

It was of dark red, elaborately embroid- have bad weather for her weddin'. "

her daughter, "I'm real glad it's done. It came slowly down to his breakfast. looks real nice, don't it?" "It's kinder stormy out," he meditated

could possibly be desired. "Lucy aint "guess I won't go fishin' 'till it kinder likely to get many things han'somer than calms down." After breakfast he put on

dropped her bundles into her lap. Her expression of an artist, regarding his master- might ez well go up an' hear the news," black silk dress fitted her ample form close- piece, or a poet re-reading his finest verses. he said to himself. He had no sooner ly, and was so stiff that it rustled with her She felt most thankful that the work over put his head out of the door than a every movement. There was nothing rest- which she had labored so strenuously was fierce gust of wind lifted him from his feet

ways pervaded with a bustling activity. she said to her daughter, "then I'll get "Guess I'd better wrap a han'kercher Louisa Small, the little milliner, who stood some paper an'put it away 'fill the weddin.' 'round my neck,' he said, 'er I'll be coughopposite her, always felt somewhat in awe "There, father," she added turning to the in' all day long. M'riar don't like me to get old man who had just come in, "Anne's those coughin' spells. It keeps her awake "I'm real glad you dropped in," she got supper all ready. You jist sit right nights. said, nervously helping the visitor to untie down." Silas Meggs needed no second There was a neatly folded red woolen her bonnet, "twas real kind of you, Mis' invitation. He was many years older than cloth lying on the table. Silas took this up, his wife, and life had long ago lost all unfolded it laboriously with his stiff fingers, "Well, to tell the truth, I'm dretful pleasures for him but those of eating and and wound it around his neck. That bit er busy these days," replied the other lady fishing. He was entirely happy when red makes quite er show," he said, glancing with a sigh of resignation. "What with seated by the cosy little supper table with complacently at his reflection in the glass. gettin' the house ready for the winter, an' a supply of good things set before him, or Then he took his stick from behind the Lucy Jones's wedding present, I'm about when lying in his boat in the middle of door and started forth. the harbor, with his rod hanging over the Mrs. Meggs had had rather a trying

the lapping of the waves against the boat, "Well, I dunno but 'tis," assented Mrs. and the occasional hoarse cry of a sea-gull, had met with so little sympathy or forbear-The little milliner smiled and flushed ance in his own small world, that he had

marks. Her visitor always left the little before that time. It was a cold dismal parlor feeling on better terms with man-day. The ocean, itself, seemed restless kind at large. And uneasy. Mrs. Meggs remarked as she When she got home that night, Mrs. glanced out at the dark waves tossing about Meggs spread out the tidy and gazed at it in the harbor. "We'll have snow before with more than her usual complacency. long, I reckon, I'm dretful afraid Lucy'll

ered with large flowers. She had finished all her indoor duties "It's been a sight of work," she said to and started for town when her husband

Anne expressed as much admiration as as he stood looking through the window, that," she said decidedly. his old hat and thread-bare coat in prepa-Mrs. Meggs sank into an arm-chair and Mrs. Meggs folded up the tidy with the ration for a walk to the village. "Guess I ful about Mrs. Meggs. Her voice was at last so creditably finished. and nearly knocked him down. He shut

the strong wind.

"It's real fine," he said, impressively, gets sold. You see if I don't." "M'riar she sez Lucy'll do well ef she gets "But, M'riar," remonstrated Silas anythin' han'somer than that, an' I guess feebly. it's so. Its a real han'some piece er work."

Mrs. Meggs happened to notice that the room, slamming the door behind her.

"I guess it's jest ez well. It might hev that he had been struck by a cyclone. got dusty. I'll go an' take a look at it His wits were still in a dazed condition when I get through my work. More'n when he left the house after supper, and likely it aint folded up properly.

"Why, Ma said she hadn't no time to was blowing a gale, whipping the sea into spare," she thought, "I should think she'd angry, foam crested waves. There were

returned from his day's fishing. He had minute between the dark waves, and the been out in his boat since noon.

tive'y, "Do be keerful how you step. dashed them down again into the hollow The sittin'-room's just been fixed up an' of the waves. Far out at sea the lights on you'll be certain to knock down somethin'." an island gleamed faintly. They spoke of Silas made no answer. He had discovered warm firesides and peaceful homes, far resilence to be his best shield against his moved from the rage and turmoil of the began to take off his coat. Suddenly long wharf, the salt spray dashing in his Anne, who was pouring the tea, was face, the cold wind whistling about him. startled by a scream from her mether. Before the magnificent spectacle of Ocean

"Silas Meggs, what hev you got around and troubles vanished. He stood there etc. your neck?"

it out-!!! Was this the much prized tidy? "M'riar allers was dretful high strung," the "horse" (of which it tells). This torn, crumpled rag, covered with fish he said with a sigh. Anne M. Kiddent is haunted by a horrible vision scales and mud! Alas! It was.

cried Anne.

morning of it. The butter was much "Why, I dunno," replied the old man higher than she had any right to expect, slowly, "I didn't know ez t'was your tidy and the grocer was out of sugar. It was, M'riar, I jist put it on 'cause t'was so cold. therefore, not in the best of humors that I reckon I must hev' wiped the bottom of she made her way home, battling against the boat with it. I didn't know as t'was your tidy."

"I do declare, Anne," she said to her "Well, I never," said Mrs. Meggs. daughter, "there's father sittin' in the Her face was red. Her rage had reached post-office, smokin' his pipe, an' doin' such a point that it almost strangled her. nothin' in the world but talk. I do de- "I never in all my days! what was I about clare it makes me real out of patience. when I married you anyhow, Silas Meggs? Why couldn't he stay home an' help me There is that tidy I've worked over and about them carpets?" labored over for months and months Poor Silas was enjoying himself very Now I haven't got one single thing to give much. He was waxing eloquent in praise Lucy, let alone wastin' all my time an' of his wife's famous tidy. trouble. I'll see that there boat of yours

"Don't 'but M'riar,' me" interrupted During the course of the day's duties, his wife angrily, and she went out of the

tidy was not on the sitting-room table. Silas passed his hand feebly over his "I guess Anne's put it away," she said, head. He had an unaccountable feeling wandered slowly to the end of the long Anne, too, noted its disappearance. wharf. It was a wild night. The wind hev waited to put it away till evenin'." a few boats riding at anchor in the harbor. It was supper time before Mr. Meggs They pitched madly from side to side, one next rising on the crest of a huge billow, "Father," called out his wife imperathat tossed them about like playthings and wife's scoldings. Slowly and clumsily he angry water. Silas stood at the end of the "Silas Meggs," shrieked that lady, in her fiercest mood, his own small cares Latin Student (reading) Quadrupitante, until the night was far advanced, and the Teacher. The meter of that verse is so

most people turn a little pa(i) le?

GRINS.

A TRAGEDY. Swinging hammock, In the shade, Holds just two; Man and maid. Little brother, Pocket knife, Cuts the rope; Causes strife. When they rise, Both are mad, Little brother He is glad. Mended hammock, In the shade, Holds just one, Weeping maid.

We have all heard of the orations against Catiline. But it is probably better that we should not listen to some of the orations delivered against the line o' cats on the back fence about the hour of midnight.

J. M. P.

"Madam," said the tramp, escaping from the threatening wood pile, after having settled the dog. I came, and though I didn't "saw," I conquered.

A sympathetic strike—When the clock strikes thirteen at eleven o'clock, and Charley Baugh hasn't yet gone.

Did you ever kill a meter?

Little words of warning, Little drops of tears, Make a mighty mourning, When matinee appears.

We are glad to notice that many of our girls become so absorbed in the morning exercises that they raise their eyes to heaven in a very ecstasy. We grieve, however to note that this ocular elevation is confined to and centered upon the upper left hand side of the room.

With great deliberation the old man undarkness had closed in thickly about him, beautifully and appropriately arranged that wound his red "hankerchief," and shook Then at last he turned his face homewards. we seem actually to hear the hoof beats of

of his "ponie," staggers, and, making a What hev' you been doin' with it?" Why is it that before kicking the bucket desperate effort at self-control, gasps out, I s— is that because it has feet?

The Mestern.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."-Buckingham.

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MONDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1896.

No. 9.

ANOTHER SONG FOR K. S. K.

Air: "Michael Roy."

In the Western High School there is a Klub And it is known to fame. It's now well known o'er Washington And Kamptown is its name. It sprang into life one day last year In a most surprising way, It won our hearts and it made us laugh, And now it's here to stav!

CHORUS.-For on, for oh, it is our K. S. K.! They are the lads of the red and green All honor to them pay.

They're full of business these jolly lads As often they do show. When they undertake to do a thing They're sure to make it go. They gave us a conce t one day last year, A concert of high degree, And when another one they do give-May I be there to see! - CHORUS.

They stand by the Western thro' thick and thin, And aid us in every way, They save their money to help us out When there comes a rainy day. They start our yells and they awe our foes, And they make a fine array, Whether blackened up and in minstrel clothes Or in garb of every day.—CHORUS.

Then hail to Kamptown, with one accord, The Klub that came to stay! And back them up in all they do You'll find it'll always pay, For they can sing to entrance the soul. And they have a winning way, to save your quarters, attend their show, And cheer for K. S. K.-CHORUS.

M. T. S. '98

MISS HARRIET'S MATCH-MAKING.

The three Bennett girls had been hard at work for a week getting their valentines ready to send to their many friends, and

in all this. Never before had she seen "sich goin's on." She watched the pro- maledictions upon the head of Miss Harriet ceedings for some time, then curiosity got from the other girls, and Lucinda Maria the better of training and she began to in- retired under cover of the confusion to terrogate.

yere fuss, any how? Wot is dem tings," around the breakfast table next morning,

oldest Miss Bennett, as she rounded up a for "Miss Har'et," with the accent on the metrical line with a flourish. Miss Har- last syllable. riet was the poetic genius of the Bennett Aunt Viney was an old-time friend of family, and at this season of the year was the Bennetts, a good-hearted soul, greatly

"Wot is wolluntimes? Wot good is tions. sire to acquire knowledge.

you want for a sweetheart you send him a mysterious way. valentine to tell him so."

scan'lous ting foh er gal ter do? 'Pears sumfin onter mah min' foh er long time pow'ful fowad lak. Mammy she don' tol' 'bout dat ar gal ob mine, dat Lucin' meh ez how the fellahs wus' allus come Mariah. Likely ez dat gal am, she don' sprucius' up ter de gals, an' not de gals ter 'peah ter hab any stiddy comp'ny 'tall, an' de fellalis! Yo' means to tell me, Miss I tells yo' I'se pow'ful worrit 'bout hit, Har'et, dat yo'uns gwine ter sen' all dem kase she's gittin' 'long now an' she's dat

Miss Harriet amid the peal of laughter home er cryin' an' takin' on ter beat all that broke out in response to Lucindas' kase she hain't no wolluntime fellah lak horrified query. "Mercy, no! I just send odder gals, an' she say how Miss Har'et the house, as Lucinda their colored maid, mine to girls, but it's quite the proper say dat wolluntime waz de tings ter do ef expressed it, "looked lak er circus groun' thing to send them to your sweetheart if yo' wanted stiddy comp'ny. I tole huh wen de show don' lef'!" Scraps of fancy you've got one. If you haven't got one, ef she's shet huh snufflin' I'd com' ovah paper, cardboard and ribbon were every- you send to the person you'd like to have, hyah an' ax yo' ter be so kin' ez ter mek where in evidence and cups of many hued but you don't sign your name, you see, Lucins' one ob dem fool tings foh ter cotch water bristling with paint brushes adorned but leave him to guess who sent it. It's huh er husban', an' I sholy hopes yo' kin the window ledges. just like giving him a hint, as girls always hab de dissolution ter do hit, kase dat gal Lucinda Maria was intensely interested do anyhow, you know!" sutney do need er stiddy comp'ny ter keep

This last heretical remark brought down meditate upon the ways of white folks.

"Miss Har'et, wot foh yo' mek all dis The Bennett family was still sitting indicating the billet down with a compre- when a new comer, in the shape of old hensive sweep of her black hand. Aunt Viney, Lucinda's buxom mother, "Valentines, Lucinda," replied the appeared at the kitchen door and inquired

always in great demand. given to scheming and of soaring ambi-

dey?" persisted Lucinda, with laudable de- Miss Har'et, honey," she began, "I'se lak ter see yo' in private an' bah yo' sef' "Oh, valentines are just love letters, ef yo' please. Kain' yo' step dis way foh only a little sweeter than usual, and writ- bit? I'se 'ticklar want to ter spik wid yo." ten in poetry. You send them to the peo- Miss Harriet accompanied her to the kitple you like best. If you know anybody chen, and the old woman went on in a

"I hope yo'll 'scuse meh comin' 'roun' "Laws. Miss Har'et! Ain't dat er lak dis, Miss Har'et, but I'se don' had ter gem'luns?" bashful an' gawky I'se 'shamed ter tek "Mercy, no, you foolish girl!" gasped hur inter s'ciety. Las' night she com'

huh fum 'sultin' de Voodoo 'oman foh er chahm!"

Aunt Viney was really concerned at her daughter's grievance and looked so distressed at the thought of the "Voodoo 'oman" valentine should be constructed at once.

asked.

don' got er good staht at table waitin' in match-making venture. sen' hit ter de 'Selsior Res'rant, an mebbe good humor and bristling with importance. yo' feelin' well? Yo' look lak er sweet fin! briar rosy in dat pink gown. Yo' favor yo' daddy, an' he sholy wuz a han'some man!" With this piece of diplomacy, Aunt Viney went on her way rejoicing.

Her departure was the signal for Lucinda Maria to emerge from her coign of vantage behind the pantry door.

"Lucinda!" exclaimed Miss Harriet reyou listening?"

"Deed, Miss Har'et, I jess couldn' help hit! I'se bleeged ter know wat Mammy gwine say, so, mah axshuns be c'reck! An' yo' gwine do dat wolluntime, honey? Den I sutney gwine mek yo' Sally Lunn foh tea!" and the delighted girl beamed with joy.

So the valentine was written and adorned most festively with every known variety of heart, dart and dove, and Lucinda's bosom swelled with pride when she saw it. Her delight in the verse passed all bounds and her admiration for its gifted author became merged into adoration.

This was the verse:

When e'er I see thee, Rufus, I tremble like a dove, Because no girl can look on thee, Without she falls in love!

Oh, Rufus, in your loving heart, Just keep one thought for me, For my heart pierced by Cupid's dart Beats valentine, for thee!

To this remarkable creation, Miss Harriet, in a mischievous mood, slyly signed that Miss Harriet hastened to assure her the Lucinda's full name, and in due time, that innocent maiden entrusted it, like many "But to whom shall I send it?" she another loving missive, to the tender mercies of Uncle Sam's postal service. "Bless yo' sweet soul, Miss Har'et, I Then the Bennett family awaited developjiss knowed yo' gwine help Aunt Viney! ments, but before any came Lucinda was Now, I'se been tuhnin' dis hyar ting ober obliged to leave her work and go into the in mah haid an' I'lows I'se 'bout 'cluded city to care for a sick aunt, so the family in Rufus Smith ez de man foh Lucin. He's soon forgot all about "Miss Har'et's"

er res'rant, an' he's er peart, likely niggah It was forcibly recalled to their rememdat ain' stuck on himself ner 'shamed kase brance one fine morning in April, by the he's brack. Ef yo' sen's ter him, yo' appearance of Aunt Viney, beaming with

dat ar'el fix tings up, but mind yo', honey, 'Miss Har'et, yo' dar?'' ignoring the don' yo' say too much, kase dat Rufus he rest of the family. "Is'e surtney grad ter don' need no brick house fallin' on him see yo' capshivatin' count'nance! Is'e ter tek er hint no how, an' I don' wan' don' com' 'roun ter tell yo' dat Lucin' him er thinkin' Lucin' don' sat huh heart Mariah don' git married yistiddy in the on him 'sclusively. Yo' understan, hon! 'Vivalist church, an' 'thout hit had ob bin Deed yo' sholy is good, Miss Har'et? Is fo' yo', honey' she mus nebber been nuf-

Yo' see's Rufus Smift, wot yo' uns don' writ de wolluntime ter, he wuz mightily took wid hit, an' bress yo' he com' er marchin' out ter de house de nex' Sunday, dressed ter kill, kase he's er pow'ful rushin' niggar, Rufus is. He com' from West Virginny, an' dey sholy does mek tings hum out dar. I 'low't would er took dese provingly, "I'm ashamed of you! Were onery Georgetown niggars nigh on six Sophomore class, is progressing finely, and months ter fine out who sent dat ar Wol- is considering several plans for the advanceluntime, but Rufus he fines hit out widout ment of its interests. Mr. Jackson is its tryin'. Laws when Lucins' went ter de President, and under his efficient rule, the city ter tak keer of sis Marthy, Rufus was club expects to accomplish great deeds in right on han' an' didn' 'low huh no chance | the near future. to be bashful, so dey don' fix hit up, an' dey want's me to tell yo', Miss Har'et, ez dey's pow'ful beholden ter yo' fer dat Wolluntime, an' dees gwine hab hit framed foh de pahlor.

> 'Deed yo' sholy did git one good husban' for Lucins', Miss Har'et," said the old woman, as she rose to go, "an I hain' got on'y dis moah ter say, hit's a mighty pity yo' ain't done ez much foh yo' sef!" And Miss Harriet thinks so too.

> > M. T. S.

Kamptown Entertainment Feb. 20th, mustache. 21st, and 22d.

OUR SPECIALTIES.

The members of our Klub Whose names I now shall use. Have each and every one Specialties to introduce.

The first is Jessie Wilson A fair strawberry Brunette. And next our funny Birdie, A freak of the family Duckett.

There's lanky Alexander In his trials of might and main To teach to gentle "Babe McKee" . The art of speaking plain.

And Wright, the banjo picker, Whose equal I never saw, With little Charlie Waters Who shuffles on the floor.

The dark brown singers, Kirtland, Whose names you have probably read,

Together with the brothers Leetch The noble Bob and Fred.

And stalwart Edgar Berry As a captain now is reigning, And Lawrence Reed, a wonder In his attempts at vocal straining

And now we come to Tanner The largest in his class, And crazy "reddy" Seibold With his knowledge of laughin-gas-

Last is charming Billy Bell The "sport," as I have heard say, So now conclude with a loud applause For the noted K. S. K.

JOYCE.

NOTES.

The "L. I. C.," the organization in the

The sale of tickets for the Kamptown's entertainment, goes merrily on, and if anyone escapes the clutches of Messrs. Duckett and Berry it will be a miracle.

The entertainment of the K. S. K. will not be without a rival in the field. Miss Wescott purposes to give a matinee performance on the day following the Kamptown's, which will at least rival it in point of attendance. "MARSHALL."

Ann.—Charley is tickled with his new

Susan.—Not half so much as I am.

HAEC FABULA DOCET.

sat me down with tountain pen so fine To write my sweetheart out a valentine. Long time I dug for thoughts that deep do lie But ere I reached them-that fool pen ran dry.

I used no language, but I filled that pen And with a sobered heart began again. And soon love's message stirred my very blood. I seized my pen-the ink came in a flood.

I groaned aloud. In rage I tore my hair But Cupid chuckled at my wild despair. "Oh, Cupid, god of love and lovers true, If thou wert I, now pray, what wouldst thou do?"

He laughed advice. "Ha, ha, thou rapid man, To write of love with fountain pen, who can? Cold-blooded, business things, go to, I say! Wouldst write thy love? Go get a goose quill gray!"

got a quill; my love wrote smoothly out. With ne'er the faintest shadow of a doubt I sent it off. It pleased my fairy tay, And happy that I am! She set the day! TOM SUNSHINE.

THE MEANEST MAN IN TOWN.

the meanest man around." So spoke come and warm yerself here at the stove Jabez Strong to a circle of admiring listeners gathered round the town store and post office.

next town. I was thar then, doing chores spinnin' yarns so thet brought him in. for the minister. Wal, Hiram was 'bout apples, prunes and anything else he cud fortable fust on one fut thin on the other. get his hands on! Old Silas 'at kept the "He don't zackly relish our company," store he wuz so meek he wouldn't say a sez Dwight, pokin' me in the ribs. after that Silas wud jest look at him. We whut's the matter?" funerul.

Wal one time a hul lot o'us were down the county fair. to the store settin' round the store and He stud, chokin' and splutterin' fer a the others, but we wuz all 'bout ez nigh the and thet wuz the last we saw o' him. Greenland out and nun too warm inside pears mighty fond o' butter, don't he?" cept over in our corner.

Elijah hed his feet braced up aginst the

stovepipe and wuz jest working his jaws fer all git out, he alwuz did hev a chaw in his mouth! Here Jabez moved his 'chaw' ried to Mr. John Green on Tuesday the from one cheek to the other and his aud- 4th inst., at Trinity Church parsonage, the dience gathered closer round him to lose Rev. Father Roccofort officiating. no word of his discourse. "Dwight wuz affair was unostentatious, only the immedichinnin' away so's no one else cud get a ate relatives of the contracting parties beword in edgewise.

Nun o' us round thar liked Hiram and Dwight jest hated him like pizen. He wuz tellin' us bout Hiram's comin' over inter his sugar camp last spring and tappin' some uv his trees, so whin Hiram comes in nun o' us looked very pleasant er said anything to his "Howdy." He went up ter buy a cake o'soap and jest thin I seed him tek a package off the counter and jam it inter his hat. Dwight seed it too coz he punched me and seys, "Do ye see thet old sinner? for be goes I'll find out whut he's got."

Hiram started fer the door but we seys, "Wal, yes, reckon I do know uv 'bout "Hiram, ye pear ter be mighty unsoshull, fore ye go." He kinder looked at us and sed somethin' 'bout havin' to hurry home but I tuk hold o' him and sed, "See hyar we "Guess ye all reminiber old Hiram want ter hear yer story bout the bars out Upam, he didn't live here, but over in the west." Hiram wuz powerful fond o'

He came up to the stove and I gev him the darndest, meanest cuss in town. He'd a cher close ter the fire and he started tew go ter the store, pertending to be lookin' tell the story. Purty soon he kermenced at things and help hisself to everything to fidgit and thin he got up but we wudn't 'lyin round. Stuff his pockets with dried let him go so he stud thar, mighty oncom-

thing, only once he kind o'made out ter Hiram seemed powerful oneasy and he say somethin' to Hiram, but Hiram up and hemmed and hawed a sight, then directly jawed him 'bout bein' so close so he shet I seed somethin' tricklin' down from under right up and when Hiram 'd take anythin' his hat. And I sez, sez I, "Why Hiram

all thought it wuz mighty mean but ez Hit peared ter be ile runnin' down his long ez Silas sed nothin' it wuzn't our face and sech a sight ez he wuz, looked like the greased pig they hev sometimes at

talkin'. Thar wuz Elijah Porter, Dwight lettle time, while we split our sides lafin. Green, Frank Lewis and I disremimber Then he lit out fer the door like two-forty

stove ez we cud get fer it wuz es cold ez Seys Dwight ter me, "Say Jabez, Hiram

A well re(a)d man. The healthy Indian. mother, her only living parent.

ALUMNI NOTES.

- '93. Miss Lucy Walton Falls was maring present.
- '94. Miss Agnes Muntz is te ching the first grade at the Madison.
- '94 Miss E E Patterson has been transferred to the Fifth Division, where she has been promoted to the teaching of a second grade.
- '96. Louis Hieston is with the Farmers and Mechanics Bank, Georgetown.
- '95. Miss Alice J Crowley of the Normal school, popularly known to the Kamptown Soshul Klub as the "orchestra" of '95, spent her Christmas holidays with a party of friends at Atlanta. Miss Crowley was one of the fortunates, who ran for an exposition ticket at the recent Teachers Bazaar. The party made up of young people, of course, had a very charming time and had many interesting things to relate of their visit.
- '94 Robert Haycock was another fortunate who happened to be at Atlanta during the balmy days of Christmas week.
- '94. Miss Carrie B Troth was married on New Year's Night to Mr Frank Parkhurst. The wedding was a charming home affair, at which an elder sister of Miss Carrie was also married. The young couple will make their home with the parents of the bride.
- '96 Mr. Grafton McGill is said to be doitg good work on the Georgetown Journal. He is one of the editors of that periodical and has written some charming poems for its columns.
- '94 Miss Elizabeth Cartwright who was home from Wellesley for the holidays was unfortunate enough to contract that infantile malady, the measles, during her stay in town.
- '94 Miss Grace Stone, who is teaching at the Patterson, suffered a severe loss during the past month, in the death of her

THE WESTERN.

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Monday, February 17, 1896.

EDITORIAL.

It is the third quarter. The second milefirst half of the year we find many added a successful issue. Clubs have sprung into at a bush." existence in the different branches of school work, and we feel an interest in our studies far superior to that of the old-time school boy who studied his lessons "just to get through." Whether amid the gay scenes of the Bazaar, or in the quiet school-room, we see the same ambition and singleness of purpose that has made our school what it is. But best of all, we can to-day blot out the failures and discrepancies of the past, as the Greek boys did of old, and, with our waxen tablets fresh and smooth, "begin again."

II.

There was once an old man who, feeling that his days were numbered, called his

and a bird, circling about just over-head, permanent possession of the Club. caught the arrow in its flight, and soared with it up, up to the sun itself. Some of our contemporaries have told us, rather scornfully that we are trying to usurp the domain of the "Harper's" and "Century." Let us aim, not for these, but for the masterpieces of our language. Surely he who does his utmost to equal the attainments of the greatest writers will accomplish more than he who aims but to reach the ideal of an ordinary school journal. We do not want to bring our paper down to the level of the school, but to raise it stone is passed, and, looking back over the and the school to a higher level. If THE Western is above the idea of a schoolreasons to be proud of the Western, and paper, rather than let its columns degenerglad to count ourselves among her inmates. ate into mere matters for the amusement From every enterprise into which she has of the school, let us raise the idea of a entered she has issued crowned with laurels school paper, always bearing in mind the and honors. Whether it be for a sword words of Sir Philip Sidney "who shootes at or a bicycle, a school paper or a camel, the midday Sonne, though he be sure he the Western has spared no efforts, no en shall never hit the marke; yet as sure he is, day last, when a battalion drill was held thusiasm nor labor, to bring the matter to he shall shoote higher than who aymes but

CLUBS.

a most informal basis this year. No written constitution, no elected officers, no listed membership is in existence, but every Wednesday after dismissal those interested stay in Room 2, to talk. The attendance varies. Last week we were but eight. It speaks well for the interest manifested, however, to say that those eight talked until after three o'clock, on silver and kindred topics. If you have a question to ask, or a bit of information to impart, come into room 2 on Wednesdays.

THE CAMERA CLUB.

was much puzzled as to which one he should February 7, a constitution was adopted, column.

choose as his heir. Finally he placed a bow and the following officers elected. Presiand arrow in the hands of each. "Shoot in dent, Mr. Wright, '98. Vice-President. turn as far as you may," said he, "and to Mr. McCartney; Secretary, Mr. Mitchell. him whose arrow flies farthest will I be- '97; Treasurer, Mr. Lamberton, '99. Meetqueath my possessions," The eldest son ings will be held weekly, and as the memaimed for the church steeple and his arrow bers of the club are enthusiastic, it is beshot among the village spires;—the second lieved that much profit as well as pleasure aimed for a lofty mountain peak, and his ar- will result. Plans are already being disrow lost itself among the hills. The young- cussed for outings in the spring, for the est raised his bow and aimed for the sun, purpose of securing photographs for the

WHY NOT A BICYCLE CLUB?

Are the Western bicycle riders to be outdone by the Camera Club?

The Western's wheel from the Bazaar is Several members of the faculty have learned to ride, a student with or upon a new wheel appears quite frequently. The number of bicycles in the corridors is increasing. We are soon to have a rack for these and there will be room for more. So while we are enjoying the wheels, it is suggested that we organize a Bicycle Club. Then our interests as wheelmen can be better centralized. As the spring comes on, is there anyone who would not enjoy a run into the country with all the wheels and riders carrying our red and white?

COMPANY NOTES.

The companies of the Second Battalion at the Eastern High School under the direction of Major Ross. The drill was very creditable, and without a doubt the Second The Current History Club organized on will pass a fine inspection on the 22d.

> This year, as in 1895, fate has assigned to Company H, a place at the end of the program on the first day of the competitive drill. It is to be hoped that they will again, as last year, appear before the judges at the close of the second day also. This will be the third consecutive time that Company H has drilled on the first day.

Those who had the pleasure of participating in the battalion drill of last Monday are fully convinced that Mr. Cassin has risen to about as high a position, in this world, as possible. For although The newest organization of the school Company H was next to last in the line, sons to him to receive his final instructions. will be known as the Western High School even Mr. Scudder was able to distinguish They were all equally beloved,—and he Camera Club. At a meeting held Friday, his head and shoulders at the head of the

TO "THE REVIEW."

We thank thee, elder brother, For thy kind advice to us, And we'll straightway try to smother Our unnecessary fuss.

We're sorry that we measured Our puny little jaw Against the cheek you've treasured Through the merry days of yore.

When you held the field in glory, Born of size and solitude; Nor dreamed of battle gory With "The Western," young and rude!

Then we'll promise not to "holler" When your ammunition flies-'Though it takes a great big swallow To surround those "Humble Pies."

A. K. C.

THE MAN WITH COLORED BLOOD.

medical world.

Dr. Gilbert having applied all moderate and hen-roosts. saving his patient and advancing medical and a new suit of clothes, made the re- to object, but he soon over-rode these ob-

the real task,— to find as perfect a speci- rapidly acquiring what he had not possessed men of physical manhood as possible, who for months, a real appetite. The prudent could be induced to part with some of his physician warned him against using anygood red blood for the benefit of a fellow thing but the plainest food and noted with man, and a consideration. The enthusi- pleasure that his directions were cheerfully astic physician found several men who obeyed by Barrington, who ate plain cornpossessed the required physical conditions bread and bacon with "hog jowl and but none of them would consent to the greens," with the greatest relish. After a operation. He had begun to despair of few days, a second transfusion was made, The subject of the transfusion of blood the successful termination of his project, the amount of blood being considerably has been before the world since sometime when during a visit to Norfolk, Virginia, increased. It was followed by a very in the seventeenth century. From then he met a mulatto boy, "Dick," a former alarming depression of the patient, then till now, it has been buffeted about by slave of his father. Dick was overjoyed nausea and high fever ending in some medical men in a most unprofessional at seeing a representative of "de old hours of delirium. During the delirium manner, one day pronounced the greatest fambly" as he expressed it, and the Doc- young Barrington sung many of his colscientific discovery of the age, the next, tor was equally pleased at the meeting, for lege songs, but always accompanied his decided an illegal and useless operation. in Dick he saw more than he had ever singing with the rhythmic patting of the To the casual observer it would seem that, hoped for, in a way of a supply for his plantation negro. Two or three times he after this verdict by the authorities, the experiment. Though Dick was ragged sprang out of bed and in spite of all his question would be dropped at once. But and horribly dirty, the quick eye of the attendants could do to restrain him, danced it has lingered on with always enough be- ardent physician saw under the rags and and patted the old plantation juba and lievers to keep it before the eyes of the dirt, one of the most splendidly perfect Mobile back, in a very violent manner, recreation appeared to have no beneficial anatomy, more than an ounce of shot of these minor matters were either overlooked, effect whatever; in fact there seemed to be varying sizes, fired into him at sundry or not noticed at all. no recuperative force left in his system. times by watchful guardians of orchards When the now thoroughly elated Dr.

science at the same time determined to try doubtable Dick a very presentable man. the tranfusion of blood. An hour of his A few days passed and the first experifervid and hopeful argument induced young ment took place, resulting in young Bar-Barrington to submit to a trial, and by dint rington's veins being enriched by three of hard work and persuasion he gained ounces of Dick's pure red blood. After from the authorities the necessary permis- the first depressing and sickening effects of sion to perform the operation. the operation had passed, the Doctor was The preliminaries over with, now came overjoyed to observe that Barrington was physical developments of his experience. but in faultless time. This was rather re-About the year 1880, the subject of Though fully half of Dick's blood was markable as he had never tried a step of transfusion of blood had reached a African, he made but slight show of it in either dance before in his life. After some climax in this country; it was talked of, his outward appearance; his skin was no days of rest, his general health began to argued about, and, in a few instances, it more than swarthy, and his hair although improve perceptibly, and it was evident was put to a practical test. Of all the en- very curly, was real hair, bright and that the tide of life and vigor which had thusiasts in the country, there was no glossy, not wool; his face too, when clean, ebbed so long, had finally turned and was more hearty adherent or conscientious pro- was prepossessing. Negotiations were coming back with increasing force. His moter of the scheme than Dr. Gilbert, a soon begun and successfully finished, for appetite was enormous, especially for the noted practitioner of southern Virginia, though Dick was somewhat frightened at coarser forms of food, and his craving for The Doctor had under his care at this time first his faith in "one ob de old fambly," "possum and sweet potatoes" was inordia young man, Frederic Barrington by soon reassured him, and the prospect of nate. The young man's parents noticed with name, whose health was a perfect wreck. plenty to eat and some money without alarm, that he was showing an unquench-Barrington was of good family and super- work attached, clinched the matter. Dick's able thirst for the meanest brands of moonior education. He had been at a northern life after freedom, had been from his own shine whisky and that he insisted on chewcollege for four years, and at the end of many crimes, a hard one; he had served ing the darkest and strongest of plug tothat period had come home a physical ruin on nearly every chain gang in southern bacco. His liking for literature too, had the result of severe mental application and Virginia, for every conceivable petty theft. seemed to disappear entirely; but all were exposure to a harsh climate. Rest and Added to this he carried in his stalwarth so overjoyed at his improved health, that

Gilbert was ready to make the third transremedies without effect, at last, in hope of A good warm supper, a bath, a hair cut, fusion, he found Barrington was inclined camp-meeting scenes, singing negro hymns robbed his own father's hen-house. with great spirit. At times he swore violently, using the vilest language, and insisting that if five aces appeared in the game again, he would use his razor.

After a night of waiting, his fever subsided and the patient was resting in a natural sleep. The watchful doctor, knowing that all was now safe, retired to an adjoining room for needed rest, locking the only outside door to either room. He slept late and in the morning was surprised to find that his watch, money, and diamond pin (the latter presented to him by Barrington a few days before) had been stolen. On reflection, he decided to say nothing of the theft, as it would be embarrassing to his patient, and in addition the thief was probably some servant about the house, so that silence would have the effect of hastening the discovery.

He was astounded some days later, when covery.

red in connection with a farmer's water- ject is accomplished.

jections, and another and still larger supply melon patch. Young Barrington evident-

DONALD NESBIT.

K. S. K.

Kamptown is going to give a show And it will be "hot stuff," Maybe you don't believe me, though, and Perhaps you think this "bluff." Twenty boys will then take part, Only think of it; When they begin to crack their jokes None will have heard such wit.

Some may not like the style of play, Others will think we "climb;" So just you wait to see our style How sweet, yet how sublime, Until the band begins to play, Loud, and all out of tune.

Kum one, kum all, help sell the seats, Let each one take ten or twenty, Until we hear Miss Westcott say "Bravo," you've all done plenty.

EARLE TANNER.

Barrington settled his bill for medical some Friday morning he would be struck frain, "Say au Revoir." services, to see his stolen watch-chain with astonishment at the tableau before And then, not daring to look to right or across the young man's vest, and perfectly him. There in the straight-backed chairs, left, covered with confusion, and scarlet to dumbfounded when his late patient pulled about twenty sweet-faced maidens sit erect the roots of her hair, she rushed through out his stolen pocket-book, and coolly paid with their hands falling gracefully relaxed the doorway, -only to hear the Kamptownhim with his own money. It began to in their laps, heads slightly drooping, and ers say, in a voice low, deep, and full of dawn on the good doctor's mind, that there and their dear eyes closed. A novel spec- meaning. "Thank you." were possibilities in the transfusion of tacle this is, indeed,—one not often seen blood that had not before occurred to him. within the strict confines of the school-room! It was evident now, as he reflected, that But what sort of training is this class unhe had been blinded at the time, to points dergoing? Are they being hypnotized by of character which had shown themselves that gentle looking teacher? Surely not. in young Barrington's actions since his re- She has not the eye of a Svengali. Have they all been out so late last night that Many things have occurred since then to sleep has overcome them here in recitation? the annoyance of the parents of young Bar- No, for the sounds which strike the listenrington, although his health is most vigor- er's ear are not those discordant ones which ous. He no longer studies or even reads; the common crowd calls "snoring," but his favorite amusement is shooting crap in the most delicate tones rising and falling a back alley; he delights to array himself gently, gently in the scale. So, this is a in loud trousers, brilliant necktie, and a music class, oh ignorant visitor! and these large checked shirt. Last summer, when fair lassies are concentrating their thoughts riding out near a famous southern watering on producing the most clear and correct place, a very compromising incident occurtones. Judge ye whether or not their ob-J. M. D.

She was a timid first-year who had eviof the crimson fluid was transferred from ly makes the best effort possible to resist dently not heard the announcement that the Dick's system to young Barrington's. This some unseen force within him. He has Kamptowners would hold full sway in the was followed by conditions similar to those frequently been observed to thrust his Study Hall on Tuesday, Wednesday and after the second operation, except that the hands deep into his pockets, and rush with Friday afternoons. Consequently, on one depression was greater and the fever and de- averted head past a chicken-coop in the of the afternoons in question, long after the lirium more violent and of longer duration. market. But with all his good resolutions, rest of the school had been forcibly expelled, In this delirium he went through many it has even been rumored about that he she sat in a secluded corner, so intent upon the book before her, that a hilarious shout, and a prolonged whistle, followed by dead silence, passed unnoticed.

The silence, however, did not long remain unbroken, for soon sweet melodies filled the air, echoing again and again in the staid old Hall. But our maiden was entirely oblivious of all signs and sounds.— At last dreamily closing her book, she gathered up her belongings, and passed slowly and thoughtfully down the aisle, towards the door. Glancing up from her, no doubt, interesting study of the floor, she suddenly saw on the platform, a sight which brought terror to her youthful heart, and quickened her pace to double quick time. For arranged along the front of the platform, was a group of boys, the flower of the school, who stood, arms folded, fixing, to say the least, an embarrassing stare on the now, shrinking, confused maiden, If a stranger should step into room V. as they sang half mechanically the old re-

F. FENTON. '98.

GRINS.

FOURTH YEAR GREEK CLASS.

There was a young man scanning Greek. And everyone thought him a freak,

All frowned at his metre, Prof. yelled out "repeat 'er," The lad he began to look weak.

He longed to be free, Far away on the sea, He groaned and he moaned at the "fates," "Alas! my "feet" are not mates, One's longer than it should be."

E. R. W.

The goat which ate up the geography, could truthfully say, "The world is mine."

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MONDAY, MARCH 2, 1896.

No. 10.

THE CLOSE OF DAY.

The day doth wane, the sun doth slowly near the line, where fade

The sea and sky, to blend in one harmonious shade. The birds are hushed, the tiny waves do softly kiss the shore.

And o'er the earth there reigneth gentle peace once more.

A moment, and the sun doth bid to earth his last adieu.

The sky is gold and crimson; now it fades to matchless blue.

made,

The glorious lights of heaven, slowly, slowly fade.

And now the heavens are darker, and in the deep old ocean

The dome hath disappeared without a sign or motion.

The earth in a mantle is shrouded, a mantle of faintest gray-

T'is the restful hour of twilight. Ah! it doth not · come to stay. —

For see, the waters glisten in a newly radiant hue, Earth wraps herself in a garment of jewels and palest blue,

And over the quietiwaters, in a silvery train of light, Rideth in silent splendor—the moon—the queen of night.

E. J. ALEXANDER.

WAPOONITA.

"Early the miner plods to work Late he comes away, But ne'er his duty does he shirk So his heart is light and gay

So his heart is-Well, I declare," exclaimed Jack, the songster, bringing his horse to a full stop at the edge of a wood, just where the narrow path, entrapped by the treacherous vines and bushes, is lost He put up his horse, went into the which meant bed time.

less a white man be such, turned, shot had determined to enrich themselves off past him and was gone.

absent minded way, "I guess we'll go Cad in fatherly tones. Of course the adhome—Well I declare—Hello, that looks ventures were related to his companion as like Bess "

when to his surprise he heard, coming shoulder with his flowry hands saying, from the direction of his house, fierce "Good for you, but say, the cows have shrieks, indescribable but characteristic of come back and are waiting to be milked." While in that priceless mirror, the one which nature the Indian. On reaching the top of the After the evening chores were done hill he stopped and looking into the vale they sat down to chat and smoke, telling beneath, all covered with the wild sweet- their adventures comparing the successes ness of spring, his eye sought the spot of the day and ending by writing to the where, tucked away in one corner of the loved ones in the east. vale, were a wee cabin, a large shed and So, all the evenings were spent but somea great fence. There he saw about twenty how as the days passed the cabin got 's soryoung Indian boys who amidst shouts, ter troublesome," as Cad expressed it, for meant for laughter, were tearing down the he was continually falling over rubbish fence and driving the cattle into the woods that he would "clean up tomorrow," but beyond. This was rare sport, for would when the next evening came, to-morrow the master not have a hard time to catch was just as far off as ever. them? As soon as they caught sight of "Well," said Jack, one day, "I say we the white man, their shouts became get an Indian chap over there to come at bay, they were about to rush at him mother suddenly appeared here and all a statue, calmy turned, sought his holster and then if she didnt take a stick and whip and with a wave of the hand, yelled me just as she used to and I howled just "come on, boys." The wise sons of as I used to." America of course understood this for they "Ha, Jack, that's one on you, but I say turned and rushed madly over the hill get one of 'em yourself, I wont go after never stopping to look back at the poor any." solitary man whose prompt action had Accordingly, it was arranged that Jack saved his life. "Well, I do declare," he go there the following evening and so the said again.

to view, "Is that what frightened me?" only room of his log cabin, placed his Yes, Jack went, but he had plenty of Before him stood an Indian girl, look- only pair of boots under the only bed, sat company for, from the time he entered the ing very much like other Indian girls, in down on one of the two chairs by the side camp till he reached the chief's tent, every her gaily beaded dress, except that her of the only table and thus remained till his Indian he met turned and followed him. eyes were unusually large and beautiful. partner, a blustering, robust fellow, nick- Then as best he could he told why he She too, had heard a noise and finding it named Cad, came walking in. These two came, but to his surprise each young man to have been caused by no wild beast, un- young forty-niners, as they were called, after closely scrutinizing his face turned

the newly discovered gold fields of the "Kem up ole fel," said Jack in a rather west. "What's the matter Jack?" said they busied themselves preparing supper. He had almost reached his destination As he finished Cad slapped him on the

whispers and with all the ferocity of a deer help around. Last night I dreamed that when Jack, suddenly realizing he was not she did was to look at me sorter serious

matter was settled with a prolonged yawn

and a wise grunt.

This was Wapoonita.

How different the cabin seemed when she looked at him shyly, then stopped. touched by feminine hands; true, they were only those of the most primitive sort, but they seemed skilful indeed to the two with gay pieces of cloth of her own make, you like to see her?" but I am afraid they were not worn with For a while she did not answer, but at the owners.

"Here, Whoop," said Cad one day, you." directed she went to the neighboring love-" and he smiled at the thought. have given me more pleasure than to have village returning with her basket filled Quickly she jerked aside her head only had a game with my brother or accompanwith provisions, and a great curiosity in looking at him with her bright eyes as if ied my sister, but there were my lessons to be her mind why so much was given to her to hold him there and then, as she arose done, especially a long French translation. for so little. So on the next day she Jack saw the low cabin dwarfed by Sadly I made my way to the library a

response.

"Oh, anything about yourself."

and left with a simple shake of the head "All I know," she said, "when I was such gloomy shadows as these on the right. a papoose, I live way up there far behind "I'll declare," said Jack, "this is a Suddenly their stepped from the remain- high mountains, by water that go on and great night, if only I-who's there?" ing group, a girl, the one he had so singu- on, never stop and I laugh at water and His answer was a sharp report. Then larly met before. He knew those eyes he laugh at me. Then, long time pass, came the thud of a falling body, then the and as she spoke in a sweet broken En- they say I ought to work but I would not sound of the hoofbeats of a frightened glish her voice seemed as soft as the sigh- work for hard Indian, he like his dog horse, retreating in the distance. That ing of the night air. "Me go," she said, better. Then all young Indians like me was all. Wapoonita was avenged. No one seemed to object, so she went. for squaw, but Wapoonita no like Indian man, so be say she crazy, but''- Here

"But what, Wapoonita?"

"You tell her story," she replied.

So he began; "Far, far away over that boys who after a hard days work would way, child, where I used to live, where I come home and find all in readiness for will live some time again, there live all them. Now in the evenings the little who are dear to me, father, mother, sister group was three and another chair had and best of all a sweet little girl with eyes been added; one manufactured from a box so dark and sparkling, they look like decorated with beads and feathers, for yours, Wapoonita and she loves me and I Wapoonita. She would sit there listening love her. Some day when I get lots of to the conversation, but seldom speaking, gold I will go back to her and we shall be while she busied herself patching trousers rich and live happy all our lives. Would

half the pride she took displaying them to last she said, "Ah, but Wapoonita loves you best, better than all gold-she die for

written a list of articles and his name, what loves is," he said, smoothing her solitaire game of cards, my sister was "take this to the grocer's to-morrow." As hair, "she likes me very, very much, but playing her violin. Now, nothing would

persistent he cannot penetrate heavy, dark under a glass case. bushes whose interfacing branches cast On this particular evening, as I said,

ALBERTA WALKER.

A WARNING.

A maid in search of flowers, Went down a path one day, She spied a stone, O, horrors! It lay across the way.

With spring so light and agile, She jumped beyond the stone; She missed a flower fragile, That grew there all alone.

So when in fullest measure We shun our share of care, Perhaps we miss the pleasure That clings so closely there.

Then look before you jump, my dear, And think the subject o'er, Lest you should lose from foolish fear What you are looking for. A. W-

ONE WAY OF PREPARING A FRENCH LESSON.

My father and mother had gone to the giving her a piece of paper on which was "Ho, but Wapoonita does not know theatre, my brother was busy playing a

quietly stole from the house with a big her height. "You no love her," she room built as a wing from the main buildbasket and a small piece of paper; but, burst forth, "Wapoonita can't have you, ing, and consequently quiet. The walls imagine her surprise when the store-keeper no one else ever have you." were lined with books from floor to ceiling, looked at her sagely over his glasses, then He knew she left the room yet he still at one end glowed a fire over which was a gave her a stick of candy telling her to saw her standing there saying those same stone mantle piece covered with curiosities run along with it. words over and over, but at last he drolled collected from various parts of the globe. One evening Cad was missing from the out his favorite expression, "Well, I de- Ever since my earliest recollection, I had group for he had gone to town from clare, that's Indian for you, she'll be all been acquainted with the carved ivory cross whence he would perhaps return minus the right to-morrow. True, that was "Indian from Africa, the lions tooth, the Chinese many hard day's work that was represented for you' but did he think she had dis-slippers, the rose from Shakespeare's in the gold he took with him, but many played temper? That was submission yet birth-blace, a piece of Atlantic cable, a forty-niners did this. it had not tamed her wild pride. petrified alligator, etc., but above all, my "It is strange," said Jack, half to him- "Guess I'll see to the cows," he said greatest admiration lay in a skull, a skull self and half to his companion, "I cannot as he started out of the door. of an old French monk buried hundreds of keep him from going, he generally minds The night was beautiful; over all shone years ago and recently found under a little me, well-but talk to me Wapoonita." the bright face of the inquisitive moon, no ruined church near Rouen. This ghastly "I don't know what to talk," was the not over all, for though the moon is very object was on a purple and gold drapery

I went to the library, drew a comfortable, leather arm-chair up to the fire and began came to the translation, but rack my brain appearance on the 22d;" so said an eye my work. I finished my German in as I would, not one word could I remember. witness of the parade, who is quoted as a about fifty minutes, then with heavy heart And I may add that next day I received military authority. took up the French. I did not at once be- two failures in French. gin to study, hoping to gain strength by feeling perfectly rested before I began. I gazed at the fire; it was burning low: I glanced up to the mantle, I started, for the skull bore an expression I had never noticed before. As I watched it, instead of the hard, cracked cheek-bones, the rugged form of a chin, the nose cavity and the eye-hollows, the face of an old man appeared, wrinkled skin, dim eyes, tremb'ing mouth, tonsured head.

"The French monk," thought I.

As I still watched the face, the lips seemed to move, and a hard, dull sound issued from a voice stilled three hundred years,

"He wants to speak," I said to myself, "I'll lift off the glass case."

I did so, trembling in my eager excitement. In voice low and deep, every word echoing throughout the still room, sounded the words.

"Follow in your book."

And his misty eyes looked towards my French book lying on the floor. I picked it up, looked at it to see what he possibly could mean and in his ghastly, hollow voice he began,-

"Quarantieme Lecon—Fortieth Lesson" and translated the whole of the three pages, while I followed not daring to lift my eyes from the book for fear of missing some word. As he finished there was a long deep groan; I quickly looked up in time to see the skull, no longer resembling a living face, crumbled to dust!

"My dear, how late you are up! Have you been asleep down here?" sounded my mother's voice.

I rubbed my eyes and pointed to the mantle. The glass case was standing on the floor and all that remained of the skull was a yellow sort of dust.

"Why, what have you been doing?" my mother said. Didn't you knew if you touched the skull it would crumble away?"

"I must have done it in my sleep," I dream."

And I related it to her perfectly till I "Company H" made a very creditable

CONSTANCE ADEE.

AN IDYLL ON THE IDOL OF THE TIMES.

Pretty maiden, all alone, Much to sad reflections prone, Sighs would melt a heart of stone, They're so deep.

Fire flickers very low, Clock is ticking, oh, so slow; Pug dog, curled in heep of woe, Lies asleep.

Why this melancholy scene? What has caused this sorrow keen? What has happened, that my queen So despairs!

Ah! 'Tis such a woeful tale, 'Tis no wonder she turns pale. Cause enough to weep and wail Heartfelt prayers.

Maiden, being up-to-date, Straightway got her naughty pate Full of notions that relate To the girls.

Manly habits thought she'd like; Put on bloomers; rode a bike; Organized a woman's strike; Cut her curls;

Vowed she'd ne'er of marriage think. But did Jack's brave spirits sink? No! For something like a wink Lit his face.

Now she's wakened, quite aghast, Bike and bloomers from her cast. Oh! Will Jack the dreadful past E'er erase?

Hark! A step. Her eyes grow bright. Manly form looms up in sight. "Now, Jack, stop, because you might Muss my hair!''

Moral? Yes, a little one:-Give old Time a chance to run And of "twentieth century" fun, Girls, beware!

GRACE FRANCES BIRD.

HAPPENINGS.

Mr. Kane has left us. A case which necessitated immediate action took him from us even before he could say "goodbye." Mr. Kane, who was a loyal Westerner, owns a warm spot in the hearts of impidend chile! stammered, "I had a most remarkable many of us, who truly wish him great success in his new field of work.

So often when a new instructor comes into school in the middle of the school year, necessarily interrupting the course somewhat, he desires to remodel the plans of work, making the pupils feel that all is upset and confused. Rarely we find an instance where his former work is identical with the new, in plan, yet this is decidedly exceptional. A rare thing it is to find a case where the new teacher, eager to bring himself into immediate touch with the class, putting aside, possibly for the present, his own plans conforms entirely to what he sees has been the former custom. Yet we feel that we have been thus fortunate as a school, and although he has been so short a time with us we feel at home with our new teacher Mr. Dales, whom we welcome to our midst.

The 20th was a happy day for us all. It brought to not alone the recoilections of the day, but in addition two prominent men of Washington to recall to our minds more distinctly the life and deeds of him Whom we all love and revere as "Father fof his country." In the stead of Mr. B. T. Janney, who was expected to conduct the exercises, Mr. Curridon, one of our patrons, a prominent member of the Board of Trade conducted the exercises, opening them befittingly with a short talk on Washingtou. He was followed by none other than another of our patrons and president of the Board of Trade Mr. B. H. Warner who, in his usual happy manner pictured to us, carefully and clearly, the life of our first president. The meeting was made doubly enjoyable by the singing of our national airs, in which we could and did all take part.

"Yo' Blanch Snowball come right in outen de sun," screamed a negro mamma to her darling. "Waffur, ma?" "Waffur? I'll tell yo' waffur! Fust thing yo' know yo' complexion will be worser dan dat white tras,' yo'll be dat sun burned'n tanned, yo'

Life insurance in some cases is merely a matter of policy.

THE WESTERN.

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MONDAY, MARCH 2, 1896.

EDITORIAL.

Much has been said in these columns concerning loyalty to school metacests, with the hope of fostering and keeping alive a devotion to our school, and while we believe our purpose has been accomplished to a large extent, yet there seems to be limitation to our loyalty which confines it to the few years which we spend as students of the school. Why this is so we cannot say, but we do say that it ought not to be and that it may be easily remedied. Of course it is not to be expected that students leaving the school and practically severing all connection with it will cherish a very deep devotion for their alma mater, when there is nothing in their lives to remind them of the happy days spent under her benign influence. But if, on the other hand, there are occasions when former classmates can meet and recall the sweet memories of the old-school days and rehearse fond recollections of the classroom, there will ever be kept burning a flame of true devotion and loyal enthusiasm for the old school.

We often hear it said, by those who have passed from youth to maturer age, that school days are the happiest days of one's life, and the fondest recollections deeper suggestion of thought.

they have are those of the school-room. Will not we too think thus some day and find great pleasure in looking back on those happy days? Three successive classes have graduated from our school, but not one of them has reassembled to celebrate the memory of its alma mater. We appeal to the present senior class, with all its enthusiasm and loyal spirit, not to follow the course of its predecessors, but to establish a precedent by appointing yearly reunions to recount the olden times.

With shamefacedness we are compelled to acknowledge that for at least two years no flag has floated from the pole on our There was a time when the building. glorious stars and stripes floated proudly over the building, but since that particular flag was destroyed, through constant use, no other has ever been procured to take its place. Where is our patriotism, that for two years we are content to be deprived of the flag we love? Never a day should pass without a sight of it; it should be kept ever before us as a great object lesson to remind us of the never-dying heritage which it gives us,-freedom, liberty.

the flag. If the government won't give it comb Riley. to us, we will get it ourselves, and with three cheers for "Old Glory," we will once more give her folds to the breezes.

"FIELD DAY."

On Tuesday morning last, the girls of the Senior class, under the direction of Mrs. Walton gave the school a very enjoyable hour with the late poet, Eugene Field.

Miss Lyddane sketched his life briefly, from a boy to college life, through his brilliant career as journalist to his later life and recent death. After Miss Coyle rendered the charming little child poem, "The Duel," Miss Charles recited "The Night Wind." Both of these poems have on the electric wire. that delicate touch of characteristic humor selections; a humor though thoroughly after he had eaten them. enjoyable and amusing, carries with it a A bat that flies without wings,—brick

Miss Lockwood kindly sang Field's pathetic poem "Little Boy Blue," bringing out the depths of the poet's saddened thoughts by the chorus of the soft melody, "The Bench Legged Fyce," another delightful poem was given by Miss Johnson, after which Miss Davis recited "The Dutch Lullaby," more familiarily known as "Winken, Blinken and Nod," which little nursery song was so highly appreciated that she recited, "Seeing Things at Night."

This concluded the hour with Eugene Field, who is recognized as the Western poet, just as James Whitcomb Riley is styled the Hoosier poet.

We were very much suprised and honored when, at the close of the exercises Miss Westcott introduced Mrs. Taylor, the teacher of Physical Culture and Elocution in the Cleveland School of Art, and the wife of Benjamin Taylor, the Illinois poet of to-day. Mr. Taylor is the author of the volume "From Hell Gate to Gold Gate," but is probably better known by his poems "The River of Time" and "Money Musk." Mrs. Taylor gave us an informal but very delightful little talk on Development, Mentally, Physically and Morally. This is the third exercise of its kind which has been given in the Exhibition Hall, on the other two occassions the hours were devoted to Don't let another month pass without Oliver Wendall Holmes and James Whit-

> The love of good blood in life is scarcely a thing to be wondered at, but the pride of it in death is rather rare. In a grave yard not far away, is this epitaph: "Here lies the beloved wife of ---, who was closely connected with the best familes of Maryland and Virginia."

> If, as has been said, our girls are devotional, because they are continually looking up, in the morning exercises, are the boys irreverant? for they surely are continually looking down.

> Strange as it may seem, light-houses are always built of heavy material.

> "You shock me," said the man as he trod

The boy who was bent on eating the which flavors many of Eugene Field's best green apples was in the same condition

bat.

THEM PUNKIN' PIES.

You see I aint but three months over eight, And so I find it dreadful hard to wait Until I several years can older grow, To learn about some things that puzzle so. Now there's the day that Mary Ann she tries To see if she can't make some punkin' pies.

Why is it, on this very morning Joe Takes it inside his head to love me so, And gives me such a lot of nuts to crack, For just to tell him when Aunt Jane gets back, And then stands in the kitchen, his black eyes, A watchin' Mary Ann make punkin' pies.

Now if she is my sister I will say That Mary Ann looks pretty any way, But now her blue eyes sparkle; on her cheek I see the dimples playing hide an' seek, And now Joe's arm about her waist, I spies. He takes great interest in punkin' pies!

And then I cries "Aunt Jane is at the door," And Mary Ann most drops right through the

But not one single word does Aunt Jane say, I heard her as she put the pies away, With tears a gleamin' in her sharp old eyes, There's plenty sugar in them punkin' pies. A. M. K.

SUNSHINE.

That was what they called her, for from the first morning she opened her large blue eyes on the town of Mulberry she seemed to bring a merry flood of sunshine with her, so happy was her nature. When she was ness at the corner grocery. still a mere baby she would crawl over the floor, patting the bright rays of light, as they shone through the slats of the nursery shutters, laughing in glee when some frolicksome sunbeam danced out of reach of her chubby fingers. What did it matter that him. she had been christened Catherine Theresa Thus it was, that, one Sunday morning crowded the streets. John Fenwood and away on his broad shoulder while she gaily rumpled his hair.

Catherine's mother had died when she finger. on her father's once boyish brow. The slip away into the front garden to stretch figure in a white night-gown. Only one twined lovingly around his neck were the crocuses to select the choicest flower and one little scream of "Don," ended all .-

only things that could now lighten the crush it with her overwhelming caresses. darkness of his heart.

sign that hung there for two generations.

"John Fenwood, Bros. Groceries."

Alfred Thompson, Attorney at Law. The and scolded and kissed again. There was out the slightest recognition.

the dispute over adjoining lands, and of the rest awhile. The bright gilt sign had a crushing law suit that followed. The final strange fascination for her, but the sweet had married Miss Catherine, the village of all. Many were the times Miss Patty affections. Many a gossip had nodded her little runaway, or else, holding her close and whispered about the time when this to run along home for Don would miss her. same Attorney had married a Larrytown The August days arrived with their girl to ease his wounded pride. That was drowsy afternoons and long evenings, long ago, but the old man still held his head as high as in youth and refused to notice the sons who continued their fathers busi-

He was an old man now, but the thought that Miss Catherine had preferred rather to bestow her hand upon a grocer than a prosperous lawyer, had so cut his soul that the scar had remained there forever to torture

Fenwood after her grandmother. "Don," after service, when the old gentleman had his brother joined the town folks to lend her uncle had called her "Little Sunshine," discovered that the full rich voice which assistance ere the flames became unmanageso Sunshine she remained. As she grew stirred the congregation with the depth of able. older she would toddle to the door that its melody and feeling, had awakened an The old attorney who had an interest in opened into the big grocery store, and chat- answering chord in the heart of his only the factory was among the first to hasten ter away in unknown English to the store daughter Miss Patty, then it was, that he away. hands, until her nurse missed the little run- raised a threatening hand and borbade John The last alarm ceased as the big engine away and came to coax her back, or per- Fenwood waiting for her after meeting or dashed down the roadway. On! on! came

> Sunshine was first learning to balance her- clanging bell, which scattered the crowds self by the aid of a chair or her father's before it, like frightened chickens before a

As the long summer days wore on she Over the door of the store hung the same would trip down the street, her cheeks glowing and her curls flying in the breeze, greeting all whom she passed with the same A little farther up the street under the sunny smile that showed two rows of teeth. window of a quaint but aristocratic looking Her delight knew no bounds when, after old house, hung another sign, but this one leading her nurse a merry chase, she was was cut in bronze and bore the name of, finally caught and smothered with kisses owner of that sign met and passed each day one particular stoop on the street which the heads of the other establishment, with- charmed this little girl, for there she would pause on her trips up and down the block Any of the older town-folks could tell of to straighten her baby doll's dress or to drop that o'erflowed the Attorney's torrent face of Miss Patty, which was sure to smile of anger, fell, when John Fenwood Senior, at her from the window, attracted her most beauty on whom he had set his wealth and had slipped cakes into the hands of the head knowingly to her next door neighbor had kissed the baby's fair hair and told her

> which come with a breath of fresh air after the stifling heat of the noonday sun.

> Early one evening the stillness was broken by the wild clanging of bells. The whole town was thrown into the wildest confusion by shouts of, "Fire! Fire! The factory's a fire !!" The red flames which stretched their long twining arms upward over the creaking woodwork sent a glare over the throngs of people below who

haps, (and this she liked best of all) Don at anytime seeking her presence. the great horses, their nostrils dilating, would leave his order books to carry her That was three years ago when little their heavy hoofs resounding above the storm. In an instant the crowd surged was too little to remember, but the sad When the spring days began to lengthen back, but there, -there, before the oncomrealization had penciled deep lines of care and grow warmer Little Sunshine would ing engine with its fiery trail, swayed a tiny little curly head that nestled close on his outher small hands to the fluttering butter- brief moment it stood there, but to one on shoulder and the soft baby arms that flies, or pause before the bed of budding the curbstone watching, it seemed hours ere

She slipped through the murmuring crowd with burden pressed close to her heart. On to the corner she passed where she met Don, who gathered the baby form in his arms, with a stifled sob. Through the store they passed into the room beyond where they laid the little one. "You will stay with her?" he asked brokenly. She nodded assent and turned back to the oldfashioned divan to watch where watching was needed no more, while he sought through the crowd of helpers the father of little Sunshine.

The flames with their menacing tongues leapt up and sent a pink reflection over the walls of the room as though they mockingly strove to replenish the light which had gone out with this little one's life. Why, THE APPLE PIE OR THE SMALLER BOYS ch! why had she not been quicker and saved this little form whose life had been the connecting link of comfort to three saddened hearts? Over and over these

comforted his heart.

last bright ray had slipped out of her worse for his experience.

A short while later he found the object ing one.

lift their smiling faces, butterflies flitter calculated to bring about the most tremen- expected present remitted an awful howl here and there on their fairy wings, the dous results, but even with the help of a and started for a pump frantically endeavgolden sunbeams linger near and kiss the piece of yeast cake which he hooked from oring to get rid of the pie he had already

EDNA WESCOTT, '96.

will the north be on your right or left? New Scholar: I'm sure I don't know ma'am, 'cause I'm a stranger in these parts.

A subject to be made light of, gas.

SONG OF THE SHIRT.

(Respectfully dedicated to Lieutenant Smoot).

It was our first lieutenant, One moonlight night and fair, That to a festive party A hirt did lack, to wear.

He hied him to the laundry, With the laundry man he pled, "Oh, give to me my clothing Before this night has fled!"

They hunted through the bundles, In futile hopes to hit, Some semblance of a full dress shirt, His manly form to fit.

Long time a maiden waited, Her feelings deeply hurt, Before her escort bold appeared, Resplendent in that shirt. A. E. B.

REVENGE.

ble cullud sassiety known as Foggy Bottom credit him. thoughts rushed in Miss Patty's mind until the other afternoon; such a gathering as But the next day brought fortune. He

slipped his arms around her and drew her write were a small colored boy and a smaller immediately took home. close until her tired head rested where colored boy, each endeavoring with might There he "swiped" a good sized paper little Sunshine's fair head often nestled and and main to annihilate the other. At last package which he concealed on his person. But little Sunshine had gone home to beat a hasty retreat to his home, a little precious pie, he went in search of his late her Maker, the giver of life and light. The dirtier perhaps but otherwise none the opponent.

soft grass where lies our "Little Sunshine." his mother's cupboard and swallowed in eaten. the vain hope of aiding his intellectual pro- Our hero did not wait to express any

> sudden was the shock that he involuntarily haid aint in it wid pepper on de inside." began to look for a brick to hit the idea

with before his powerful intellect grasped the situation. This is the way it happened. As he was taking a stroll through the sunny precints of "Johnsings Alley," he joined the congregation assembled to hear the preacher who edifies the inhabitants every Sunday afternoon with his soul moving discourses.

The theme on that especial Sunday was brotherly love and during his masterful development of the subject the preacher mentioned the fact that it was the duty of every man to keep a free boarding house for his enemies. It was at this point that the idea got in its fine work.

"Feed 'im, dat's de stuff," thought our hero gleefully, "I'll git 'im a Apple Pie."

Full of this plan he hastened to execute it or I should say he hastened to attempt There was a gathering in one of the to execute it for he had not the where-withstreets of that beautiful center of fashiona- al to purchase the pie and no one would

Don with his white, worn face returned. can often be seen in that locality. The came into possession of a nickel in compen-As the father bent over his baby in an assembly which always accompanies a sation for the labor expended in holding a agony of grief, Don gently drew Miss "scrap", which I must explain for of course horse, that being the only occupation in Patty aside. "He giveth and he taketh you have never before heard such a vulgar which he ever indulged since it entailed no away," he whispered brokenly. "He who term, is a fistic contest (razoustic sometimes) exertion either bodily or mental. With looseth his life shall find it. Oh! Patty, devoid of rewriting, rules, referee, or any this treasure in hand he betook himself to dear, he-your father,-the walls have of the other impediments which tend to the nearest shop where such commodities fallen, he, is dead too." Then as she civilize the "manly art". caught her breath to hush her grief, he The principals in the affair of which I capital in a large and luscious pie which he

the smaller of the combatants was seen to after which, having armed himself with his

father's life but there remained a peace His soul rebelled however against a de- of his search and presented his peace offerwhich was not of the world, a peace of feat at the hands of one whom he had al- ing. It was received in awe-struck silence soul such as God only can send to a suffer- ways considered to be easy and he resolved and its demolishion commenced in the to have revenge. He, then setting his same way. However, hardly had he taken Out on the hillside budding crocuses brain at work, tried to think up a plan the first bite than the recipient of this un-

cesses, he was unable to formulate one; so sympathy but made himself scarce as quietly Teacher: If you stand facing the west, he gave it up for a while.

as possible, saying with a wicked grin as The following Sunday however, an idea he disappeared under the shadow of his struck him with great force. Indeed, so own tree, "Yer coals of fire on top yer

G. T. M.

No. 11.

WESTERN COLORS.

RED-LOVE.

The red bird cooing love-songs to his wife; The warm heart's blood, instinct with loving life; The fire's bright glow that chases care away; The sun's long kiss at dawn and close of day; The love that throbs throughout the Universe.

WHITE-PURITY.

A fleecy cloud upon a summer day; The snow new-fallen from the sky of gray; A lily's waxen cup of stainless white; The clear calm moonbeams on a cloudless night;

The purity that lives throughout the Universe. Oh! let us keep our hearts as pure as snow, As warm with love as is the fire's bright glow; That thus our spirits, as our Maker wills May blend into the harmony that thrills

Throughout the great heart of the Universe.

MAIDE.

AN ELFIN DREAM.

On the hilltop stands a fine old brown cottage in the midst of a luxuriant garden, ley, where the lights sparkled like gems to the boy and he grew restless again. where the roses bloom and the pansies lift and seemed to beckon him on. "What is over there in the great betheir quaint faces to the smiling skies above. "I will go for a few minutes." He said; youd?" A beautiful woman clad in a soft filmy "She will not miss me." Then away they "Oh! that's the great world," the elf gown moves down the walk, leading a dark- sped, for the path down hill was easy and hastened to reply. "There the people are haired child by the hand. They pause on they arrived at the town very quickly. He always happy and gay, there one may see the brow of the hill and the woman shades paused before each window and gazed in life in all its glory, over there beside the her eyes as she gazes off into the blue maze awe at the strange sights. The elf led him river lies the City of Delight, there you may above the hills.

"What is over there, Mother?" child asks.

"A great world," she answers.

it, Mother?"

thou shouldst know the world," she replies and turns away.

be silenced. "What is the world that I may not know it?"

"It is a great wide place where everyone seeks his own pleasure and seldom that of another," she answers with a sigh.

stood long by the gateway dreaming of the great world where each may seek his own pleasure.

The days went by slowly in succession can buy all things in Pleasuretown." until one evening when he stood in his ac- So the boy threw his dice, laughed and customed place by the gateway, he grew threw them again; his great brown eyes so restless that he lifted the latch and glistening with excitement, his cheeks slipped down the pathway. An elfin god glowing with delight as the coins piled up disguised as a boy pushed aside the bushes on his side of the table. Their laughter rang and joined him.

quickly answered. "But tell me, what are must go."

town; if you wish to go there I will take shining. The days glided swiftly by in

where a light burned dimly through a cur- pleasure? After many days had passed the tained window, and then down in the val- charms of the town seemed less attractive

on through the crowds, where the people seek your own pleasure. The paused to gaze on the strange beauty of the "I am tired of this town," said the boy, boy. Suddenly they halted before a glass "there are no enjoyments here; let us go." door which swung open at their touch. So on they sped and as they went the elf "And will I ever go over there to see Through a long arched corridor into a pri- told him that in the midst of this great city vate parlor, where a few boys like them- there stood a golden fountain, which Bac-"Nay, nay, my boy I cannot wish that selves, were gathered round a handsomely chus o'erflowed with fragrant wines and carved table, the elfin god drew him. So away from the shining fountain like spokes interested were they in their game that of a wheel, marble paved streets diverged "But Mother!" he calls, not willing to they scarcely noticed that anyone had and these were avenues of wealth which led entered. The boy gazed in wonder and to one's fondest desires. In due time they admiration at the gorgeous hangings, the reached the wide spreading city and sought rich furnishings, the tiled floor with its here and there the pleasures of life. A weird designs, then drew near the table to wistful eager expression had appeared in watch the little ivory dice fall and the piles the brown eyes which were now outlined But this did not satisfy the boy and he of silver exchange hands.

"What is this?" he inquired.

Go in and win," the elf urged, "Money bore him away to some new diversion, hop-

gay and free untill the elf drew him aside.

"Where are you going?" he enquired. "You may come again." He said, "This "O! to see the great world," the boy is not all there is to enjoy." "Come, we

the lights below in the valley?" So the lad went; but his eyes had lost "That," laughed the elf, "is Pleasure- their dreamy look, they were bright and you." glad succession. Everything was so new The boy glanced back at the cottage in the town and was he not to seek his own

with dissipation, for the once innocent boy had grown to manhood.

"This is the first goal in Pleasuretown. The elf god, keen to note the change,

sought to slay the tempting elfin. Then her arms. restless longing of his soul.

they even noticed the man.

footsteps silently one by one, until one understanding." evening he chanced to come upon the golden fountain, yet he knew not how he had found it. His heart bounded with hope, for could he not drink of the exhilarating wine and then choose the path to the fulfilment of his fondest desire? With a suggestion of his old-time eagerness did he hasten his weary footseps. Stopping a stranger he inquired which path to take.

"You must seek your own pleasure," -was the reply.

his life been one long day of seeking that which did not satisfy?

people. Turning away he lifted his worn bushes. face in earnest entreaty to the heavens.

overcome was he by fatigue. Plodding formed me that there was going to be a wards as though he had been shot. Thinkhad been oblivious of his surroundings know if I wouldn't stay and "see the fun." a grab for the bridal, but owing to the inuntil, awakening from his sad revery, he But I much preferred the quiet and solitude tense darkness I missed it. At this, the glanced up and there—there were the same of the fort, and told her so. She anxiously horse again reared back upon his haunches, mountains with their blue maze and above inquired if I thought I could find my way and as he did so, wheeled half round, headon the hillside gleamed a tiny light in cot- back home alone, and get there before ing in the direction of the town. Not rel-

ing to charm him in his old spirits. But fingers trembled as he lifted the latch. The the gloom, I saw, coming down the trail. the boys restlessness grew apace until one cottage door swung open, a little figure in what I supposed to be a gang of cow-punchday in a passion of disappointment he a filmy gown stole out and folded him in ers; and not knowing what mischief they

hear."

EDNA WESCOTT.

resided at an abandoned U. S. military outcome of my "adventure." reservation six miles from the town of San After riding on for some little distance

boyish fire gleamed in his eyes, and his growing quite dark. Glancing ahead into ful. As I felt my hand clutch the bridle

might be up to (I being new in that country) filled with remorse he hastened away "Mother, he faltered, as she smoothed I proceeded to unfasten the holster which through the crowded streets of the city, the soft hair back from his forehead, "I held my six shooter. Sticking my hand pushing ever onward, striving always to thought you would forgive me, but pray beneath my coat, I grasped the bandle of find that pleasure which would appease the pray as you used to for me, and -God will my revolver in my right hand, firmly holding the bridle reins in the other. The The people jostled him one side as they Then as the mother stood there in the trappings of the "unknown party" jingled passed, for they were too deeply engrossed garden midst the roses and purple hearts- merrily in the twilight. When they were in their own interest to speak to him had ease, holding her boy in her arms, an angel immediately in front of me I reined the hovering near brought that for which he horse a little to one side, so as to give them The weary days shadowed each other's had sought, "Peace and love which passeth the road, noticing that the other party did the same for me. When they were directly opposite, I glanced across the road and saw, much to my astonishment, an old OFF THE TRAIL. Mexican "greaser" with his pack mules While in New Mexico not long ago, I going in town. He greeted me with stopped at the house of a friend of mine, a "Come lava, Senor." I returned his salute cow-boy, by the name of Crawford, who and rode on very much relieved over the

Marcial. One afternoon I decided to take further, I happened to glance toward the a horse back ride to town, though I had horse's neck, and saw that the throat latch never gone over the trail alone. Going of the bridle had come unfastened. I at His heart sunk within him for had not into the corral, I saddled an old Indian once dismounted and proceeded to right pony; and after having procured a 44 cali- matters. While standing at his head, a bre, six-shooter, I started for town. Pro- number of coyotes set up a dismal howling He paused at each street but turned ceeding slowly along; I took in everything just off the side of the road. It was so away in sorrow; what he sought was not of interest on the way, noting particularily sudden that it startled me for an instant, there. "Oh! to be alone, away from the the great number of long-eared jack rabbits and I instinctively clutched my revolver world and the great city with its dazzling as they sprang up almost from under the again. I stood there for a few seconds, lights, its noisome crowds of heartless horse's feet and went bounding away in the not knowing whether to scramble back on my horse, or fire a shot or two in the direc-After reaching town I rode around look- tion from whence came the sounds. It "Oh Father, forgive me," he whispered. ing at the peculiar abode houses, and not- was quite dark now, and threatening clouds He moved on, rather slowly, for his steps iced especially the crowds of cow-boys were in the sky. I could not see ten feet had lost their agility and his eyes were loafing about the saloons. About dusk I from me, and thinking only of getting home blinded by burning tears. How long he started back home, but just as I was leav- before it stormed, I proceeded to fasten the groped his way thus, he did not know; he ing town to strike the prairie, one of the bridle. As I stretched forth my hand seemed to be treading an endless path so Crawford girls came out of a store and in- toward the horse's head, he reared backalong, his head sunken on his breast, he dance in town that night and wanted to ing that he had shied at the coyotes I made dark. I told her that I would at least try; ishing the idea of staying all night upon the A cry escaped his lips as he struggled and try I did. prarie with coyotes for companions, and forward, but as the hill was harder to Putting the spurs to my horse I took the knowing that it was jump or stay with me, ascend than it had been to come down he first two or three miles at a pretty rapid I made one tremendous leap toward the paused often for breath. The same old gate, when suddenly I noticed that it was horse, this time being a little more successreins, I hung on as best I could, letting plight; when, looking up, I spied a

but not until it had started to rain. My heart I sat on my horse for a long while befence, but I did not stop long to examine to the door. it. I raised my hands to my mouth, and * uttered one despairing "Hello!" as loud as their dismal howling.

better results, I was now in a sore plight, possible consequences, had I been less fornot knowing where to go, what to do or tunate. In fact, they, one and all, deck red which way to turn. I knew that if I left that it was pretty good for a "Tenderfoor." the trail and started across the prarie, there was danger of the horse stepping into a gopher hole and throwing me, possibly at the same time breaking his leg. But vainly shouting myself hoarse, 1 started blindly on into the darkness, checking my pace however, to a walk, and racking my brain for a solution of the problem before me. I had come to the conclusion that probably the only way out of the difficulty was to He dares not go to make a call give the horse his head, and trust to his instinct to rescue me from my

the horse drag me about in his fright. light, way off in the distance, and then I When I had quieted him down a little, I remembered that the folks at the fort again tried to fasten the throat latch, but had told me that an old "greaser", lived this time gripped into the bridle with one at the foot of the mountain, twenty-five hand to prevent any reocurrence of my miles from the fort. I came to the concluformer adventure. As my hand went up sion that the light was from his "shack", toward his face he again reared backward, and rather than stay all night where I was, and then I knew that he was afraid of I left the trail and started very slowly being hit about the head, so I again got across the praire, toward the light. After into the saddle, crawled over on his neck riding for a long distance, I grew tired of and in that way, finally fastened the mis- the slow jog-trot, and started the horse into chief making throat-latch. a run, throwing my feet forward and grasp-When all was secure, I started on ing the reins tightly, expecting every moeagerly looking ahead for the bend in the ment to be thrown to the ground. In this road where I knew I should turn to the way I rode on and on, the light gradually left, and in that way reach the fort. In a becoming brighter and brighter until finally short time I arrived at this turning point, it loomed up full and bright in front of me.

beat with joy as I knew that the fort was fore I could get up courage enough to go now only half a mile or so away, and that up to the house and inquire which direction I would soon be there. Striking the horse I was to take to reach the fort. But after with my quirt, I rounded the bend at a thinking of the long ride of twenty-five gallop, and went sailing on. On and on miles in front of me before I would reach I rode, plunging ahead into the darkness. home I pulled out my revolver, cocked it, Presently some short, black objects loomed and made straight for the house. When up in front of me. Instantly I reined in about twenty-five yards away, a building, my horse, for I knew then-never having which had hitherto escaped my notice, seen anything like that since I had been loomed up before. It was the guard house travelling the road—that I was "off the of the fort. My heart bounded with joy trial." It looked, as near as I could make as I pushed my revolver back into its case, out in the dusk, to be an old burnt down gave one unearthly ye'l, and dashed on up

As I sat before the big fire "drying out," I could. I listened, but the only echo of I told of my experiences earlier in the eve- I saw go by and heard shout at me as I sat there in my voice came back to me, and then, when ning, fully expecting to be 'be "guyed" all had quieted down, the coyotes set up mercilessly. They, however, regarded my adventure much more seriously than I had Again and again I yelled, but with no expected, dwelling particularly upon the

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Our captains' mien is strong and bold When he stands before his men. His voice is clear, his glance is cold, He never falters then.

But Sunday eve finds him in tears, - His boldness from him flown; Upon a girl alone! (If you don't believe it, ask Lieut, S-!)

WHY!

Solitary was the fisher, sitting by a restless stream When the mud went by like butter floating over yellow cream.

There he sat from morn till eve'n, then we see our fisher frown,

For, although his line oft' jirked him and his cork bounced up and down

Yet he had

Nary a bite.

While he sat there, dreaming, waking, every thing did vex him so;

First he heard a gentle bull frog, croak his challenge soft and low;

Then a cow went through the water, stopped with look of great disdain

And the sparrows as if mocking, tried to chirp a sad refrain.

Yet he had

Nary a bite.

There were bugs who without number buzzed around the fisher's ear,

From afar there came a sound of pecking wood, t'was loud and clear,

Now there steals a mole so shyly from his home beneath the sod.

List! the sound of merry workman as they homeward slowly plod

Yet he had

Nary a bite.

Then at last this famous fisher started homeward, full of woe.

"How is this?" he cried dispairing, "this is what I'd like to know

Noah built an ark to save him many years, away far back

Then he took aboard all creatures, yet not fish oh my! alack

Yet I had

Nary a bite.

"Now fishes lived through storm and tempest, more and more they grew each day

Yet only two of every species left of creatures such as they

Now tell me why I saw so many of the scarcer

creatures there? Yet I had

Nary a bite."

BERTA.

THE THREE "WAKES."



Mike O'Flannigan-"Well, how be ye this marnin', Pat?"

Pat McCarthy "Sure, I'm that wake that ye'll be comen to me wake before the end of the wake."-National Tribune.

THE WESTERN.

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ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON PPLICATION TO THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

MONDAY, MARCH 16, 1896.

EDITORIAL.

The "Western" has suffered a great loss during the past week in the resignation of her editor-in-chief Mr. Leetch and assistant editor, Mr. Alexander. She started on her voyage at the beginning of the year under apparently most favorable conditions, and takes it rather ill that her helmsman should desert his post in the middle of the journey. It is with as much trepidation as when first setting forth that she now prepares to continne on her course. She has already felt keenly the loss of her two able pilots, and has done in the past.

Perhaps with these changes in the existing state of affairs the "Western" may be permitted to make a few more remarks upon her desires and necessities. Now, as never before, does she need the assistance and co-operation of the school. We are all proud of our school, and anxious to make everything she attempts a success. Surely among the most important of these attempts is the paper. It is not only for our enjoyment and edification. It is, to a certain extent, an indication of what our school can do, and how much it is worth. We want to make each number better thanthe last one. We want to make our paper

her safely through the rest of the year.

There have been several schemes on foot lately to add to the interest of the "Western," and in pursuance of one of these, four members of the Senior Class have decided to write a serial story, each one taking a chapter. The first number of this story will appear in the next issue. We well know the old adage about too many cooks, but in this case it doesen't seem applicable. They are four of the most gifted writers in the school, and we may outing are to be made an enjoyable feature well look forward with much pleasure to of the club. seeing the result of their joint labors. We can as yet form no idea of what the subject will be, nor of how far the hero will diverge from the path his first author lays out for him before he comes into the hands of the last writer. Enough variety is promised us, at least, in the different chapters to make us ready to follow the course of the story with great interest.

THAT BICYCLE CLUB.

Although there have been many rumors afloat concerning a Western Bicycle Club, there is no evidence that it has mater- judges having been appointed by the chairialized as yet. If a few new wheels are man, the debate was opened by the affirmto be added each week, as they have been ative leader in a short but spirited speech in the past, the rack in the lower hall will containing many well chosen points. This need an extension ere long. What could was followed by a similar one from the be more enjoyable than a spin up the leader on the negative side, and the quescanal road some bright afternoon when air tion was then declared open for discussion. is fresh and invigorating, and all nature During the next hour and a half, arguis likely to feel it more in the days to come. at her best? Do not dream boys and girls, ments were launched at the heads of unsus-We hope, however, that she will accustom but organize this club at once, let it be a pecting mortals, wit flowed in every herself to the new order of things before genial club, for the girls will admit they direction, and a general air of enthusiasm long, and sail as well in the future as she feel safer when the boys are along and of and excitement characterized all. The course the boys will appreciate the com- discussion was then delared closed and the pany of the girls, especially if some dainty debate was closed by each leader in turn; maiden should carry home-made caramels but the judges not being able to decide for refreshment at the end of some long without careful thought, upon the relative trip. Be quick, for the Spring days ap- merits of the arguments put forth by each proach sooner than you think.

CAMERA CLUB.

It is said that each one has some pet hobby, but this year the Western seems to have a large number in the way of Camera fiends whom we are glad to welcome as they are perfectly harmless and have banded themselves together in one cause. Their constitution provides that each member shall as well as our school the best that can be furnish five finished photographs of his own found. So now, when the "Western" is in work, to be kept in possession of the club. admits—if he succeeds in pleasing you, he's such need of your aid, send in your sub- Perhaps these will adorn the walls of the sure to give you fits.

scriptions and contributions, and, wind Physical Labratory which is being used as and weather permitting, we will yet steer a club room, or else be laid safely away until next year when a special corner may be prepared for them in our "New High School" (?) If possible the labratory will be converted into a dark room where all necessary work may be performed. Thus in developing plates together, many helpful hints and ideas may be derived from one another. The Club planned a trip out to the Zoo last Friday, but postponed it on account of the blustering weather. These

THE CURRENT HISTORY CLUB.

Perhaps the Current History Club has never held a more interesting and at the same time, instructive meeting, than was held on Wednesday, March the fourth. The principal feature of the meeting on that day was a debate on the Cuban question, the resolution as adopted being; "Resolved, that Congress is wise in recognizing the Cubans as belligerents." Three side, the club adjourned, each member undoubtedly broader in every way after this thorough discussion in all its lights of one of the most important questions of the day. On the following morning Captain Berry gave a brief summary of the debate and announced the decision of the judgeswhich was in favor of the negative side.

The tailor is a funny man, as everyone

ON SUNDAY.

On Sunday when its awful' hot, And I have on a clean new shirt That's full of whips, and little horse shoes, And starch that makes me itch and hurt, We drive along the dusty road And to the meeting house we go, To listen to the preacher talk, And sing the old hymn tunes so slow. It seems like time will never go-On Sunday—

But when its other days, and I Just play all day with our dog Lu, And hunt for hens' eggs in the hay, And eat sweet apples off the tree; Before I think, its grown quite dark And mother puts her arms round me And says real soft, "My little boy, The old Sand man has come, I see" And when, way up to bed we go, I wonder where the days go to, I wonder why time don't go slow On Monday.

J. C. APPLEBY.

STORY ON SIDNEY CARTON.

opening of our story, the brilliant sunshine a different aspect upon the case and the trial trodden, who is ruler of France to-day. of a Summer day, ushered in upon the finally goes in favor of Darney and he is Darnay while transacting his business in great highway of life another little travel- released. Among the witnesses against France is suddenly arrested and thrown in-The proud young mother as she looked out Dr. Mannette by name, and his fair young hastens to Paris to be near to him, come upon the smiling summer world, smiled in daughter Lucie. As the trial has pro- what may, and Sidney Carton realizing that her baby's face, and as mothers will, pre- ceeded the young lady, who strongely at- now has come the time when he may be of dicted great things for her little boy in tracted the attention of Carton, showed the some service, follows her to the land of

ney Carton grew from babyhood to boyhood prisoner. Her joy and delight seem to Carton after making every effort in his beand the possibilities for all that his fair know no bounds when he is finally released. half all to no avail, sees the possibility for young mother had hoped and prayed lay Through a friend, Carton becomes act the fulfillment of his promise to Lucie. within the grasp of the clever brain and quainted with Miss Mannette and finally There is at this time in Paris a man in the clear understanding of the boy; but alas! falls in love with her. Deeply conscious charge of the prison with whom Carton has even in his school boy days that strange of the hopelessness of his suit and of his had some dealings and over whom he has quality which was to prevent these rare unworthiness to dream of success, Carton complete control. It is by means of this buds of promise from developing into fair restrains himself in every way, but finally, man, Barsad by name, that Carton obtains flowers of action, could already be de- in an interview with Miss Mannette, he admittance to the cell of Darnay shortly tected. He willingly and gladly prepared confesses his love, telling her that altho' before the hour set for his execution. the exercises for his fellow students while his unworthiness renders it impossible for Here after overpowering the prisoner by

was the man." Endewed with every bright spot in his otherwise dark and companied Carton, now calls for assistance quality of brain with which to distinguish hopeless career, and he begs to assure for the supposed friend of Darnay has been himself, some strange lack made him ever her that if, in the future, he can serve overcome at the final interview. The and always neglectful of his own interests. her in any way, every thought, every wonderful resemblance between the two He sowed and others reaped; he seemed energy, and even his life, shall be men disarms suspicion and the officers asincapable to carry affairs to a successful devoted to her service. Lucie, much sist the unconscious Darnay to a cab in the issue for himself. At last becoming dis- touched by this confession, assures Carton belief that he is Sidney Carton. Left alone couraged he gave up all hold over himself of her friendship for him and at the same in the cell awaiting an awful death, Sidney and drifted down and down the stream of time tells him that she is shortly to be mar- Carton seems in no way disturbed. A life until at the age of thirty he has be- ried to Charles Darnay. In the course of quiet kind of exaltation seems to have

ferior, had become the power behind the takes place and life goes on happily in the throne; the brain, in fact of a pompous little home, but could Darnay and his young stupid figure-head of a lawyer, who obtained wife foresee the cloud gathering all would all the credit for the clever work of Sid- have been far different. However the ney.

ployer he becomes interested in the case of of business. a young Frenchman, by name of Darnay, It is at the time of the French revoluwho is on trial in London for treason. The tion. All France is in the state of wildest trial is far advanced, and all the evidence excitment, the once beautiful streets of seems against the unfortunate young man. Paris daily witness the most horrible and Suddenly Sidney Carton is struck with an sanguinary scenes. The King of Death idea. Hurridly writing something upon a rides abroad in the streets, and rank, wealth slip of paper he tosses it to his employer and station are the badges by which his who is counsel for the defense. He, upon victims are known. The king upon his reading it, arises and begs to call the at- throne is not too mighty nor the fair young tention of the court to the singular resem- queen too lovely for his destroying hand. the lawyers present, Sidney Carton by cence, age and infirmity sink together at About thirty years previous to the such likeness why not another. This puts run blood and it is the slave, the down ler, a new little citizen of old England. the prisoner was an old white haired man, to prison. Lucie, upon hearing of this, the far distant future. greatest agitation and grief especially bloodshed and carnage. Shortly after his The years passed by, and the little Sid- when called upon to testify against the arrival Darnay is condemned to death and

his own remained untouched, uncared for. him to even hope for her consideration, yet means of an opiate, he quickly effects a Time sped on and "As was the boy so his admiration for her has been the one transfer of clothing. Barsad, who has ac-

come the assistant of a man vastly his in- a few months the event referred to by Lucie cloud is not long in descending. Darnay It is at this time that through his em- is called to his native land upon a matter

blance between the prisoner and one of Youth and beauty, childhood and innoname, and suggests that if there be one his unrelenting touch. The very gutters

taken possession over him, his face former- "I am the Russurection and the Life said and fro in his cell. "It is far better that -a crash and all is over, one of the no-I have redeemed my promise to her," he blest hearts that ever beat is stilled forever. never die."

Finally the jailor unlocks the door of his of a sinful and selfish life. cell, and he is led away to one of the tumbrils and driven to La-Guillotine, and there awaits calmly for his turn. The same fair sunshine that little over a quarter of a century ago streamed down upon the happy household in old England and ushered in the birth morn, so full of hope and promise, of the little Sidney Carton, shines down with undiminished radiance on this fatal day, which is to witness the closing scene in the drama of his life.

Surrounded by a mighty audience, a bloodthirsty, eager audience, stands the horrible instrument of death, a dark blot on that fair city, a dark spot upon the face of the earth, a dark mark upon the page of history. Huddled together at the foot of La-Guillotine stand the little band of victims, voyagers who to-day set sail to that fair and undiscovered country from whose bourne po traveler returns. A strange and sad little group; here, an old man tottering on the edge of the grave; there, a fair young girl in the first bloom of her youth and beauty; here, a high born lady of stately mien, and there, a gallant and innocent youth-all condemned to a horrible and untimely death. The faces of these various prisoners are wonderful studies-some convulsed with grief, some wild with despair, others calm in a quiet resignation or crushed with a terrible hopelessness; but among all is one face which stands out in the strangest contrast to those around it, wonderful in its joyful radiance and undying glory and deathly pale, the face of Sidney Carton. His name is called, he steps to his place, -one moment the crowd press forward; they swim before his eyes in the brilliant summer sunshine.

ly so gloomy and downcast, wears an ex- the Lord, he that believeth in me though pression of intense joy and peace, so radiant were he dead, yet shall he live and he who that it seems to transform his entire counte- liveth and believeth in me shall never die." nance. With an elastic step he paces to A look of perfect peace, of glorious triumph

murmurs. Then, after a pause, scraps of So ended a life of greater triumph, more sentences floating through his brain unbid- resplendent glory than even a mother's den, "I am the resurrection and the life fairest hope could picture. A life which said the Lord. He that believeth in me a few short weeks ago had scemed so wastthough he were dead, yet shall he live, and ed, so hopeless, now transformed and rewhose liveth and believeth in me shall deemed beyond recognition by a love so pure and unselfish that it showed no taints

DICK BREWER.

THE SUBJUNCTIVE.

She had asked me If I'd help her With her Latin, 'Twas so hard! If I'd help her Conjugate that mean irregular Old word Disco. She just Kept forgetting The subjunctive All the while! Pretty lips so Near, so tempting, Tended strongly To beguile, Thought I'd teach her By example, Didicissem? I should smile.

WEBBER.

PRIZE OFFERED.

THE WESTERN offers to the student selling the greatest number of copies of the Easter Number a handsome prize—Shakespeare's Heroes and Heroines. The book one of Raphael Tuck & Son's artistic publications, is beautifully illustrated with colored plates, and bound in flexible covers of Morocco. This is by far the most valu- "If they should give the sweep \$10 more able prize offered this year, so secure your a year on his salary what recent scientific patrons at an early date, and thus win the discovery would that be like?" choice book.

The returns must be made to the Busi- Phys. boy. "The X-raise of course! You The announcement will be made in the something!" edition of April 13th.

Cool proceeding-driving an ice cart. A violent sea-Lunacy.

GRINS.

A little cobbler Hung a sign, For in his shop Trade did decline.

Strange it was, In men not a few, To smile at a sign So good and true!

It only read, "Dont go to another, To cheated be, But walk right in I'll tend to thee."

The blue bird is always low spirited.

Druggists never lack common scents.

A rude bird—the mocking-bird.

Teacher, to frivolous Second Year Pupil. "What are you laughing at, Sir?"

Pupil. "I was just thinking of something."

"Well, you have no business Teacher. thinking in class. Don't let it occur again!"

Lt. M-Would like to know why Lt. Sloiters around the building, under orders, after two o'clock, Friday afternoons, while one of the junior ladies happens to remain to Latinize.

What is the result of Ann's marriage to Ben? She's ben-efited and he's ani-mated.

Will an X-ray find that K. S. K. minute book and constitution? Notify V. Pres., & P. G. M. B-1.

There's many a youth both meek and vain Has come to dark despair, By searching thro' a desert brain For thoughts that were not there.

Physics second year to chemistry ditto.

Chem. boy. "Do' no'"

ness Manager by April 9th at 2 P. M. ought to take Physics. You might learn

"Say," said the customer to the waiter, who had been impudent. "Waiter I guess you are one of those things they call 'brass waiters.' '

The Mestern.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."-Buckingham.

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1896.

No. 12.

ANEMONE,

We pause on bended knee to see A fragile white Anemone, Which seems just lit on fairy wing To herald the approach of Spring.

Dry oak-leaves of the season past Would fain protect her from the blast; While April from her rain-drop treasure Doth fill the floweret's cup of pleasure.

When she in modesty would hide The south wind comes to claim his bride. But ere he can his suit present A sunbeam o'er the flower has bent.

This sunbeam with his smiling face Doth compliment her airy grace; But as she lists with pensive smile, The south wind, silent for awhile, Locking her in his strong embrace. Adown the murmuring forest aisle, To altar 'neath a budding tree Has wafted his Anemone.

A. K. C. '96.

CADWALLADER.

CHAPTER I.

into a private parlor of the Hotel des Just look at me! Mud from head to foot, ed for your torn tronsers yet." Americains, Paris, was in a condition as these new trousers torn and my hat a wreck. regards his wearing apparel that fully jus- All on account of that beast. I've had a formance on the corner, I hurried on to the tified his wrath. Mr. Charles H. Merton confounded circus with him for two mortal Jardin des Plantes with the firm resolve of seldom lost control of his temper, but the hours and I'm worn out." Mr. Merton losing the cur there and so escaping further morning had been one of severe strain upon sank into a chair and glared at the cause of annoyance; but, my dear, we never arrived that article and the teasing had been his rags.

his pretty daughter, Beth, were leisurely father. "doing" Europe, and had arrived the pre- "Tell me about it. I'm so sorry your down a slope ahead of me. Cad rushed vious day in Paris from England for a stay walk seems to have been spoiled." madly forward, barking for dear life, and of some weeks. On this first morning in "Spoiled! I should think it was! Well, succeeded in causing the fall of the forethe beautiful French capital, Mr. Merton I started out from the hotel only to meet my most rider. The one immediately followhad been moved with a strong desire for a old friend, Col. Williams, on the corner—ing swerved his wheel to escape colliding morning stroll while his daughter attended you remember Col. Williams, Beth! Nice with his friend and ran into me. Of course, to the unpacking, and with that idea, had fellow, somewhat airy, but anyone from we both went over in the muddiest part of arrayed himself in a new suit and was New York is a friend in this jabbering the road, and I arose in the condition you sauntering out, when Miss Beth besought place. I stopped to talk with him for a see, only too mad to speak. The wheelhim to take Cadwallader, her dog, along moment and hear the latest from God's men were pleasant fellows-Americanwith him. Cadwallader, commonly called country, when we were interrupted by a and in no way to blame for the accident.

"Cad," was an extremely ugly specimen great line and cry in the bar and turned to of the genus yellow dog, and thereby see Cad flying from justice in the shape of hangs a tale, as you shall hear. The little an old apple-woman, whose rickety stal! creature had been rescued by Beth Merton he had evidently managed to come in confrom a crowd of teasing boys in Edenburgh tact with. The fruit was flying in all a few weeks before, and in spite of op. directions and a laughing crowd beginning position on the part of Mr. Merton, had to collect. I was praying devoutly that no become attached to their party by virtue of one would recognize me as the possessor of his evident affection for his fair preserver. the beast, when he caught sight of me in expression to his saucy face.

"Why, Papa," began Beth.

"I tell you, Beth, that dog must be disposed of this very day. He's a perfect The irate gentleman who burst suddenly nuisance. I'll not stand it any longer, know there is more. You haven't account-

Mr. Merton, a wealthy American, and leaf fan, and said, as she offered it to her I was. While I meditated on how to re-

His one inordinate desire seemed to be to the crowd and bolted straight for me. He get himself into trouble. Cad followed took up his station between my legs, with Mr. Merton into the parlor this fair spring every sign of being perfectly at home. You morning and unobtrusively seated himself may imagine the look on the classic featin a retired corner of the room, one eye ures of the Colonel! I was mortified to anxiously fixed on his mistress, who came death and got away as soon as possible. It hastily forward at her father's noisy en- cost me five francs to the apple-woman, trance, the other cocked toward the ceiling, however. Beth, I believe that dog is grinin a peculiar fashion that lent a singular ning at me; I declare, his face is nearly human!"

> "Nonsense!" laughed Beth, merrily. "Cad always looks quizzical. That's because his 'off' eye is cocked, but go on, I

"Yes, I'm coming to that. After the perthere, for I mistook the way and got quite drawn a little too severe. Beth hid a smile by hunting for a palm out into the suburbs without knowing where turn, suddenly a party of wheelmen dashed One of them was Harry Williams, the Colonel's son. They are on their way to Cologne. Young Williams knew me, tho' I never remember seeing him before, and was kind enough to lend me a chain for Cad, to curb his spirits until I could get him home. He said we might keep it if it proved useful, as he had no need for it. It was made here for his bicycle, but proved to be too long and too light. It's just the thing for the dog, and I'm convinced that he would better wear it hereafter when he takes his constitutionals, or else he must part company with this family."

"Oh, dear! I hate to put a chain on Cad," said Beth, pleadingly. "Can't you give him one more trial before passing sentence on him?"

"Not another one," declared Mr. Merton. "It must be chain or separation, as you shall decide."

"Well, then, the chain, of course. Here, sir, come over and let me see it."

Cad, realizing evidently that his case was favorably adjusted, dashed across the room in great glee and sprang into his mistress's lap.

"Here, you scamp, be still! What business have you being so affectionate after your mischief this morning? Why, Papa, there's a name tag on this chain—'Harry M. Williams.' Are you sure he didn't want that?"

"Oh, I guess its all right. Besides, the boys have left town now, they were on their way when I collided with them. We can return it later," and Mr. Merton arose to adjust anew his disturbed attire.

"What sort of a fellow is Harry Williams?" asked Beth, as her father was leaving the room. "Is he a good-looking? I never saw him, but I've heard Tom speak of him, and Jessie Maxwell says he's awful nice."

"Oh, yes, he's good-looking as boys go. They all look like tramps in those sweaters. By-the-way, Beth, get ready to call on the Colonel and Mrs. Williams with me tonight. Perhaps we can plan to join routes from here, if agreeable to all, and say, my dear, you'd better see that Cad gets a scrub, he needs it as badly as I do."

(End of Chapter I,) M.T.S.

Killing time—destroying the calendar.

TWO EASTER MORNINGS.

Straight and tall on the window seat The egg-doll sat, In his high cock'd hat, And next to him was his lady sweet.

An Easter hat was upon her head, Blue was her eye As the summer sky, Her long, bright curling locks were red.

A scarlet bloom was upon each face, Of an azure hue Was her bonnet blue. Black was his hat as the blackest ace.

Side by side on the closet shelf The egg-dolls lie; And of days gone by Each, weary and sad, dreams to itself.

The rain drops trickle from out a leak, Washing the while That jaunty smile And the brilliant red from off her cheek.

The last year's glories have passed away. His collar is torn, Of a hue forlorn Are the azure ribbons that once were gay.

A Greek book, heavy with learning wide, Lies on his head; There remains no shred Of the cock'd hat, once his joy and pride.

Still wait they for someone to pass them by Who will clothe his head, And paint her's red,

And mend that crack 'cross her bright blue eye. A. M. KIDDER.

"ET TU BRUTE!"

"Remember now thy creator in the days of thy youth," was the text of the rector's talk to the Sunday school that morning, and he had put his whole eluquent soul into the stirring plea to the how you got into that vest, an' I can't young people to join the confirmation class fink how you do it!" then forming. Several times during the The dear, old rector hastily vacated his talk he had noticed with regret, the wan- place in favor of the superintendent, abandering attention of many toward whom his doning the attempt to inculcate any further words were particularly directed, therefore truths that hour, but there was a twinkle it was with a decided feeling of pleasure in his eye as he passed his wife on his way that his eyes rested upon little Dorothy into church and he was murmuring to him-Dillane sitting nearly at his feet, with her self: serious eyes steadfastly fixed upon him. Dorothy was but recently graduated from the infant class and the novelty of the big room had not yet worn away. She was a and Fuller. demure, saint-like child in appearance, with fair curls flowing out from beneath her dainty bonnet and wreathing around her delicate face like the halo about a Raphael angel.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," penders are broken."

thought the good rector, as he compared her reverential attention with the enforced good behavior of many of the older pupils. Then the thought came to him to ask her. while that heavenly, absorbed look still illumined the windows of the child's soul, what she was thinking about, what wondering, filled her tiny heart.

"Children," he said, addressing the school, "I have been very much troubled by the inattention and restlessness on the part of many of you during my remarks on a subject that should be of the utmost importance to you, your own precious souls. I have been deeply gratified by one child, and she the very smallest of you all, whose eyes have never once wandered from me for a moment and whose interest has been unwavering. I am going to ask that little child to give me her thought of what we have been considering together for the past fifteen minutes, and I trust that it may be a lesson to those older boys and girls whose thoughts have too evidently been filled with earthly matters." Bending over the lectern he spoke gently to the child who in her artlessness had not dreamed she was the subject of these last remarks.

"My dear, won't you tell us of what you were thinking while I was talking?"

Bashful Dorothy hesitated for a moment, taken thus by surprise, but gentle urging conquered her shyness, and suddenly her clear childish voice rang out shrilly into the silent room.

"I was a-wonderin' an' a-wonderin'

"Dorothy, Dorothy! and thou also!"

The Three Graces: Misses Clifton, Bird

I wonder what makes Boyden Buck, and Will Smart.

Of all the sad words tongue ever has spoken, the saddest are these, "My sus-

CONSOLATION.

(Respectfully dedicated to Eddie.)

Young Eddie Duckette Decided to let The fuzz on his upper lip grow; But a month and a day Have since passed away, Aud nary a hair can he show.

Now Eddie my lad Indeed it is sad To see you so plunged in despair; But cheer up, don't cry, It will come by and by, If you'll use some restorer of hair.

ONE WAY TO PREPARE AN ENGLISH LES-SON.

"For to-morrow, write an original essay." were the horrible words of my teacher as the bell rang for dismissal.

Original! My heart sank in despair. All my life had I dreaded the hour when I should be made to choose a subject. Fortunately all my life I had had the subject given me, from the "Max and his Hat" of the first grade through all sorts of geographical, historical, descriptive writings of the higher grades. But now the time had come! I slowly made my way home thinking, thinking, thinking; for who had ever heard of my doing or saying an original thing-to say nothing of writing one? All the afternoon I spent in thought, the deepest kind of thought. I read whole books through, in hopes of getting some idea, but, naturally, everything I read had already been written about, so when the dinner hour arrived not an idea had I in my head. During the meal I scarcely ate a mouthful, so intent was I in thought, which indeed must have made me appear very stupid to the family to say the least. For two hours in the evening I did my other lessons, and then thought and thought and thought, but all in vain. At eleven o'clock I wearily went to bed and lay awake seeming hours, till finally I fell asleep hoping against hope for the smallest kind of an inspiration.

As the clock struck two, I awoke. A sudden thought struck me-a brilliant thought, a wonderful thought—such as I had never had before or since. I hastily rose, went to the window, pulled back the curtains to let in the moon's rays. There was no need for more light, especially as I

could find no match and my great fear was of losing my sudden ideas.

wrote for fully an hour and a half-crying exchanged Christmas and birthday preat some parts of my story, laughing at sents, and kept up a weekly corresponothers, so powerful was it in its pathos and dence, but every one knows how unsatishumor in turn. Finally the last word com factory letters are. I wondered if she had pleted I went back to bed, peace in mind changed since I had seen her last: two

the subject of my essay, hastened to the was! window where only a few hours since I had displayed so much genius.

did I see? On the window-sill were some to my lessons, sad to say, so crazy was I eight or ten pages of blank paper, and be- to get home, for, my mother being in side them a pencil—a new one that had New York, the entire burden of the housenever been sharpened. Constance Adee.

MAY ENTERTAINMENT.

Plans are progressing for the May Entertainment with every prospect of success, and the entertainment promises to fill our largest expectations of what Western High School talent can accomplish. The first part of the program will consist mainly of solo numbers by local artists, together with music by the Western High School Mandolin Club. "Love by Induction" is the name of the charming little play which will form the second part of the program. The cast is particularly strong, including Misses Josephine Davis, Claire Perry, and Messrs. Reed and Duckett.



Mercy! How hard the ice is this winter?" -National Tribune.

A gum drop-a dislocated jaw.

HER ARRIVAL.

I had not seen my dear friend for two Having found a pencil and some paper I years. In the meantime we had, of course, * * years is such a long time in a girls life.

I awoke next morning, joy in my heart One morning I received a telegram: "I as I thought of the strange but lucky moon- will be with you sometime Friday or Satlight event, and failing to remember even urday," it ran. Dear me! how excited I

To-day was Friday and I now might see Marian any moment. I was all in a flutter. Alas! What to my indescribable horror During school I scarcely gave a thought keeping lay upon me, and I most assuredly wanted everything in order before my friend arrived.

> Finally home, I gave some orders as to the dinner, and then hastened to put my bureau in order, for every girl knows what top bureau drawers are. While sitting on the floor in the midst of gloves and ribbons and collars, the colored maid appeared at the door and announced, "A young lady to see you, miss."

> "Did she give her name?" I asked in breathless excitement.

"No, miss," was the reply.

"Tell her I will be down in a very few moments," I said, trying to appear calm before the bearer of such exciting news.

Leaving the floor just as it was, I hurriedly began to dress, for I certainly wanted the first impression of me, after so long a time, to be favorable. I arrayed myself in my most becoming frock, and perhaps prinked just a trifle longer than usual, but I am sure no one could expect me to do otherwise at such a critical moment.

Finally, after fully appreciating the proverb, "More haste, less speed," I ran down stairs, into the arms of-Marian? No, the colored girl whom we expected as seamstress.

Did Marian arrive? Yes, the next day, but unfortunately found me smeared with chocolate, making caramels in the kitchen.

C. A. '98.

Whiskey is certainly "hot stuff."

THE WESTERN.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1896.

EDITORIAL.

It is Easter, the festival of the east-wind month. It is one of the most joyous seasons of the whole year; the time when the snows and frosts disappear, and the sunshine and flowers come in their stead. It is as if Mother Nature were brightening up after her long cold season of toil and drudgery, and beginning to shake out her garments. Our forefathers believed that danced in the Heavens. It is the closing we all unite to honor. of the last chapter in the year's history, and the beginning of a new book; the beginning of everything new and fresh and joyful. The ancients had a great reverence for beginnings. They were so usually followed by inevitable endings. And we are apt to share the superstition. Begin the day wrong and one is sure to spend it in fruitless pursuit of the unfulfilled duties. The time is nearing the close of the school year. This is the beginning of the end. And it behooves us to start in at this Eastertide with a beginning that will have a glorious ending. Among the many lessons of good will and charitableness which Easter teaches us, that of renewing our good resolutions and redoubling our efforts toward the right, is not the least.

Again we would urge you to feel a personal interest in the "Western" and to aid it by your contributions. Its object is halves and quarters.

to "promote school interest, and to encourage literary effort among the studen s." If the entire school will not write for it, and the management of number after number is left in the hands of a few, its purpose is foiled, and we might as well have no school paper. You can never do too much. The old plantation negroes would tell you that "its a mighty po' bee dat don't make mo' honey dan he want," and it is easy to see that the more honey we get, the better will be the quality of what we use. We don't want to piece out the columns of our paper with inferior matter. We want to have a large choice and select only the best. To be sure another of their proverbs is: "Better de gravy dan no grease tall," but if we can't get the very best grease we don't want the gravy. Realize that to issue a good paper is as much a point of school honor as to win the drill or to be successful in any other contest with the other schools. Realize that our paper, as well as everything else concerning our school, must be better than any other, and do your best to make it so.

FLAG.

naked flag pole standing forlorn against but enough of this. the wintry blast, for lo! the coins are fast collecting to purchase a new and beautiful

The last few meetings of the Current Topic Club. although not devoted to any special topic, were enjoyed by all present, and a goodly attendance we had too. Cuban affairs were well discussed, and an exciting little talk arose from the Venezuelan question. It may be perhaps not unfitting to say that the majority of the members are of the first year, and as such are reflecting great credit upon the school.

Old as the hills—the valleys.

Never make love in a cornfield. member that corn has ears and is easily shocked. You should make an oat of this.

the silvery moon? Because we get it in will never pay him back.

He can crack a good joke, He can analyze smoke, Who more mighty in Lab. No, III.? And when Kamptown with sound Raised the echoes around, To the florist's who hastened but he? They say he's a talker, And knows of a Walker To whom he's all valor and dash, But his object in view When he smiles upon you Is to beg you to view his mustache. Don't look at it. Tell him to chop it off. REVENGE.

KISMET.

'Tis Easter, the day when every church in this fair land becomes a bonnet show at which, if the day be fair, every bonnet in the congregation, worth the seeing, can be seen. Some deluded mortals do not yet acknowledge this, but let them look carefully around, the next time they attend an Easter service, and they will find that although the Rev. De Witt Smallmidge is delivering a two hundred dollar oration he is not receiving half as much attention as is Mrs. Smythe-Perkins who wears a fifty dollar creation consisting of a bent wire, a No longer shall we blush to see our piece of velvet and six artificial violets-

Well, at about 12 A. M. on the Sunday on which I write, a youth of thirteen sumflag, and on Thursday next, amid speeches mers could have been seen to issue from everything was happy on Easter day. and patriotic songs, the national emblem his home on Umpteenth street and to take Even the sun, under the gay influence of will be raised over the Curtis School. Long his way towards a Sunday school on the Springtime, turned from its slow, sedate may it wave there, emblem of the glorious next corner. In spite of the fact that he is course for the only time in the year and Republic and its sacred institutions which handsomely dressed, in spite of the fact that he is about to hear one of the most instructive discourses ever delivered to the youth of Washington, in spite of the fact that he carries in his hand a paper pyramid containing one dollar and twenty-three cents to aid in furnishing the South African negroes with mackintoshes, this young man is not happy.

> Still it is hardly strange that he is not contented, for who ever knew a boy to appreciate such b'essings as these? Indeed he does not consider them as blessings at all, for to him the good clothes mean inability to climb fences or trees; the beautiful discourse means a long hour of imprisonment, and the dollar and twenty-three cents means the price of a base ball wasted on Why is the moon so often spoken of as people whom he has never seen and who

As William Brown, for such is our hero's

name, ambles along, temptation, in the with the golden light of a gas burner. store the basket expecting to receive their

the gloom of Willie's back yard. It is the results." The room is again in darkness. noticing the disturbance comes to find out wanderer returning. Suddenly the back The next day is Easter Monday, the day the cause. The nurse relates her tale of door opens and a flood of light illumines consecrated to children even as Sunday is woe and as a result William is immediately the yard. He is discovered!

court of which his mother is judge, jury President's back yard. Here they may the culprit sentenced, this time to solitary and prosecuting attorney, and charged with catch as many colds on the damp grass as confinement until further notice, which is to playing hookey from Sunday school, spend- they please, and eat as many eggs, cooked say until the return of the lord high execuing the dollar and twenty-three cents and to various stages of hardness, as they choose, tioner from office. ruining his best clothes. Seeing that the and you can bet they take advantage of the We take a last look at our hero as he danger is imminent, Willie brings his ora- opportunity! torical powers into play. He pleads guilty This morning finds Willie entirely recov- ber, meditating on the strange events of the to the first charge, but pleads extenuating ered from his overnight experiences which day, and unable to deduce from his sadly circumstances in the others. As the team we have related, and quite ready to keep puzzled intellect any conclusion better appossessed no ball, he, considering a ball of his mental vow. In pursuance of his re- plicable to the dire situation than the aphomore importance to the C. B. B. C. than solve he brings up a bucket of coal and rism "Such is life." G. T. MAY. mackintoshes could ever be to the heathen, goes without a murmur, to the drug store had expended the aforesaid sum on the nearly a block away, but then, quite worn article in question. Again, in the ninth out by his arduous labor he arms himself inning he had felt called upon to make a with several eggs, carefully selected with desperate slide to second, to the delight of reference to their hardness of shell, and rethe spectators and the detriment of his pairs to the Whitehouse grounds to pick habiliments, whence the tear. Having re- eggs. ceived all the evidence, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty without leaving her seat this pleasing pastime he is about to turn and the culprit was condemned to punish- his footsteps homeward when the opment and turned over to his father as the portunity for which he has been longing lord high executioner. Let us draw the falls in his way. He will do a noble action curtain for half an hour!

scene has changed. We see a small, dark appropriate a basket of eggs belonging to scantily furnished room lighted only by the some children; he will foil the thief and waning moon. Suddenly from the darkest thereby win much praise. Boldly advanccorner comes a low, sad voice soliloquizing in this mournful strain:

"To reform or not, that is the question; Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer The stings and turments of outrageous whippings;

Or to take arms 'gainst all temptations, And, by opposing, end them."

a sudden flash, and the room is flooded Approaching the group, he attempts to re- largely upon the batter.

perienced the pangs of chastisement, nay, make himself scarce. Even here he is The shades of night are falling fast when I even feel them now, therefore will I try foiled, for just as he is about to sneak sadly a silent figure can be seen stealing through the straight and narrow way and compare off his mother appears upon the scene and

to bonnets, for on this day, and this alone, marched home. Immediately he is summoned before a are the children allowed to play in the Again the court convenes and again is

Having exercised himself for awhile with that will square him with the world. For After the intermission we find that the behold, a youthful tough is endeavoring to ing on the robber he attempts to seize the basket, but fails. The thief runs and William at once gives chase. Both long and end and William calmly starts back with the young." -National Tribune. recovered eggs and a highly colored eye received in the encounter.

Returning to the spot where the theft oc-The voice ceases. A faint sound is heard curred he espies the children gathered about

form of Sam Johnson, overtakes him and There by the jet stands William, the author thanks, but in this he is disappointed. Inquickly conquers him, for does not William of the beautiful sentiments just expressed. stead of receiving gratitude, the basket is pitch for the "Small Cobblestone Base Ball He seats himself and continues to meditate, snatched from his hand, his ears are soundly Club" of which Sam is the captain, and but this time in silence. Long does he boxed and he is accused of the crime. In does not Sam inform William of a game to cogitate, but at last he slowly rises and vain he trys to explain the facts in the case. be played at Rock Creek at 11 o'clock, again stands by the jet; then he speaks: The irate nurse will not hear him but and is not William obliged to obey his cap- "Yes, I will reform, for oft have I'ex- threatens to call a policeman if he does not

sadly climbs the stairs to his lonely cham-



Widow (ordering tombstone)-"And I don't want any maudlin sentiment on it; hard is the race, but right triumphs in the just put, 'Died. Age 75. The good die

> "Honesty is the best policy," they say, but life insurance is good enough for me.

Why is a game of base ball like a buckas of some one fumbling for a match, then their nurse, who is trying to console them. wheat cake? Because its success depends

AN EASTER GIFT.

you know dat dis is Easter, boy? I want ing; yer for to take yer little brudder out in de "Mammy, Mammy, hyar's a Easter gift woke Mammy from a snooze as he shouted; sun,"

"Does yo hyar me you ole rascal?" he looked up at her in pride.

when his black face had been made more after a pause. shiny by rubbing and his coat and trousers . "Oh Lordie I done clean fogot all had changed color from dusting, a big about him," he replied in horror. bundle, with only a tiny face peeping out, "Fogot him did you? go fine him, yo a walk.

midst of what had once been a plantation. fo now?" Here she lived with the two grandchildren Out of the door Reuben shot like a whom her daughter had wished to be sent flash and as he ran he looked up at the flo" and that is just what she wanted them what he had already heard. to say.

and placed it at his side; then he took out back." he sobbed. another, giving it the same treatment as looked up and saw far down the road a They were Reuben and his little brother.

drew nearer.

"Look at the eggs," said another.

as his short legs could carry him, never See da, see da brudder, da's Mammy "Has I been yellen' at you all dis time stopping to look around, never thinking of sitten in de do'. Dis am Easter. I guess an yer doan know what I said? Come the bundle he had left, only on, on, he she's thinken' bout us now." hyar so I kin wash an dress you. Did'n went until he reached the door-step shout- He picked his little brother up in his

fo you."

"Oh he's too little, Mammy!" After depositing the eggs on the table fo you."

When Reuben was dressed, that is, "Whar's yo brudder?" said Mammy

was placed in his arms and he set out for hyar me, doan you step in dis house till you done found him. Git out, doan you Mammy had a very little house in the suppose de night doctors done cotched him

Mammy said, "were not like ole time night doctor done cotched him fo now?" niggars!" All was so neat and clean that they moaned. He looked into the stream the neighbors said "you could eat off de as he jumped across, but it only echoed

"Can't run no mo" he gasped, stopping Reuben sauntered along, holding the baby at the spot he had left, only to seek in vain lightful features of our school life, and this very uncomfortably, yet it did not seem to for the lost one. "What'll I do? Whar in particular was a very enjoyable occasion keep him from sleeping. did he go? But he can't walk. Dose ole to us all. "Guess I'll let him get de sun hyar" he white men done stole him. Oh Lordie! said, placing his burden on the grass, and, Dey was night doctors dey'll cut him up!" sitting bown beside it, he carefully reached Such was his lamentable soliloquy as he down in his trouser pocket, brought out a went further from Mammy, further from large egg, hit it against his white teeth home. "I'll fine him or neber come

number one. As he sat there, his black Three years later there stood at that face smilling at his white friends, he same spot on the road two little darkies.

gang of ruffians. At first he seemed in- "Hyars de place dat dey stole you clined to-run but remembering his baby from," said Reuben looking around in brother he held his ground. fear lest those same dreadful men might "Hello, sonnie!" shouted one as they appear again. "And I hunted fo you an at las' da you was at de circus whar I was one night. Dey was g'wine to larn you "There's a kid," whispered a third. when you got a little biggeah how to do knows half the delights of skating-"Want 'er pick?" came from a fourth, all sorts of monkey shines. Jest as soon That was too much for Reuben, whose as I saw you I make up my mine to wait eyes sparkled for joy. "Yep!" he said. till all de rest was gone, an I did. I crep "You go fust, points—da, I got you— up an grabbed you so quick hobody knew butts, dat egg's mine." it. Den I worked hard, sellen' papers, Oh how excited he grew as he won more shinen' boots, till I got all dese fine close lin is always so Amyable (new spelling). and more until his pockets and cap. as well to come home in. Hyar we is. Look at as his hands, were full of these treasures. dat ole hen strutten' round da. Bet she shoes.

He gathered himself together, ran as fast come from one dose eggs I picked wid-

arms, made a rush for the door-step and

"Mammy, Mammy, hyars a Easter gift

ALBERTA WALKER.

Liszt

The study-hall, after school last Friday. was the scene of another of our delightful musicales. The artists this time were Miss Grace Hamilton Jones, pianist, and Miss Mary Lockhart, soprano, the latter being accompanied by Miss Mignon Ulke. The following pleasant programme was presented:

Piano-Concerto, a minor, Greig Vocal Solo-Le Seran Rose, Arditti to her as a last remembrance and who, swaying trees, "Doan you suppose de b Novelette Opus 22, Scharwenka (Lady Mine, Hawley Vocal Solo- Bid me Discourse, Bishop (Il Bacio (the kiss), Arditti

The musicales are one of the most de-

Piano—Rhapsodie No. 12,

EVERY ROSE HAS ITS THORN.



"A lady in skirts, Mr. Mushly, never

Mr. Cassin, translating French, "I'm robust although I am thin." Guess again, Buddy.

Some one wants to know why Miss Conck-

A great honor-blacking the Bishop's

The Mestern.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."-Buckingham.

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MONDAY, APRIL 20, 1896.

No. 13.

WHO IS SHE?

(Dedicated to this petite little, neat little, sweet little

She's a second year maiden, the fairest of all That meet every morn in our large study hall. When at nine silence gathers, serene and sedate, I watch, feeling certain that she will be late, When lo! through the doorway she comes with a whirl,

This fly little, spry little, sly little girl.

Her form must be stolen from some fairy queen, Her curly brown locks rival silk with the sheen, And her hands and her feet are really so small, You wonder why Nature e'er gave them at all. Oh! Surely no other could ever surpass This prim little, slim little, trim little lass.

Her lips are like cherries, and parting, disclose The tiniest of teeth, set in pearly white rows, And such dear little dimples play hide and go seek O'er the fair peach-blow whiteness of each pretty cheek,

That I struggle in vain with a longing to kiss This light little, slight little, bright little miss.

What mischief looks out from her dark pretty eyes;

'Tis here that Dan Cupid in ambuscade lies, And daily, nay, hourly, sends forth his quick darts,

Each time bringing captives for this Queen of Hearts.

Who is she? Of course you can all of you tell This petite little, neat little, sweet little L--.

G. F. B.

CADWALLADER,

CHAPTER II.

The Col. and Mrs. Williams left Paris the next day with the understanding that model," she answered, "it is the lack of few doubts in his mind as to the lasting Mr. Merton and his party of five, includ- genius in the so-called artist." qualities of his commands, he fastened the ing Cadwallader, who was not to be overlooked in such an important event, were to why Tom had so suddenly awakened to the not understanding the wild shrieking of the join them in Cologne the following week. beauties of art, when heretofore he had engine or the unaccountable manner in "Then," as Mrs. Williams had proudly listened to her enthusiastic praise of Jessie's which he was bumped against the side of told Beth, "you must meet my Harry and work and art in general with only languid the car, gave vent to one mad yelp and

hored it was a doting mother, so after this explanation for the noticeable change in dignity suffered another severe shock, and speech she promptly decided she would not her brother, "he has met a real artist and he was possessed with a wild desire to dislike Harry Williams.

One afternoon, on their way home from a studio in the Latin Quarter, Beth ex- that inspiration was walking between them, pressed this opinion to Jessie, as a girl is chatting gaily; her head thrown back, wont to do to a close friend, and was her eyes sparkling with life and interest, a greeted with a jolly little laugh and a merry deep color fanned into her cheeks by the jest. "Ah, Beth, you must wait and see fresh spring breeze. Then, indeed, could him; he's nice enough in his way, but," the Xrays have been brought to a focus on she added slyly, "it's a mighty sweet Tom's head they would have shown that, way."

very much preoccupied with his own placed by a lovelier and more lasting vision, thoughts, for he had not heard a word of that of a girl beside him. the conversation until Beth gave him a vigorous little poke with her parasol. "Tom, what is the matter?"

"Thinking," he answered slowly.

"Well, don't ever think again if you intend to look like that. Were they air castles or politics? "

just thinking how much of the real beauty through the Salon, smiled at the two who of nature is lost in a painting. Now, were so constantly pouring over the catathere's that little urchin with the tangled logue or else pausing before some great yellow hair and great sad eyes, whom we work of art, seemed to appreciate and ensaw sitting on the curbstone; his pose was joy every detail. one of unconscious ease, and yet perfect; Thus the days slipped quickly by and was it not, Miss Maxwell? Yet. I doubt the following Wednesday found Mr. Merif you should see it on canvas that the life ton and his party bound for that quaint old would be there, the something that shines city of Cologne. With some little exerout from within and makes it more than a tion Mr. Merton finally succeeded in set-

his college friends." interest. "But, then," she thought, and landed in the middle of the isle just as the Now, if there was one thing Beth ab- she smiled as though she had discovered an porter opened the door. Mr. Merton's

At that moment the innocent cause of quicker than a kaleidoscope, the picture of Tom was sauntering along beside them the little curbstone child had been dis-

After that Tom and Jessie spent a large portion of their time in the Salon de Paris. It is really marvelous what slight interests brought to bear upon a person's life may change the whole course or turn the stream of thought into other channels, whence it flows onward with greater zest, perhaps, "Neither one," he answered. "I was than before. Not a few, as they passed

mere study of painted features." tling Cadwallader under the seat contain-"It is not all the fault of a conscious ing their grips and umbrellas, but having a Beth could not help wondering secretly chain securely to the arm of the seat. Cad, he feels the inspiration." own that dog. After many entreaties on into the baggage car.

Station.

trembling with excitement; his ears alert answered seriously. roundings.

Tom went to summon a carriage. The erable little dog, fleeing for his life. girls preferred to wait on the front steps of Beth cast an indignant glance at the row the hotel shortly." said soothingly, as Cad wriggled nervously sympathize. under her arm.

gested Jessie.

"I will wait here, Beth, so that Mr. the corner." responded Jessie.

safely passed the stand of cabinen, a huge with a silver name tag. ners of red and green, the Klub colors, mastiff issuing from behind a team uttered His thoughts had regularly adjusted will be seen in great numbers at the com-Edinburg before the days of his rescue, prised when he was greeted by Tom, who ber of the Klub, has arisen to the position ing the corner that her hat slipped over Miss Maxwell before in New York." one ear in a most provoking manner, and "Why, Mr. Williams," exclaimed Mr. midst wagons and pedestrians.

laughed.

Cad, tucked safely under Beth's arm as "I should not have turned the corner so had nothing whatever to say. they proceeded down the platform, was quickly, but I trust I did not hurt you," he

"but Cad has"-

room to attend to that ever troublesome en- cordance with his word Beth saw him bound mensely." cumbrance in the form of checks, while across the street in pursuance of that mis-

in that old baggage car, so it was," Beth back to Jess, who was always ready to other a knowing little nod.

"That dog has disgraced me," she said "Suppose you put him down and let him firmly, "and I'll never take him with me feel that he's safe on terra firma," sug- again, never! I almost hope he can't find him. I should not have minded so much they are good, solid ones, too. "What a good idea, Jess! I'll walk had he been a foreigner, but he was an him down to the corner so that he'll real- American, Jess, and so nice about it all. when the competitive drill comes off. The ize that he has returned to civilization once Here he comes with that wretched little boys are thinking of going out in a "tallymore and is not borne on by a shricking animal in his arms, as though he was re- ho," and, judging from last year's experimonster of an engine. That, perhaps, will turning a lost treasure; I just know he ence, it will not be difficult to locate the act as a soothing tonic for his nerves." enjoyed a good laugh at my expense 'round "red and green" on the field.

of having seen that little "yellow quad- was not long since incorporated under that Cadwallader showed his appreciation of ruped," which was evading him, once be- name. They are still doing business at the this scheme by flurried antics and many de- fore, but he could not remember where, old stand, and have no connection whatlightful pantings. When the two had until he caught sight of a dangling chain ever with any such "corporation." Ban-

a low growl near by, and Cad, haunted by themselves to the situation by the time he ing drill. Mr. Berry has this matter in visions of his former miserable existence in reached the station, and he was not sur- his charge. Mr. Tanner, the invalid mem-

of speed. Beth, fearing impending disas- Tom had introduced him to the girls, "Miss the office very well, considering. Rememter, clung to his chain until brought so Merton and I are not altogether strangers, ber the K. S. K. is yet a school organizaforcibly in contact with a young man turn- and I have had the pleasure of meeting tion, having the interests of the Western at

Cad, released, dashed between the young Merton, coming up to them hurriedly, "I man's feet and disappeared across the street am delighted to see you. Is the Colonel laughable matter? The further you go the

the part of Beth, and much to the satisfac- Flushed and breathless she stammered "No; he was unable to come and intion and amusement of the fellow-passen- her apology. "It was that dog," she com- structed me to bring all to our hotel for a gers, Cadwallader, with his ears drawn menced. "He was so frightened I was genuine Dutch supper," he answered, as he down and his off eye cocked pleadingly at afraid he would do something disgraceful, helped Miss Maxwell into the carriage. Beth, was dragged forward by the porter and now I-I-" and here for the first But Cadwallader, ruled by his earlier intime she glanced into the eyes of the young stincts for liberty, rebelled against being Early in the afternoon the dingy walls of man and saw that he, not at all discon- placed within the carriage and raised a Cologne appeared in the distance, and certed by the severe shock, was striving to distressing howl. Mr. Merton grew imtoward three their train pulled into Central suppress his amusement. Then they both patient and Tom was cruel enough to suggest turning him loose, but Beth for once

"I think our moment of antagonism is passed and the dog and I will be friends," and his eyes roving over the strange sur- "Oh, no, it was my fault!" she replied, Mr. Williams said, with an amused glance at Beth. "See, he is actually laughing at Mr. Merton slipped into the baggage "I will find him," he called, and in ac- me as though he enjoyed the joke im-

> "No, Tom," he answered, "I know the way perfectly, I will walk and meet you at

the station rather than in the stuffy little of cabmen who were laughing, and feeling Then as the carriage door closed, Tom waiting room, which was crowded to the very much as though she would like to and Mr. Merton looked askance at the uttermost. "It was a shame they put you hide from public gaze, she made her way girls, but they only smiled and gave each

[End of Chapter II.]

KAMPTOWN.

Some new members have been added and

The K. S. K. will by no means be quiet

The Kamptown Soshul Klub is in no Merton will not miss me when he returns." The young man had a faint recollection way connected with the organization which bolted around the corner at a terrific rate "I think," he said mischievously, when of Sergeant-at-Arms. He manages to fill heart, by promoting a "loyal school spirit."

> Why is a balloon ascension a very more you lose your gravity.

LOVE WILL FIND A WAY.

Miss Susan had a sweetheart, Young William, tall and slim. He thought an awful heap of Sue, And likewise Sue of him.

But Pa did not like Willie, Nor did his worthy spouse, And Dick, her brother, said he would Not have him in the house.

They put their heads together, Then called their weeping daughter, And told her what she ought to do And what she hadn't oughter.

Pa said he thought that Susan Should just sit down on him, And ma said, not to waste a smile On Willie, tall and slim.

Then Dick gave his opinion, And said as how he would If he was put in Susan's place Just give it to him good!

Poor Susan's heart went thumping, A bass drum wasn't stronger. She cried and cried and cried, Then cried a little longer.

But Susan was a goodly girl (That's where she showed her trainin') She up and said she would obey Although her heart-was painin'.

So that same eve when Willie came, Just when the day was done, She gave him all the smiles she had, And didn't waste a one.

And when he asked her for a kiss, As all good lovers should, She straightway followed Dick's advice, And gave it to him good!

She followed all instructions With Willie tall and slim, And spent the next two hours In a sittin' down on him.

MORAL:

Take heed of this, fair maidens, And while your years are meller, Obey your parents always and You'll always have a feller.

G. F. B.

The May entertainment promises to be a success in every way. Besides the play, which forms the second part of the programme, there will be numbers by four of the most gifted artists in the city: Miss Bertha Lucas, violinist; Mr. Charles Crosby, tenor; Miss Brockett, elocutionist, and Mrs. Hormess, contralto. We look forward to this entertainment with a great deal of pleasure.

Who are coldest and most divided people in the world? The Poles.

UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

much so that he had determined to put an use trying to hide it, for the fact was selfend to his single existence. Already he evident and, to add to his discomforture, ject to his sweetheart, but, confound it, he process having been completed, the poor had been baffled in every single attempt. fellow once more began his cherished subnecessary to remain in the room the whole git married. I guess you ain't goin' to find enduring time. Not in the least disturbed any fault either, so its all right." "I don't brave it again next evening. This second ring for me?" "Of course," he replied, reached that point in the proceedings when he drew forth a large brass ring. "It's the shall be around save the participants, just cut it off pa's gallowses, but I guess he can as the kid brother rushed in and caught Si hook 'em up with a nail." in the act. So confused and withal so dis-

A week had elapsed since this last fail- quality. ure and Si began to think it was about time he should try his fortune again, but this time there was to be no such thing as failure. As he was about to start for Susan Ann's one Sunday afternoon, he suddenly thought of something he had not provided for. He remembered that once when he had visited his cousin in the city she showed him her engagement ring and so her home on N street. This early vacation he concluded that the ring was a most is owing to the fact that the school term essential article. But where to get a ring at Staunton is much shorter than that of he knew not. At last he struck an idea the larger cities. and going to his father's room he lost no time in procuring the desired object. As Bickford will be interested to know that he passed down the lane he met his father Mr. Bickford is pursuing his studies amid returning from the barn with a few eggs the picturesque and historic surroundings in his hand. "Here, Si," he called, "take of the Exeter Academy. these eggs to the house while I git some water from the spring." Si reluctantly took the eggs, but with no intention whatever of taking them to the house, and waiting long enough for his father to get around the barn he slipped the eggs into his back coat pocket and went on his way.

He found Susan Ann all alone, much to his delight. Now Si wasn't usually bashful when with Susan Ann, but on this particular afternoon he seemed ill at ease. pressure thus brought to bear upon them, surprises of this nature.

had been reduced to a conglomerated mass Silas Backwoods was in love. Yes, so of shells, yolks and whites. There was no had made two attempts to broach the sub- Susan Ann laughed audibly. A cleaning He might have succeeded the first time had ject. "See here, Susan," said he bravely, not Susan Ann's enterprising ma found it "I've made up my mind to quit foolin' and by this little misfortune he determined to mind, Si," said Susan, "but hev you got a time he succeeded remarkably well and had and fumbling in his vest pocket for a while it is absolutely necessary that no one else best I could do," said Si, bashfully, "I

The ring was slipped over Susan Ann's couraged was Si that he decided to go extended finger and received with as much home and let the matter drop for awhile. pride as if it had been of the highest

ALUMNI NOTES.

'95—Arthur Birch, of Lehigh University, spent the Easter festival at home with his parents in West Washington.

'94-Miss Etta Lee Hanger, who for several months past has been occupied in teaching at Staunton, Va., is at present at

'96—Friends and classmates of Warren

'93—Many of his old classmates were pleased to greet Mr. Taussig, who was in town during the Easter holidays.

'95—It is with sorrow we beg leave to announce the death on Friday last of the father of our old classmate, Miss Lulu E. Trundell, of the class of '95.

'93—There are dim rumors of weddings in which three of the '93 girls are to take a prominent part, but as yet the affairs Drawing a chair close up to Susan Ann he have not been officially announced. In seated himself. At the same instant he one of these it is understood that a '93 boy was very strongly reminded of the eggs in will also figure. It is safe to predict that his back pocket, which, yielding to the the month of roses will bring one or two

THE WESTERN.

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MONDAY, APRIL 20, 1896.

EDITORIAL.

The Latin poet spoke truly. Time hath indeed wings, and he has flown with rehard to realize that three-fourths of the soon be upon us. Already in the budding a foretaste of Summer. The universal chirping of birds, the bright-colored crocuses in the parks, the tinge of green on tell the same story. There is everywhere an invigorating freshness in the air and a sense of newness and brightness. Now, when the earth has escaped from the thraldom of winter and the sun's monarchy is still limited, is the season for work. The fourth quarter should be the most successbeen a successful one. Out of it has come as if we were not "in it." the Bicycle Club, which has already proved a source of much pleasure to its members. The Company has been steadily progressing, preparing itself to confirm anew, at the competitive drill, the confidence we repose in it. Preparations are going on for a pleasant entertainment in the near future, and, most important of all, our studies have progressed and we have gained in knowledge as well as in other ways.

stands bare and grim on the roof of the profit and enjoyment to us all, and you Western. We were told in our exercises know we cannot always say that of a lecthe other day, at the raising of the flag, ture. May she come again is our sincere that having our nation's emblem con- wish. stantly before our eyes we have come to disregard it. We should remember that patriotism is as essential a part of our anything else. It was patriotism in the first place that made our country free. It is patriotism in the daily lives of all the citizens that will continue to preserve and strengthen it. We must remember this, and let the flag floating above our heads stimulate us to greater and better deeds.

THAT PLAY.

What a joy and yet a sorrow it is to have rehearsals going on, for a little play or something equally fascinating, before our very eyes. The joy lies in the fact that we may expect a treat, the sorrowwell it would take many a page to dilate upon it. In brief, how miserable to have markable swiftness this last quarter. It is a door slammed in one's face with "you can't come in here, having rehearsals," or school year are past, and the holidays will "you can't go in there, they are busy with rehearsals." Then how sad to see trees and mild weather Spring is giving us those actors (?) and actresses (?) skipping and tripping blithely along the hall, while we poor unfortunates are doomed to work and they get out of a recitation. Then the branches outside our own windows, all how big it sounds to have one's name called from the lofty platform before a multitude who all know that "he" is in the "play." What envy smites our hearts! And when we can only catch a glimpse of the name of the play and ask what it is, to be greated with "don't know, do you?" ful of the year. We like to think that our is more agony than we can endure. It is school is the best one, but it can be better simply unbearable to "keep a guessing." still. We can all be better. And only So please hurry aleng ye balmy days of constant effort on the part of the students April and May and hustle over that "play" can make it so. The third quarter has and put us out of our misery, for we feel

> The Normal girls had a pleasant though not an unexpected treat Monday. Miss Wilson of the Normal School came over and gave us a lecture about drawing. After all, it can hardly be called a lecture for it prisoner, "every story they gimme to read was so delightfully informal.

Miss Wilson has a charming personality next week." and warmth which must attract all who At last the red, white and blue is floating know or meet her. Her talk given so skill- the preserved kind.

over our heads, and the flagpole no longer fully and pleasantly was a source of great

CLUBS.

At the last meeting of the Bicycle Club. life, our school life and home life as the ribbons for the members were distributed. Of course the colors are our dear red and white. The first run was then decided upon. April the eighth, the day appointed, dawned clear and bright. At about a quarter past two there might have been seen to issue from the Western a band of merry youths and maidens who in a few minutes whirled off on their silent steeds of steel. It was a perfect day for a run and our ride to Soldiers Home was both easy and delightful. Nothing exciting happened though, no one was lost nor was even a single tire punctured.

CAMERA CLUB.

The Camera Club is so very exclusive and secret that we have been unable to learn anything of their "goings on." Still, as we have given a gentle hint to our private delective we hope next time to have a long and fascinating article about them.

CURRENT TOPIC CLUB.

At the last meeting of the Topic Club is was noticeable that a good many seniors were present. Whether this was due to a gentle hint or to their own inclination we are not prepared to state. We merely note the fact. Preparations are being made for a grand debate to be held in the Study Hall. The subject for discussion and the participants have not yet been decided upon, but we all look forward to a very interesting and enjoyable talk.

Proud Father. (who is trying to teach his children politeness,) Charles, will you have some cake?

Charles. No.

Proud Father. No, What?

Charles. No Cake.

"Well, if that aint mean," said the has to be 'continued' and me to be hung

One peach crop that is never a failure is

THE JUNIOR'S SOLILOQUY

A la Hamlet in continuity of thought.

To flunk, or not to flunk, that is the question; Whether 'tis nobler in a Junior to take The awful risk of failing with a seven, Or risking not, to buy himself a pony, And thus, by bluffing, escape. To mount, to ride; No more—and by that action to get an eight Or a two, or the sweetest, finest nine That luck is heir to—'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wished. To be free, to be literal; To translate, perchance to give constructions-ay, there's the rub!

For, in the doubt of that Professor's mind what questions may arise,

While we do rattle off a flowery sentence, Must give us pause. There's the point Which makes calamity for a wayward Junior; For who can, when dexterously holding a Cicero, Covering the Latin words with a green leaf, scaning the margins,

And, at that self same moment, holding a spirited steed

With a nerveless, sinister hand, while the hardened rabble doth grin on,

Who can then, or at any time, give the construction of a verb

Which he doth not see.

JOLSTRUM.

MARY'S GHOST.

Ding-a-ling-a-ling-ling.

thot haythen bell has rung in tin minutes, of heads, hands and feet, upon the arms and rather suspected one of my small cousins and sorror a body in sight!" This, from back of a large chair, much to the surprise of being the "ghost." a stout red faced specimen of humanity, of a little curly-haired girl, who gazed at I returned to my "den" and tried to belonging to that eminently superior class them with large, serious eyes, evidently think that I was interested in my story. of society popularly known as "hired wondering which feet belonged to which Soon, however, I threw it aside in disgust, girls."

never-failing source of amusement to us leaned against a door in a graceful, uncon- my collection of books was kept, to search Southerners, temporarily sojourning in the scious attitude (studied for hours before for one better suited to my present mood. Bay State, although a familiar enough type her mirror). Several young gentlemen Presently I espied one far up on the top in the North. Knowing nothing whatever hovered around, throwing ardent glances shelf, and stretched my hand to take it. of the art of answering the bell, and still at her, from time to time, which she caught, How provoking! Just beyond my reach. less of that other art, that pearl of great played with for a while, and then re- But perhaps by springing I could get it. price, holding her tongue, our ears, accusturned with ten per cent. interest. One! Two! Three! Success! But tomed to the soft musical dialect of the col- Just at present, however, the centre of alas! Pride comes before a fall; and ored "help," were often scandalized by the attraction was Mary, who stood in the crash! my book went upon the second freedom with which this good natured, middle of the room, rendering, with her shelf. freckled daughter of Erin ventilated her usual eloquence and grace, a stirring deopinion on all sorts of subjects, in that clamaticn. Every particle of color had left Again that troublesome bell. Checking shrill, piping voice, the like of which we her usually flaming cheeks, and must have my woman's curiosity to see who was at had never heard before. Pray, do not crept into her curly locks, for they were think that Mary was regularly hired for her even redder than usual, and stood on one present occupation. Oh, dear, no! It hap- end like the quill of a porcupine. In one upon a string or wire-I knew not which-

cook, had informed us of their intention of while her right arm was waved on high in Instantly the whole situation flashed taking a little vacation of several days, to gestures intended to throw a light upon her across my mind. I looked more closely. attend a series of wakes-I believe they already clear meaning. Occasionally, Yes! there was a wire running along the

called them such—and, on attempting to also, she gave a vigorous stamp of her by supply substitutes, we had found, to our no means dainty foot. dismay, that every other respectable serv- "And Oi'll stand it no longer, Oi'll hov ant was also going to attend the same yez understond! Oi've wurruk enuff of wakes-for, you know, all the "help" of a me own, without having to run to the dure Northern town are natives of the Emerald iv'ry foive minnits atter nothin! Why Isle. Then we brought all our diplomacy dinnot yez tell me the house war ha'nted?" and persuasive powers to bear on Mary, and finally, after a liberal bribe, she kindly two or three in mock distress. consented to remain.

Now, Mary, the queen of our kitchen, was clearly out of her element above stairs, but she could cook-oh, yes, she could serve dainty morsels fit for a king-so we kept her, and thereby hangs a tale.

wonderful. Immediately, as if by magic, all the younger members of the family ap- wint to the dure, and thar stood the cat. peared upon the scene, eager for the fun of Did the cat ring the bell? Now answer "jollying" Mary. I was in my room, reading, and, well knowing what torment was in store for the poor creature, went to the head of the stairs to—rescue her? Oh, feet. no! simply to watch the fun.

Looking down into the reception hall, a Thot's all about it! Oi tell yez"rather confused scene met my gaze. Sev-"Howly saints! That's the thurd toim eral small boys hung, in a disorderly tangle hear more. Truly it was strange, but I head. A pretty girl, with an amused as I had done with several others that Our Mary was a perpetual wonder and smile dimpling the corners of her mouth, afternoon, and went to the closet where

pened this way. hand she had gathered her skirts, as that lay at the back of the shelf, and-The butler, the maid, and Mary, the though ready to flee if necessity demanded, Ding-a-ling-a-ling-ling!

"Haunted? Goodness gracious!" cried

"Yis, ha'nted. Who could o' rang thot bell but ghostes?"

"Who, indeed? Now I know who has run away with so many of my handerchiefs and ribbons and flowers. It was the ghost," said the pretty girl, thoughtfully. The result of her noisy exclamation was Guilty silence among the ardent adorers.

> "Och! Oi told yez so! Yisterday Oi me thot !"

> "Bet your bcots! That cat's a wonder!" This from the owner of the largest pair of

> "'Twar spirits what rang the bell.

But I turned away without waiting to

Ding-a-ling-ling-ling-ling!!! the door, I started to pick up my fallen treasure. As I did so, my finger caught

wall, back of the shelf. For nearly a week I had been imprisoned in my room by a getting interested in the boy in spite of cruel doctor, and, all other amusements myself, so I said: "How old are you?" having been denied me, I had spent much He looked up brightly "Me? Oh, Long? of my time in reading. Most of my books I'm seven. Don't know. Might be Mrs. Long. How do you do Mrs. were on the second shelf, and -- could it be? seventy-seven," he added, with the most Little? I grasped the wire and gave it a tremend- roguish twinkle in his eyes. Then he went ous tug.

A long, loud peal of the bell, an agon- paper! Please buy a Times!" ized scream from Mary, a bewildered, I hesitated. He saw it and at once "What can it be?" from the pretty girl, and a howl of delight from the small boys were the results of my venture.

I hastened to the scene, and soon ex- long ef you'll buy a paper." plained matters to the satisfaction of all I laughed. "Then you're not always a except Mary. She would have none of it. good boy?" Up the stairs went she, into the trunk went "I reckon I ain't. Leastways my ma, space. "What is that?" all her belongings, and finally, in spite of she says I ain't," he answered easily. all our tears and prayers, milady sailed forth into the gathering twilight, leaving us upon the veranda, pondering upon the cruelties of fate, and wondering what in the world we would do for breakfast the next morning.

And since then the occupants of the house have wondered why it is so hard to I came out, and he beamed with delight as get "help."

GRACE FRANCIS BIRD.

IN PASSING.

"Lady, buy a Times."

. I don't want a Times," I replied, with perhaps unnecessary sharpness, for 1 had already been waiting a long time for a car, and as yet there was no sight of one.

dirtiest, most ragged little urchin that it was boy all day long." ever my luck to behold. His torn straw hat was pushed on the back of his tangled turned the corner, standing there at the curls, and he stood in a manly attitude, one hand thrust deep in his pocket.

gazing at me in a beseeching manner.

"I really have no money," I said, won- farers. dering what had become of my car.

Look in yer purse and see," persisted the child.

"I have nothing but a five-dollar bill," I answered, turning away.

"Well, if it had been a one I could handle. have changed it," he remarked as he wandered off.

"No; I haven't been shopping." I was

back to his old refrain, "Lady, buy a the song Love me little, love me long."

and seized his advantage.

"Lady," he said with the most solemn earnestness, "I'll be a good boy all day

By this time my last trace of annoyance had vanished. I could not resist a smile.

"Well, if you really will be good, I think I'll have to get that paper," I said.

So I entered a neighboring drug store and procured some change.

He was waiting for me at the door when cured. I gave him a bright dime.

"I kin change that," he said proudly, his own station and to stop there. giving me a paper.

Then that long awaited car hove in sight, and I had to run for it.

He followed me.

"Here's yer change, lady, here's yer change."

Never mind, you can keep it," I said, face. "Lady, please buy a Times!" as the conductor rang the bell.

I looked down and saw the smal'est, "Thank yer, lady. Deed I'll be a good

I stood watching him until the car street crossing, with the gleeful smile just disappearing from the corners of his mouth "Please buy a Times," he repeated, and a pitiful expression making its appearance for the benefit of the coming way-M. HOPKINS.

> Why is editing a paper like carrying an umbrella on a windy day?

Because every one thinks he can manage it better than the one who holds the

Wednesday was the first Sunday in Lent is proper; it is not very singular, and is gen-In about two minutes he was back again. as bad as the one who said Cain killed his erally used in the plural number and agrees "Got any change, now?" he inquired. brother because he was Abel.

HUMOROSITIES.

Mrs. Little. How do you do Mrs.

Oh! said Mrs. Long "It reminds me of

The man who thinks he is bright is seldom inclined to keep it dark.

The Chinese carry their devils with them wherever they go. They are great imp-(p)orters.

Voice from back of room as professor withdraws lantern slide leaving a blank

Prof. "My friend, that is an exact representation of the contents of your brain."

Babies are very fond of playing a game of ba(w)l.

What is most remarkable in the treatment of a pig? He is first killed and then

Why are railways like aristocrats?

Because they teach every man to know

A green grocer—One who trusts.

What is book-keeping? Forgetting to to return borrowed volumes.

Johnny, you said Sally kissed you. Did you kiss her back? No, I kissed her

When a lady was asked why she called her two canaries Wheeler and Wilson, she replied, because neither of them is a singer.

When is one apple equal to four pairs! When its ate (eight.)

It is pleasant to shake hands with a girl whose fingers are covered with diamonds. for you feel that you have a fortune within your grasp.

When is physician most annoyed? When he is out of patients.

DEFINITION OF A KISS.

A kiss is a noun, altho' it is never de-The boy who wanted to know if Ash clined. It is more common than it is with me.

The Mestern.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."-Buckingham.

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MONDAY, MAY, 4 1896.

No. 14.

DEDICATED TO COMPANY "H."

(Tune, "Battle Hymn of the Republic ")

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the boys,

They are marching with a splendor which all doubt or fear destroys,

They have learned the fateful manual of those terrible swift toys;

The boys are marching on.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

The boys are marching on.

We have seen them in the toilings of a score or more fine drills,

They have practiced on the summit of as many more good hills;

Just notice our whole company, and see how well it drills;

As the boys are marching on.

CHORUS-

They have sounded forth the challenge that shall never say give in,

They will make those other fellows think on what they might have been,

They are marching to the struggle to forever lose or Win;

The boys are marching on.

CHORUS-

And now for Captain Berry, who, our noble friend and true,

When going off the field with all our gallant boys in blue,

Will bid the other fellows, each, a lasting glad adieu As the boys go marching on.

CHORUS-Composed by REGINALD LEWIS.

CADWALLADER.

CHAPTER III.

ately. You needn't take your time about going, either, 'cause he hasn't got a minute tor, who, smiling blandly, delivered his totally unable to get a word in edgewise. to waste."

was blacking and started upstairs at a leis- breath. "And those people are coming to his shoulder and marched him off in the urely pace for the benefit of the chamber- dinner! Tell them to pack my bag imme- direction of the city jail. maid who was hustling around the kitchen diately and send it to the station," he told A few minutes after Harry's hasty depreparing supper for the travelers about to the proprietor in German. "I can't wait for parture from the hotel, the belated carriage

set forth. These travelers were Colonel that carriage," he added to himself, turn-Williams and his wife. It was but an ing away, "I must go and meet them and hour since a peremptory despatch had ar- explain and give that girl her dog." rived from London demanding their imme-still clutching Cadwallader's strap, he diate departure for that city, and since that dashed out of the door and across the street, time the entire hotel had been in a ferment himself darting to one side of the lampgetting them off.

man to the hotel manager—the trunks had straining in his own direction, until Cad gone and he and Mrs. Williams were de- finally burst loose from his moorings and scending the steps for the last time-"tell tore down the road. Harry stood dazed, that son of mine that I am called away to holding the dangling strap before him. London on an important matter, and he Suddenly, a realization of the situation must follow by the next train. Come, my dawning upon him, he started on a dead run dear, we must be off now. There's not a lafter the fugitive. As he dashed madly minute to spare."

from the station, Cadwallader following at rying a goldheaded cane, hove in sight. the end of his strap. The streets, owing The next thing Harry knew the citizen to repairs, were full of obstructions, and he was picking himself up from the sidewalk knew that the carriage must go by a round- and the air was filled with German male-

"There'd have been a tight matter. squeeze with him in the carriage too. You "Matter!" cried the German gentleman, did lead me a chase, though, you little "Donnerwetter, matter enough! This mongrel. It's a good thing," he went on young scamp has come rushing headlong presently, "that the other fellows didn't into me, knocking me down and breaking stay. I prefer to entertain Miss Merton, my eyeglass. Such violent characters (ahem!) and the rest of them, by myself. should not be allowed in the city to con-Of course we'll all sail home in the same nive against the peace of law-abiding citisteamer. Jack said they'd join us some- zens. I demand his immediate arrest." where between here and England. Heaven Such a stream of questions and explana-

"James, the Colonel wants you immedi- walk was beguiled. When he reached the into each other, and an undercurrent of hotel steps he was accosted by the proprie- "r's" pervading the whole, that Harry was message.

post and Cadwallader to the other. There "Proprietor," said the Colonel in Ger- they stood for a second, each frantically around the corner, a German citizen, short Harry Williams walked leisurely home and rotund, wearing an eyeglass and carabout way and arrive later than himself. dictions. A police officer came hurrying "I am glad I brought the dog," he to the spot and inquired what might be the

grant it doesn't happen too soon." tions flowed from the alternate mouths of With these and kindred musings the the officer and citizen, the "ch's" running Before he half understood what had hap-James carefully put down the boot he "The deuce!" said Harry, under his pened, the officer laid a heavy hand on

assisted its occupants to alight. Mr. Mer- tient gentleman. standing on the doorsteps like a granite Why don't Colonel and Mrs. Williams Tom and Jessie--"

"Has Mr. Williams returned yet? Are polished German. the Colonel and his wife at home?" asked "Ich weiss nicht," said the proprietor, "you needn't worry about them, for I see Mr. Merton in his best German. The pro- blandly, "Ich kann nicht Englisch them coming up the street now." prietor shook his head with a vague smile, sprechen." "Well, in the name of goodness, when are Mr. Merton turned in despair to the to himself. He was installed in the most they likely to get here?" persisted the office clerk who had just come on the scene. palatial apartment the Cologne jail boasted. American gentleman, with growing impa- "Make him understand what I mean," he It was a room eight by ten, with the bare tience. Another shake of the head, and said. another smile equally bland and vague was The clerk, fortunately, owing to the ne- wooden bench for its sole article of furnithe only reply. Mr. Merton stared hope- cessities of his position, had a smattering ture. On this bench the woe-begone prishe turned to his daughter. "That fellow before the proprietor. front of him, his arms folded, and his hat doesn't possess an ounce of sense," he "Oh," said that worthy, "was that what pushed over his eyes. The prison officials them."

about different parts of the sitting-room and Mr. Harry Williams followed them some they had taken away his cigarette case and occupied their minds with conjectures as to ten minutes before the gentleman came. he was unhappy. His breakfast that mornthe missing hosts. As time went on the His father left word for him to do so." ing had not been all that an epicure could conjectures grew fewer and fewer, and Mr. Merton, who, with most foreigners, picture. Between the intervals of annoyfinally ceased altogether. Mr. Merton understood the language better than he ance at his own situation, his mind reverted bought a paper and soon was engrossed in spoke it, gave expression to a single word, with wonderment to the fate of Mr. Merton the shipping news. Tom and Jessie re- short and forcible, but impolite. "Papa!" and his party. Then there was another tired to a dark corner and Beth was left said Beth. "I beg your pardon, my dear," mystery. "What the dickens is it," he alone with her thoughts. Presently her replied her father, "but there are limits kept asking himself, "that has called the father was nodding over the stock reports, beyond which even my patience does not dad to London like this at a minute's noand finally he fell into a comfortable rap. extend," and unheeding Beth's suggestion tice?" After a while the officer of the pre-The silence was broken only by the ticking that they had "better wait for Jess and vious night entered the room. "Thank of the clock, the sound of the call-boy con- Tom," he seized his cane and started for goodness," thought Harry, "they're going versing with the cook, and the occasional the door. rumble of a cart outside. Some hours The sun rose the next morning to find "Here is an advertisement," said the later Mr. Merton awakened suddenly to Mr. Merton and his daughter installed in official, "offering a reward for a dog whose find his daughter gently shaking him by the apartments previously engaged in an- strap has a tag on it bearing the name the collar. "Papa," she was saying, other hotel. Early as the hour was, the 'Harry Williams.' We found this strap and "papa, wake up. It is nearly ten o'clock two were engaged in earnest conversation. tag on you last night. I was certain you and nobody has come. I am afraid some- "Papa," said Beth, "I don't know what had been stealing something. You will be

troable?"

sleepily about the room. Jessie and Tom wait till I see that boy again. I'll have Jessie and Tom had started forth the had departed some time since, with the an- something to say to him. There are night before, and strolled aimlessly about nouncement that they were going for a Tom and Jessie, too, they haven't come the streets of the quaint little town, both walk. An oppressive stillness reigned su- back yet. I'm worried about them." too absorbed in conversation to notice the preme. Mr. Merton stamped out into the "I'm not," replied her father, "Tom has a flight of time. It was Jessie, who, stophall.

doesn't that young chap turn up? Con- out with that girl; and Cadwallader is no what street they happened to be on. Each found it! Where's the proprietor?" The loss. In fact, I'm thankful-" last-named functionary, hearing his name "Papa," said Beth, "you're not! Cad- familiar landmarks.

statue, with his hands behind his back. | come?" said the latter, again in his most "As for Tom and Jessie," said her

lessly at the proprietor for a minute. Then of English. He laid the facts of the case oner was seated, his legs stretched out in

thing is the matter." has become of Harry Williams, and I don't kept in custody for a week or so till the Eh, my dear, what is it? What's the care. He had no right to leave us that court can attend to your case." And with way without any word. What I do want that the officer departed, leaving the pris-Mr. Merton aroused himself and looked to know is, where is Cadwallader? Oh, oner alone with his despair. head on his shoulders. That is, usually. I stopping finally to admire a picture in a "What's become of the Colonel? Why believe he leaves it at home when he goes lighted shop window, inquired casually

rolled up to the door, and the coachman thus taken in vain, hurried up to the impa- wallader must be found; he has Harry Williams' name on his tag. You must ton walked up to the proprietor, who was "Where has everybody disappeared to? advertise for him at once by that. As for

father, turning away from the window.

"This is a pretty mess," remarked Harry floor quite innocent of a carpet, and a said, "We will go inside and wait for the gentleman said? I thought he was in- had searched him the night before, hunting quiring about breakfast. Colonel and Mrs. for dangerous weapons or treacherous doc-Accordingly the four disposed themselves | Williams left for London by the 6.20 train. | uments: They had found neither, but to let me out now."

looked up and down, searching in vain for

"Tom," said Jessie, "I believe we're sailor hat. "If you please," she said, officers' competitive drill, Lieutenant Mclost."

With one accord they hastened, if possi- him." ble, to retrace their steps, or at least to find "Of course," replied the bewildered ular officer. some English-speaking person. Jessie officer, "step this way." knew no German, and Tom still less. On "Oh, dear," thought Beth, for she it tirely of male riders of the school took a turning a corner they were surprised to was, as she obeyed; "I know it is some hear the sound of loud voices and see a terrible villain. I almost wish I hadn't run was proposed, the members were encrowd collected in the middle of the street. come, even to get dear Cad. I never be-They hastened to investigate. It proved fore spoke to a bloodthirsty criminal."

dog.

"It's Cadwallader," cried Jessie. "It's stood face to face. our dear Cad." His ugly quizzical visage [End of Chapter III.] seemed to her the countenance of an angel. It was the face of a friend. She dropped on her knees beside him and gathered him in her arms, the crowd staring in unfeigned amazement. Tom hurried up the police officers and proffered an explanation. Fortunately one of them understood English, and he stated the case to the others. "But we have a prisoner in the jail who says the dog is his," he told Tom, "a man found the beast last night and brought him to the prison. We were taking him to the pound

"I don't care what your prisoner says," said Tom, "this is our dog."

to wait there till the prisoner gets out, when

he stopped here and refused to go farther."

"Yes, indeed, it's our own Cad," sobbed Jessie.

"It is impossible," said the officer, "the prisoner says the dog is his."

"But he stole him," cried Tom.

"Very likely," said the official, "but we cannot surrender him without sufficient proof." As he refused to argue further, Tom and Jessie moved sorrowfully off, having learned the way to the hotel (where they subsequently discovered the departure of the Colonel and Beth for their original apartments),

"That contemptible villain!" said Jessie, "Beth will be ready to murder him when she hears he stole Cad. We must hurry and tell her about it. I do hope he gets a long term in the penitentiary."

"If you please -. " The prison official turned and stared in amazement at the apparition before him in the hallway of the jail. It was a young girl with a sweet face and soft, fluffy hair beneath her broad tunate enough to win the medal in the fect specimen of physical development.

to be a number of spectators gathered about The prison officer stopped suddenly and some police officers with a short, yellow opened a little door, and she entered. The next minute Beth and Harry Williams

ENDURANCE BEGINS AT HOME.

Each comrade take a seat— This is your place, and we Shall gladly talk while we eat Of the land we helped set free.

To-day when the sky looked black I thought of that day long ago When the clouds seemed to soar, 'member Jack? Like a bird of prey o'er his foe.

And I thought of the noise and din As they called us to arms, in a trice. We went in determined to win We conquered, but great was the price.

In the midst of the fight we went, Many were killed all around. I stood near a cannon that rent The air with it's terrible sound.

I often smile when I see Women who try to be men. They can act it as well now as we, But I wonder what they would do when-

The cannon roared out in their ears, And the fire so hot, near each head, Scorched the hair. Ha! think of their fears When the fair skin was cooked dark as lead.

Ha! ha! Shall I pass you some more? Whew! Ouch! Nan, come take this dish! Oh! what are you standing there for? Here, take it, you know I don't relish

Blisters upon my hands, this way, It will take a long time to remove them, Don't stand there and smile at me. Say. Go get me something to sooth them. ALBERTA WALKER.

NOTES OF INTEREST.

Those who expect to participate in the athletic events on Georgetown Field are training faithfully for the occasion. wish them success, and sincerely hope they will give a good account of themselves.

"may I see the prisoner who says that that Gowan succeeded in remaining until the "Jessie," said Tom, "I believe we are." dog is his? I am very anxious to speak to last three. This showing was quite creditable, and we are justly proud of our pop-

> The Outing Bicycle Club, composed enrun to Baltimore on the 17th. When the thusiastic over the venture, but when the time came for starting the "enormousity" of the undertaking had appealed to the majority of the members to such an extent that only four started. Those who composed the "faithful few" were-Wright. Mannakee, Smith and Wilson, and they report a pleasant trip despite the intense heat.

The L. I. C., the club in the 2d year, has died a natural death. Long rest its bones.

The Camera Club, true to part of its profession, is "keeping dark." The most persistent inquiry has failed to elicit any information as to the club's doings, and it is our belief that they are doing nothing. But it is whispered that the club is soon to take a trip for the purpose of obtaining views, and then we will have the opportunity of observing its work.

ITHACA, N. Y., Feb. 29.—J. Hawley Taussig, the plucky little end, is a junior in mechanical engineering. He is a native of Washington, D. C., where he attended the high school and first played foot ball. Here he held the light weight wrestling championship and won several Columbia Athletic Club medals. His home is now at Philadelphia. He entered Cornell in the fall of 1893, and though starting in late to play foot ball, soon found himself a member of the 'Varsity team. In his first game, in New York, he gained the nickname of "Towser," which he has borne ever since. In the Spring he rowed bow in his Freshman crew, pulling a strong oar, but of such short reach that he had to swing out to complete the stroke. Last Spring he was a substitute on the 'Varsity crew. He also holds the wrestling championship of We the University. This year he was a member of the Junior Prom Committee. He is five feet six inches in height, is nineteen Although none of our officers were for- years old, weighs 141 pounds, and is a per-

THE WESTERN.

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THE WESTERN is a bi-weekly magazine, devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils and alumni. Original contributions are solicited from all, and should be given to any men.ber of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON / PPLICATION TO THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

Monday, May 4, 1896.

EDITORIAL.

After this number there will be but one more issue of the "Western" this year. We hope that our paper has accomplished its mission so far, and been a source of edification and amusement to its readers. If so, it can enjoy its summer rest and vacation with a quiet conscience, as well as the rest of us, and be all the fresher and us to have a final fitting ending to this year's efforts. Shakespeare tells us that "the end crowns all." I would be a vast pity if the last issue of the "Western" were not the best of the year. We expect to have an interesting number. It will be larger than usual, and its contents will include the last chapter of the serial and stories by the best writers in school. But we need your co-operation, and so comes erary production would be a gain to the the inevitable plea for contributions. It "Review's" own columns. A school paper is Shakespeare again who says, "To be a should not be merely a catalogue of pro- and we hope to have a goodly meeting. well-favored man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature." We may not all be "well favored," but we can | "elevate the literary tone of the school." everyone attempt to write something; some happening in class, an incident that occurs on the street, a joke, a verse, anything to make a beginning and increase our confidence in our own powers. The school has all the year done nobly in supporting and contributing to the paper, but now make an extra effort and let the star of the "Western" set in a blaze of glory.

subsequent excitements and dangers of competent staff for the "Review." Let matinee day, is a thing of the past.

old scores wiped out and a clean record before us, we are ready to retrieve the numerous faults and errors of the year during the fourth quarter. How many of us, I wonder, would like to employ old Archimedes and his lever to turn the world back for us to the end of last September? Beginning the term anew, would we, made wiser by the experience of all these months, refuse to again commit the same blunders? Would we with more success re-encounter the same difficulties? We are all stronger than we were at the beginning of the year; we have achieved many successes as well as made many mistakes, but it is by our mistakes that we profit. You all know the tale of the king's son whom his father sent out to seek his fortune. From beginning to end the road was blocked with heavy stones of all kinds and sizes. These the young man was obliged to lift out of the way as he proceeded, the exertion required to move each one making him stronger to encounter the next. It is a well-known fact that if no one ever met with difficulties, no one would ever improve, and the world would stand still. Rather than go backward take a look into the future, into the spring of next year, and see the Western older and better by the experience of a twelve month, during which time we all, by encountering and surmounting the diffibetter in the fall. However, it behooves culties in our path, have lessened the number before us.

The last "Review" has come to our hands. It is essentially a school paper and faithfully recounts the numerous happenings in the great world of the Central. It says truly, in its Exchange Department that a school paper should not consist of stories and poems alone; but we would suggest that a little more of this class of litceedings in the different departments. As such it will never "amuse the reader" nor Not to be beaten by their elders, the A boys of the Central have put their heads considerable balloting, the following oftogether this year and evolved the "A Crescent." We admire their courage and determination in thus launching forth unaided upon the frothy sea of journalism, and we also admire their paper. The little sheet, printed by a hectograph, reflects credit upon the young editors. By the time The end of the third quarter, with the they reach the fourth year they will form a With our own First Year boys profit by their ex-

ample, and prove by their contributions to the "Western" that they are able to do as much.

KAMPTOWN,

Kamptown's grand choruses at the drill will be the hit at that exhibition, and consequently should be missed by none. If you failed to hear them last year, at the drill, don't let this chance slip by.

Among the numbers will be a solo (by Mr. R. Leetch), "What's matter, Company H?" Quartet (Berry, Nesbitt, Tanner and Duckett), "Krickety, Krickety, Ki Yi." Duet (Alexander and Wright), "English, Latin, German, Greek," and last, but not least, Kamptown's new chorus (yell) by the entire klub.

FINAL NUMBER.

Number 15, Vol. I, of "The Western," will appear May 25, after the competitive dril, in order that the result of that drill-Company H's victory, we hope—may be contained in it.

As it is to be the last number issued this year, it will be a special number in size, contents and importance. Don't forget it!

CLUBS.

At the last meeting of the Current Topic Club the participants in the coming debate were chosen: Negatives-Miss Cobaugh, with Mr. Berry to close; affirmatives— Miss Woodruff, of the first year, with Mr. Alexander to close. An interesting topic has been chosen: "Resolved, That there should be an educational qualification above the present average for voters." The judges, three teachers and two students, have not yet been decided upon. As first stated, the debate will not be held in the hall but in Room II. All are cordially invited,

A very exciting meeting of the Senior class was held in Room II, Thursday, for the election of the class officers. After ficers were elected: President, Mr. Reese Alexander, First Vice-President, Miss Florence Lyddane, Second Vice-President, Miss Alice Coyle, Secretary, Mr. Jesse Wilson, Treasurer, Miss Geneva Johnson, Class Representatives Miss Alice Clarke and Miss Josephine Davis, Committee for selection of pin, Mr. Robert Leetch, Miss Davis and Miss Concklin.

DEDICATED TO LIEUTENANT SMOOT.

This is about our Lieutenant gay, With his eyes so sparkling and bright; Before his epaulets he had donned His pride and his soul's delight.

He fell in love with a maiden fair, His elder whom he did deem Worthy to be the object of each Flower and hope and dream.

One night when the party was safely o'er, He thought, "I will have the chance, Of seeing my lady dear home alone," And his eyes with joy did dance.

They neared the cable so swift at last, And he helped her safely on. With a nod and a smile she gaily said. "'Tis late, little boy, run home,"

Then the stars they started each from their spheres,

To guide his small feet aright, And his manly form it shook with tears, For he walked home alone that night.

NOTHING SERIOUS.

urely pedaled down the long, shady vil- pathetic way of talking soon changed Mor- ment' field. lage street, still feeling the refreshing gans private estimation of himself from It was the first tournament Claire had coolness of the water on his flesh, Morgan that of a "blamed Jackass" to something ever seen, so upon their arrival she gazed felt more at peace with nature and things like that of a martyr. in general than he had all the long hot This illusion was not lasting however lows-like arrangements, from which the day. He knew that he was in time to and by the time he had rolled his wheel little iron rings were suspended, and dedress comfortably for supper, and conse- up the terrace of the wide lawn and de- clared that the "knights" galloping with quently had that pleasing sense of right- posited on the broad veranda of the little their sharp pointed lances, could never hit eousness and safety which we all feel when house buried among the chestnuts and the such small objects. we are well on time.

He felt so well satisfied with himself force. that when two visions in white lawn, with Kicking his faithful collie out of the wards the rows of carriages and daytons lace parasols and other feminine appur- way he gave vent to his feelings. backed up on either side of the covers and tenances came within range of his beatific "Confound it, I believe that if I ever found much to interest her in the beaux sight, his hands disdained the use of the get lost on my wheel I can bring about and belles of all ranks of country society handle bars. One of the visions was that forty-seven grinning idiots in sight by sim- who filled them. She was watching the diminutive tease Sally Anderson, or ac- ply and ungracefully falling off. But, firemen, marshals, hurrying about with cording to her own accounts, Miss Sarah Gosh," he added, brightening up and smil- that tremendously rushed air such people Anderson. And the other could be no ing inanely, "that city cousin's all right, will assume, and was pitying them for the other than her long heralded Washington aint she?" cousin.

gave promise of being a most finished and which amounted to the same thing. to wipe their perspiring brows with equally graceful bow, when his front wheel (bereft | * * * * outrageous bandannas. of its guiding hand) struck a large stone. Saturday morning, a fortnight later, She was wandering too, why the farmers Neither Morgan nor his wheel stopped. Miss Merton, Sally, Morgan, and quite a insisted on carrying their whips with them But there seemed to be a difference of number of other brave youths and fair everywhere and if they intended to use opinion as to which side of the road should maidens, together with three matronly them on the awkwardly-shod, tow-headed be transversed. Morgan preferred the chaperones and several portentious lunch children who trooped after them, when side nearest the girls. baskets, were in a full tide of jokes, laugh- the augumented confusion and excitement

his eyes he noticed that the usual stars the noisy, jolting sunlight car, which they tournament was about to begin.

which danced before his vision on such almost completely filled, carried them at nothing supernatural about this as the tion of Withersburg." eyes belonged to Sally Anderson and her It is perhaps worthy of mention that ural.

With one hand pressed to her side and car, a point of vantage. her head thrown back against her parasol Morgan had always before fought so shy stood Sally, a perfect picture of diminu- of girls that now he was the target of tive blonde merriment, (devilment, Morgan many a sly look, wink, smile and even said). Finally she spluttered.

easy."

Morgan tried to smile and couldn't, glanced towards the back of the car. tried to think of an answering witicism | They had not far to go and soon the and failed, tried to walk dignifiedly across ittle procession of parti-colored parasols, the road to pick up his wheel and limped. duck trousers and heavy lunch baskets So he limped back again and was intro- (very heavy by this time), with its rear duced to Miss Claire Merton, a tall, rather guard of more soberly dressed dames, was He had been swimming and as he leis- pretty girl, full of tact, who by her sym- marching gaily along towards the "tourna-

oaks, his former opinion returned in full Morgan assured her that they could and

Morgan was in the act of making what desperately in love, or thought he was, which they took off every minute or so,

occasions were wanting and in there place the exhilarating rate of twenty miles an were substituted two pair of laughing eyes. hour towards the destination, the "tourna-A moment later he saw that there was ment and picinic of the Firemans' Associa-

cousin. He wished it had been supernat- Morgan and Claire, as he now called her, were esconced in the rearmost seat of the

joke. Everyone was in the best of spirits "I say Morgan, wont you teach me to so the jokes were stingless. Only the ride with my hands off too? It looks so bright face of the jovial little Sally would cloud and look worried sometimes as she

with some interest at the row of three gal-

would however, so she turned her eyes toimmense amount of trouble they seemed By the end of the week Morgan was to have with those preposterous helmets

While he was rubbing the dirt out of ter and general conversational buzz, while of the perspiring marshals proved that the

knightly titles and cabalistic numbers re- throw his arm about her with all the pre- miles distant. But it wasn't. lating, presumably, to the adjustment of sence of mind imaginable. It was well So interested was he in his burden and the rings the first "kright" came tearing that he did, for steping on a stick half in his own thoughts that he did not see the down the course.

As he leveled his lance at the first ring, ankle severely. the sun poured down on a silent crowd. Morgan's idea of the amount of support nicers from under a dark slouch hat and a a buzz of voices counting, "one". The under these circumstances. down upon the platform, however, the man next he missed and there was a sympathe- But at length, with the help of another approached with an exclamation of relief, ing brass band broke forth simultaneously lated train. to ride back.

open field to the picnic grove beyond. railing, in an attitude of meditation. little face. Here they found most of their party (which The situation wasn't remarkably dry, "Who is that?" he whispered fiercely. had scattered upon its arrival) engaged in but he thought it was preferable. "Mr. Morgan," she said, with a sob of submit.

look chagrined, herself looked relieved. attack.

every empty basket and dainty parasol in of the car. the crown was called into requistion as a A few moments later, with trembling "Elizabeth, my child, (said a very prurain.

After some delay and bawling out of slight scream from Claire caused him to sparkles as they fell, had been several buried in the mud, she had twisted her mackintoshed figure, with its handsome.

As he took it, there was a slight stir and she needed was exaggerated, however, even big umbrella. As he was setting Claire

tic movement among the crowd as they youth, entirely superfluous from Morgan's and, putting out his hand, said: "Claire." said, "he missed it". The third he took, point of view, they got her to the station, and the noise of the people and of a bray- there to wait in sudden silence for the be-

as he wheeled about, far down the field, When it had come and they were all "tournament" and though it was an old clothing, uncomfortable seats and light too arms.

found himself busy laying out sandwiches, bound and straping over the plush back of man." fried chicken, pickles, &c., on a long the seat, and a look of suffering and need wooden table supported by trestles, and of sympathy in her pretty face had been too flanked with backless benches. This much for him. He felt so unutterably when he was not "toting" water or roll- soft that he was afraid he would do some- the 24th, but as most unfortunately it

thoughts", and Morgan's were of the long- near future. But somehow when they all sat down to est. He was building castles in the air eat, Morgan found some one else feeding and weaving sweet fairy tales. And the pickles and chicken to the object of his queen of the castles and the enchanted adoration. It made him positively savage princess of the fairy tales was always the to note that Sally Anderson seeing him same. The poor boy was suffering a severe

The day passed much as other picnic Wrapped up in such thoughts, the days do and by the time the fagged out whistle blowing for home, startled him party had begun to drag themselves through and throwing away his cigarette, long the evening gloom towards the station, since died out, he went back into the light

Morgan was doing his best to protect and broken stone intervening. Morgan have curled it Himself." Claire's white dress, (ignowing his own wished that the station lantern which, shin- Elizabeth. "So He did, aunty, when I forgetfulness touching to see), when a drops within range of its yellow ray enough to do it myself."

bearded face, anxiously scanning the pic-

Morgan, hearing her whisper a name to herself amazedly and in a half frightened way, felt her draw back towards him.

Then she started forward suddenly, and arranged inside with as much comfort as forgetfully putting her weight on her hurt Claire began to have some idea of a was compatible with tired bodies, wet foot, she almost fell into the stranger's

story to Morgan he was well satisfied with poor to admit of reading. Morgan got up Morgan stood still, stunned by the exhis office of explaining. and went out on the back platform, lit a pression on both their faces. He felt a They staid and watched the sport until cigarette after many fruitless attempts and hand on his arm, and turning about saw the sun, glaring down on them with in- settled himself with his back to the car Sally looking up at him contritely, with creasing fervency, called them from the and his foot propped up against the iron tears or perhaps rain drops on her white

unpacking the lunch. They were both Inside the car Claire half reclining on genuine sorrow in her voice; "I ought to called upon to help and Morgan presently the seat, with her hat off, her hair un- have warned you, she's engaged to that JAKAI.

BICYCLE CLUB.

The club was to have had a run Friday, ing lemons in that henpecked way to which thing foolish. So he had come out here. rained, all were deprived of a pleasant trip. all young men who go on picnics must "The thoughts of youth are long, long Still we hope to have a nice spin in the

GRINS.

Why are printers liable to bad colds? Because they always use "damp sheets."

What disease do reapers often get on a hot day? A "drop sickle" affection.

Sunday School Teacher (to pupil). Who made that vile body of yours?

Pupil (who had on a new dress). I made the body, but Ma made the skirt.

protection against the inevitable picnic arm, he was lifting Claire off the car. The dent old maid to her pretty niece who train was not on the track next to the plat- would curl her hair), if the Lord had in-Plodding through the mud and water, form, so he had to carry her over the tracks tended your hair to be curled He would

limp, mud splashed "ducks" with a self- ing through the darkness made all the rain was a baby, but now He thinks I am old

The Mestern.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."-Buckingham.

VOL. I.

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No. 15.

MAY MOONLIGHT.

All the garden, kissed by moonbeams, Wrapped in sweetest slumbers lay, Time, enchanted by such beauty, Seemed to halt twix day and day. For at night, in the white moonlight, We all are young in the month of May!

There, in paths all crossed and darkened By the shadows of the trees, To the fairy songs we harkened As they floated on each breeze, For at night, in the white moonlight, Fairies and flowers are vieing to please!

Cradled in wisteria blossoms Rocking lightly to and 1170; See them! Hear them! Gay and winsome! Laughing, singing as they go. For at night, in the white moonlight, Fairies and flowers are murmuring low. A. K. C. '96.

CADWALLADER.

CHAPTER IV.

It was late that afternoon when, deeming her day's adventures completed, Beth late drops. The man of the world sur-cipient of paternal forgiveness and mater-Merton sat meditating in her own dainty prised at this demonstration from his nal affection. The Colonel smiled, grimly apartment. Cadwallader, for once con- usually reticent daughter clasped both the vowing that his son's eloquent verbosity siderate of his mistress' mood, snoozed on small, trembling hands in his large, firm had cheated the telegraphic union, and the hearth rug. Had she recorded her one as he inquired, "Why what's troubling forthwith prepared his blessing. In due thoughts in a diary, a thing which no sen- my little girl?" sible American girl should allow herself "Please, Papa, I want you to take me uation. As nothing was to be gained by to do, they would have been after this home." The voice was low and trembling. parental severity, forgiveness was immedfashion, "I've rescued Cad and I don't "The deuce you do. Why we haven't latly granted. Then presenting the Colcare what becomes of that contemptible half done Europe yet, and you always en- onel with a box of the best Havannas, villain! I just hope he'll stay in prison, for joyed travelling so much." this most dutiful of sons requested that I'm sure I never want to see his face "Yes, I,-I,-did enjoy it, but it really they should have a smoke together. Whereagain."

committed to incur this terrible invective? limited to express his disgust at this re- astonishment not unmixed with pleasure, Beth herself could not have answered that mark from the lips of his usually level as he exclaimed, "Go ahead sonny, I'll question. He had received her with an headed daughter, while she would not back you! Return to the states? Well if easy suavity, common to young Ameri- have had the courage, even had she rea- you must, I guess your mother and I are cans of his class, and apologizing for the lized the fact, to acknowledge to him that old enough to take care of ourselves." simplicity of his surroundings, had offered there was a criminal at the bottom of it all. The westward bound ocean-liner was not her a seat on the hard prison bench. Then But she had her way in the end as her overcrowded as it set out from Liverpool had followed explanations and regrets at father foresaw that she would, and he that glad May afternoon, for travel was having inconvenienced Mr. Merton and his comforted himself by saying that he too nearly all in the other direction at that daughter, besides an ardent wish that he was tired of hustling.

might soon be at liberty, literally speaking, mutual friends and kindred tastes. It was but little surprise in the assembly. only when the prisoner's dinner was served In the mean time, in London the Wilthat Beth arose, alarmed to find that she liams were wondering at the non-appearhad spent the morning talking with "a ance of their son. Mrs. Williams decriminal." It was this fact above all clared she had never known dear Harry to others which aroused her anger and self- be so exasperating. The Colonel vowed accusation. That night as she sat alone with that it was just like the young scamp! her father, for Jessie and Tom as usual They were too sensible to worry about him were not "en evidence," she rubbed her and, after a few days, had about concluded cheek caressingly against his rough-coated to make the best of it, when a telegram shoulder as she had not done since she arrived from that young hopeful, pleading was quite a little girl and wanted the unavoidable detention and announcing his where-with-all to treat her cronies to choco- determination to become the immediate re-

When Tom and Jessie came home they to return the compliment which Miss Mer- agreeably fell in with the proposal. Inton had paid him by her visit. Beth had deed the former frankly declared, with not minded that remark at the time, but but small opposition from the latter, that now in her self-inflicted solitude she flushed he wanted to go back to New York and be with anger as it recurred to her. After married in peace any way! A remark, that they discovered that they had many which, considering its importance, caused

time Harry arrived and explained the sitdoesn't agree with-with-Cadwallader!" upon he told his father something which What deadly sin had young Williams | Charles Merton's vocabulary was far too made the old gentleman open his eyes in

season.

Among those who had boarded her was Mr. Merton, accompanied by his fair daughter who did not look as happy as might be expected, considering that her most ardent wish was being gratified, but the exterior is oft times deceitful. No doubt her heart was leaping with joy. Jessie and Tom, of course, strolled leisurely behind. Mr. Merton truthfully remarked that they were too far gone to need any assistance whatever.

The steamer was two days out when Beth made her first appearance on deck, alone for the simple fact that none of her party were in a condition to acompany her. She was feeling a little shaky and Oh! so very lonely, -without Cad who was not allowed on deck. She assured herself that it was because of Cad's absence. Seating herself she gazed dreamily over the ship's railing into water which came frothing from beneath the vessel.

Soon she gave up trying to explain that vacant feeling, she simply knew that it was overpowering her.

She hated these new, queer thoughts, hated above all things to acknowledge, even to herself, that this vague longing dated back to the morning spent in the German prison.

She started at a shadow cast beside her, a shadow lenghtened in the afternoon sunlight. Harry Williams stood at a respectful distance awaiting recognition. Even against her will she held out her hand with a glad smile of welcome, and he read in her smile the first suggestion of that which was to fill his life with gladness.

So they sailed homeward in all the sunset glory, till the moon came up, and silvered sky and sea with glad serenity.

And Cadwallader the unconscious agent of all this happiness, was adorned upon his landing with an elegant bow of wide white satin ribbon.

(THE END)

Johnnie had a rubber band, 'Twas very long and double, And every where that Johnnie went, It got him into trouble.

He took it into Study Hall, Upon one mournful day, The teacher saw it fly, and John Came up to matinee.

A SYMPATHETIC REVERIE.

I dreampt the twilights hours away With dreams that were not pleasing, Dreampt of things now passed away Yet grieved not at their ceasing.

Gazing in the fire I heard Sweet voices all alaughing; Smiled not at their mirth absurd, Their joking or their chaffing. For amidst some firelight elves, I saw one lonesome other, (All the rest among themselves, With mirth did nearly smother).

But with mud and water splashed, He stood midst jokes offensive, Thinking as he stood abashed, With visage sad and pensive, Why had he so played the fool Before these girls a yelling, Fallen in that miry pool, Caused uproar, far past quelling?

Riding on his wheel he'd been Tremendously delighted, When from midst surrounding din, His lady love he'd sighted. Slime and mud and pools were naught Unto this ardent lover, Ah, that nod and smile he caught A thousand ills would cover!

Alas that flying steeds of steel Are not more surely footed, Alas that one must ever feel His bow a question mooted! Sharply turning, slipping swift, He tumbled in the mire. Yes, bad language is a gift Quite easy to acquire.

Gazing in the fire, I heard Sweet voices all a laughing; Smiled not at their mirth absurd, Their joking or their chaffing. No but frowning on that crowd, I heaved for him a sigh For, derided, laughed at, cowed, That mud-stained elf was I.

J. H. WILSON JR.

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Among those beautiful towns generally known as "one-horse" places, which Virginia, and Virginia only, can produce, appelation of Pokeville. This verdant re- is the hen house. treat is famous in all the country round Stealthily he approaches his goal, lifts chickens of any that the country can boast. and an occasional flapping of wings.

or so, counting the children and dogs.

means of support, for "Pap," "Gawge" and Bob, the grown up members of the community, consider manual labor beneath their dignity, and spend their valuable time on the river bank with rod and

Any ordinary family in the same circumstances would soon lack food and other necessaries, but our friends are not ordinary people for their larder is always well stocked with the best that the land produces. It would seem that such ability to make much out of nothing would raise them in the estimation of the farmers of the country thereabout, but such is not the case; they are looked upon with suspicion which even amounts to doubt as to their honesty. Still, there was no proof against them, and consequently Farmer Brown, who lives on the "swamp road" just outside the town, was wrong in making such a pointed illusion as he did, saying in the boys' presence: "I've jest loaded up my ole gun, an' if I catch some niggers I knows of a-foolin' round my hen house I'm goin' to fill 'em full of shot."

Of course, the young men each took this as a personal insult, and as they walked away each fostered in his heart a desire to get even for that significant speech.

When the darkness falls that evening, a man comes out from the shanty and walks at a rapid gait along the road to the Brown mansion. Although he carries no arms more dangerous than a large bag and a lantern there is a sinister expression on his face that bodes no good for some one. Hardly has he left the house when the door again opens and another man appears who immediately sets out after the first—they are "Gawge" and Bob.

The former is too intent on his quest to notice that his brother is trying to overtake him, so he keeps up his rapid pace until he reaches a point not far from Brown's place, where he dives into the bushes and makes a bee line for the back of the yard. ranks a small village bearing the classic His intentions are evident—the attraction

as having the dustiest roads, the fewest the latch and enters the coop. The silence people, the poorest ground and the finest is broken only by a few surprised chicks

Among the handsome habitations that When he returns to open air, the bag is grace this noted spot is a single storied full of chickens whose heads have mysshanty, whose 16x20 roof furnishes shelter teriously disappeared. With a self-satisfor a family of negroes numbering a dozen fied smile George turns back to take the homeward road, but he does not take it, Excepting a small "truck gyarden" be- for there in the bushes before him is a man. hind the house the family has no visible George does not stop to inquire as to the

identity of this personage, but takes to his the expense for four fiddle strings entirely "Nothing, dear, nothing," hastily reheels for the swamp, followed by the man. In vain does he try to throw his pursuer off his track—the other knows the country as well as he—so at last he makes up his mind to abandon the chickens. Stopping a minute in his flight he seizes a stone, thrusts it into the bag and drops the burden into the water. Then he resumes his flight, but run as he will his pursuer hangs on at his heels, so at last he is obliged to succumb. He throws himself on the ground question,behind a log hoping the other will pass him, but it is not to be. The other man comes straight to the log and salutes the cowering George with: "Who's chasin' us Gawge?" In surprise George raises himself and looks at the speaker. "Well I'll be doggoned if I didn't think you was ole man Brown."

"You ole fool; made me run all this way for nothin'. Where's de chickens?" "De chickens? I drapped 'em in the pond."

"Well you'd better go home and stay dere. You ain't fitten to belong to our family. You're de fust one dat ever drapped a chicken in his life after he'd got his han's on it."

A USEFUL FASHION.

mice ever since the death of old uncle Zeb; Preacher Jones's to see about,-about,- which we, at least, who have reached that they were now so poor that during the sum- about, -about church next Sunday;" stam- point in our Shakesperian study, know is mer they were obliged to live on corn- mered Florence rushing out of the gate be- capable of many different constructions. bread and wild blackberries, and when fall fore any one was able to understand her. The lecture was convincing as well as entercame, persimmons, more corn-bread and oc- The next day the cow looked much taining, and we all enjoyed it exceedingly. casional chestnuts were all the entire Smith- brighter than usual and the Smithers' Kamptown has been demonstrating its ers household found to nourish itself upon. thought dried leaves must be an excellent generosity lately by a distribution of green But now that winter had come, everything animal diet. Florence, herself, acted per- and red ribbons bearing the initials "K. in the way of food seemed to fail, till one haps a little mysteriously, leaving the S. K." and "W. H. S." This was much day a stray cow made her way to the front house several times during the day always appreciated by the grateful recipients who door of the Smithers' and "shoo" as they with a different excuse for her walk across all wore them enthusiastically at the drill. would declined to leave the premises. the field toward the preacher's house. \$100,000 has been appropriated by Con-Inquiries were made far and near, but no The cow, continuing to appear well and gress for a new Western High School. news of the owner, so the hungry family in good spirits, the family gave up all We hail the news with joy, though there was well supplied daily with fresh delici- worry as to her fare. ous milk.

and endeavored to keep up appearance at into a quarrel with his sister Florence. any cost of petty sufferings. There was "You think you're dressed too fine to The last run of the Bicycle Club was Agnes the oldest daughter who still sat on fight," he said, "Agnes lets me slap taken about two weeks ago. As the the piazza every afternoon embroidering in her and now I'm goin' to slap you!" weather was very warm the members apparent leisure,—no one ever dreaming With these threatening remarks he raised turned out about seven in the evening, and that being unable to afford much working- his hand and brought it down with all his a very enjoyable ride they had, too. silk, she ripped out the stitches every day strength on his sister's arm. and began again for the benefit of the "Why! what have you got in your Why is a drill like a rough country? neighbors. Then came John who found sleeve?" he asked, forgetting his anger.

too much, so amused himself scraping on turned Florence and started to run, but two. And after John came Florence a little brother was to quick; he caught her pretty country maid of thirteen summers roughly by the sleeve, pulled at it, and out who was too fond of her good looks to do it came, stuffed with hay! The boy gave otherwise than dress at fashion's zenith. a cry of surprise as suddenly the preacher's And last of all came little Bob, aged seven, fields with their enormous hay-stacks his mother's pet.

But to return to the story—the cow having made up her mind to stay, up came the plained, her words fairly tumbling over one

tried to hide a smile of amusement as a sleeves! Hurrah!" Constance Adee. thought suddenly came into her mind.

"What's the matter, child?" asked her pression.

The Smithers' were a very proud family cow's arrival, the youngest Smithers got to desert it.

dawned upon his mind.

"I didn't steal it, Bob," Florence exanother, "Preacher said as how I was a "With what can we feed her?" sensible girl, I must wear big sleeves for The grass of course dead, no hay in the some use, and that he thought the best use barn or in the fields and the Smith- for them was to take home hay for the ers too proud to beg or even borrow. For hungry cow. And he said he was glad he the first few days "Mooly" was fed on could do something for us. And Bob. dried leaves and such as she could find, what do you think? He wants to hire me but as she began to grow thin and moo to make butter for him and take care of about the kitchen door, Mrs. Smithers said, the chickens!—and I didn't ask him for it "Children, something must be done." All neither, and ma says its all right to take looked thoughtful and even sad .- Did I whats given and now we need go hungry say all?—well, all but Florence who no longer for I'm going to support the turned away, smoothed her sleeves and family, and all thanks to the fashion of big

NOTES.

mother, ncticing Florence's strange ex- We had a most unprecedented treat, the other day, in the shape of a lecture by The Smithers had been as poor as church "Oh! nothing!-I'm going over to Dr. Stafford. The subject was "Hamlet"

One morning about a week after the old building which will make us all sorry

THE WESTERN.

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EDITORIAL.

last few days, has been so successfully try- our school is larger and better. Likewise turtle. day and the contestants were able to put and restful vacation. forth their best efforts. It was evident that Company H drilled in a manner which beer somewhat allayed during three suc- speaking she was as full of prejudice as the bell rang. cessive disappointments, rose to the high- a Puritan grandmother, but especially so "Johnathan," said Miss Meggs "I have est pitch on Saturday afternoon. Few upon two points. One of these was boys. not seen your excuse." could honestly have predicted the out- Miss Meggs regarded each one of us as "Where is it Jim?" said Jack. come. Company F, as the final winner, her natural enemy whom she was in honor I told him "in my desk," and he went soul a friend."

in the Spring.

The drill is one sign that the school year never did it again.

THE TALE OF A TURTLE.

There is not one company in either bat- first of these prejudices we were unable to talion that grudes the victors their success, overcome. The second we did our utmust not one but rejoices with them in their to increase. The fellows used to catch triumph. Moreover Company H may little grass snakes on the way to school perhaps do all the better next year, and and put them in her desk. The day I will certainly bring the banner back to us tried it she discovered me in the act and sent me home with a note to my father. I

is drawing to a close. It is another that That was the foundation of Miss Meggs' this is the final number of our paper. We system of discipline. If a boy missed his hope that the aims set forth in the first geography or whispered to his seat-mate. number have been fulfilled, that The she sent him home with a note. If he Western has proved a source of enjoy- was absent she made him bring one on his ment to its readers. We hope, further- return. Now of course if you've merely more, that it has done its share to increase been taking a little swim in summer time, patriotism and loyalty to our school. It or setting traps for wood-chucks 'tisn't has been received, on the whole, most necessary to bother your father about it, favorably, its virtues extolled, and its so we became pretty expert in writing faults leniently passed over. Next year it these notes for ourselves. Miss Meggs will, we hope, have profited by the seasons never saw through anything that her glasses experience and will re-enter the journalis- couldn't help her with, so the scheme tic field, not "with tepidation," but with worked to a charm, and would have been Well, the drill that the rain, these confidence and assurance. Every year working still if it hadn't been for that

ing to prevent, is finally over and we ex- should our paper, which in a sense repre- You see Jack Mills, and a lot of the tend our hearty congratulations to the sents the school, be each year better. other fellows, had been turtling the day Eastern company which has deservedly Might we put in a plea that during the before, and made an amazing big catch. I gained the coveted triumph. It seems as long summer of recreation you will store stopped at Jack's on my way to school to if nature has refused to smile upon the drill up such gems of thoughts as come to you see the lot and he gave me one of them, this year. She has been dropping tears, unawares and keep them in readiness for a little fellow, no bigger than a twenty-five intermingled with showery smiles all the the paper in the autumn? Till then THE cent piece. I sat right down on the doorweek long. The atmosphere, it is true, Western bids "Adieu," to its readers, step and carved my name on its back. cleared after the thunder storm on the first wishing to each and every-one a happy You see that turtle was the cause of the trouble from the very beginning, for if it hadn't been for it, I wouldn't have forgotten that note father gave me so particucast no discredit upon last year's record. Miss Meggs was our school teacher; ar 16 Jack's father. As it was I never Its advocates were there in full force. just an ordinary teacher with red hair and once thought of it, till I took it and the Most of them were grouped together with eye glasses. She might have been pretty turtle out of my pocket that morning at their red and green banners, but there if she hadn't been so homely that the cows school. Jack sits next me, and as soon as were to be seen in all parts of the field in our field used to turn around to look I'd help him write his excuse for absence among the spectators, the red and green after her, and she might have been good the day before, we began to train the turtle ribbons which could betoken loyalty to but tempered if she hadn't been as ill-natured together. We'd just gotten it so it would one company. Excitement, which had as the old maid that she was. Generally crawl up the slate and onto my finger when

has our warmest congratulations, all the bound to circumvent and outwit at every after it. Now he had my turtle in his warmer because they now enjoy the same turn. The other was snakes. I suppose hand and he was so occupied hunting triumph which we last year experienced most women are afraid of snakes to a cer- among my books for the excuse that he let "Not hate, but glory made these chiefs tain degree, but with Miss Meggs it was a it get away. Then he was so occupied contend, and each brave fee was in his mania. The very mention of one was among the desks for the turtle that I supsufficient to drive her into hysterics. The pose he got kind of confused about the

note. All the same that doesn't excuse was going to keep in. She never stirred his being so stupid as to put that note of abroad without it. father's on Miss Meggs' desk.

I thought of it and I went right back for it chair. She was rather late, so she took Now father's note and Jack's excuse were the short cut across the fields, walking at a both folded up in triangles so it was no faster pace than was her usual sedate cuswonder I didn't open the letter I found in tom. In consequence of this the turtle my desk, but brought it right to Jack to jostled hither and thither among her papers

Megg's hired girl, came in the school-room all was not right. It began to stir uneasily to put things to rights. She saw the note and Miss Meggs, hearing the rustling at on Miss Meggs' desk and with feminine her side increased her speed. So did the d-n that katydid anyhow, why don't it curiosity picked it up. It read "Meet me turtle. At last with a wild cry of "Snakes" shut up-R2 times-I wish I had someat the Bank at five o'clock this evening." she cast appearances to the winds and took thing to eat—times pi—yes pie'd do," etc. Now Sophronia knew that Miss Meggs was to her heels. Gradually the night closed going out to dinner that night so that the in about her. Momentarily the rustling at message couldn't be for her and she very her side grew louder. It had rained the naturally concluded it was for herself. day before, and the fields were an inch "Its real kind of Jonas" she said, smiling deep in mud. I tremble yet when I think broadly, as she hurried up-stairs to get of that silk dress. Still she fled wildly on-

Father had Jonas drive him in the buggy contact with some one. That some one to the city and stop at the Bank. He was my father! After having waited two went inside and sat down to await Jack's hours for Jack's father or Jones to turn up father. The cars to the city were all a and being without a cent of money in his little late that evening, so it was some ten pockets, he had finally started to walk the minutes before Sophronia came hurrying nine miles home. He picked himself up up. She was real pleased to see Jonas in from the mud at this juncture and stood the buggy there waiting for her. Now half dazed, while Miss Meggs clutched Sophronia had on her Sunday bonnet, with him wildly shrieking "Snakes! they are three green feathers in it, and father wouldn't pursuing me!" and then fainted away. At be through his business for some hours yet, this my father thoroughly awoke. Hearso Jonas said "Jump in, and we'll take ing a rustling sound and recalling what a drive."

out to see what become of Jack's father. Woe the day that I had recovered my jack-He didn't see him, however, and what knife from the back of the coal shed, and was more he didn't see Jonas either. He utilized it in carving those initials on that went back to await further developments. turtle's back!

Meanwhile that turtle had taken it into its head to make some more mischief. Just as if it hadn't done enough already! Getting tired of winding in and out the desk legs, it crawled up on a chair and proceeded to explore the contents of Miss Meggs' bag that was lying there.

That bag was an essential part of Miss Meggs. It was black, with strings run through the tops, which she tied with a jerk and hung over her arm. In it she just across the hall Aunt Miranda was kept everything, from her handkerchief sleeping the sleep of the just. And the and spectacle case to the list of boys, she just, as a rule, object to swearing.

That evening she came rustling down in I had gotten about half way home when her jet black silk and took her bag off the carry home to his father. awoke suddenly from its peaceful, evening A few hours later Sophronia, that's Miss nap with the uncomfortable sensation that ready. Jonas was our hired man. ward. At last her progress was checked Professor's heart, too. And his record. That evening at the appointed hour, by coming suddenly and violently into she had said about snakes he picked up has worked hard over me. As hard as if I About five minutes later Father came her bag, and extracted from it, that turtle!

THAT UGLY LITTLE HEATHEN GOD.

gently out along the yellow glow of lamplight shining from Morgan's window. Inswearing at his "trig." Gently, because

She had dropped off, good old soul, after having intermittently inquired from Morgan "when was he going to bed" until he had exploded and said that he wasn't going to bed until he "got this goldarned thing through his head if it took all night." Then she subsided, only begging him to lock up carefully when he did retire.

Morgan bent over under the concentrated rays of his student lamp, with his hands rammed through his tumbled mop of "football hair," was muttering a lot of such stuff as this: "Cosine plus sine equals ---, ---, cotangent times R2 ---All at once he closed the book wearily, saying, "Oh shucks, I ain't going to do any more." Then he straightened up, clasped his hands back of his head, gaped tremendously and said, thinking aloud, "I don't believe I'll get into any college next year. Bust up on math sure as a gun. Break the He never failed to get a fellow in. If that man aint a crank on antiquities," he suddenly exclaimed, a new train of thought striking him. "I thought he'd have a fit when I showed that little gold Aztec idol Uncle Henry got in Mexico. He could hardly put it down. Raved over it, said it was the finest example he'd ever seen. I never saw a man make so much of an ugly little heathen god, even if it is gold." He paused, and then said suddenly: "I wonder if I couldn't get Aunt Miranda to give it to him, now Uncle Henry's dead. I wish she would, for that poor old man certainly were his own son, and been just as kind. I'll ask her about it."

With this resolution Morgan picked up the lamp and started down stairs to lock up.

It was really thoughtful of the boy to think of this way of showing his appreciation of the manner in which old Professor Anderson had labored over him and encouraged and fostered his determination of A quiet, steady midnight flow of mingled going to college, for the old man was a genmathematics and profanity was wasting tleman and a scholar, and his great hobby was antiquities, especially American antiquities. Indeed, nothing Morgan could side, Morgan, divested of all his clothes, have done would have pleased him more except his shirt and trousers, was gently than the proposed gift of the "ugly little heathen god." Creeping quietly down the steps, so as not to waken his aunt, Morgan placed the lamp in the lower hall (where there was already a dim light) and went back into the dining room. Here he found the cabinet. Where was the Aztec idol? veranda.

Entering, he was surprised to see that "ugly little heathen god!" one of the windows was open. From this he glanced, almost instinctively, to the cab- his conclusions. Professor Anderson, that inet where Uncle Henry's "collection" was honored, revered, learned, Christian old on the opposite side of the room, at about man, whom he loved almost as a father, I certainly brought it back." an equal distance from the open window as sink to stealing! Impossible! Yet how himself.

absolutely no noise, being barefooted, and tate retreat seemed to preclude that. And an exclamation of alarm and astonishment kleptomaniac. Besides, why did he cling broke from him.

bent figure, covered with a large, quaintly on the morrow. flowered dressing gown of figure so vivid So Morgan, with this unsatisfactory exthat dim light.

that dressing gown was notorious.

the pottery in alarm and turned, startled, to bed, not to sleep, but to wonder. towards him.

white, pointed beard and mustache, saw the way at the absurdity of it. figure throw the gown over its head, run across the room, heard something tear as it passed through the window (which reached clear down to the flooring), heard it cross the porch and listened to its footsteps finally die away in the stillness of the night.

But he made no move to stop it. He him that it was the Professor!

window and there found hanging on a nail instead of only having a general impresa shred of that famous dressing gown, which neither Mrs. Anderson's entreaties, Sally's gibes, nor the neighborhood's amusement could make the Professor give up. Morgan carefully removed the fragment, closed the blind and window, opened the door into the hall, brought in his lamp, turned up the wick, and stood for a moment gazing at his trophy. Yes, there was no mistaking that monstrosity of a large, white flower on a dark green ground, and Morgan realized it with a sinking heart. Then there was the face, too, with its little, white "goatee" and mustache. He had plainly seen it!

What could it all mean? He had had the pottery in his hands and there it lay in fifty pieces on the floor. Morgan went over to Isn't it here?"

everything fast and started through the It was gone! It was not in its usual place, open door into the parlor, fronting on the nor was it to be found. There was no doubt about it, the Professor had stolen his

Morgan sunk into a chair overcome by else construe it all? Was he a somnambu-Up to this time Morgan had made almost list? His dismay at discovery and precipimoving in fear of waking his aunt, but now Morgan had never heard that he was a to the idol after he was discovered? Per-Kneeling before the cabinet, with a piece haps he was so disconcerted that he had no of Indian pottery in his hands, was an old thought but for escape, and would explain

When Morgan woke late the next morn- gan. Morgan, with his senses almost reeling, ing he was perfectly convinced that it was caught a glimpse in the darkness of a little, all a dream and laughed in an uncertain

So when he came down to his cold, belated breakfast, he felt that relieved sensation which we all experience when we wake from weird or horrible dreams and find ourselves once more in the cheerful sunlight. think what a vivid dream it was and how him. In a dazed sort of way he went to the he remembered every circumstance of it, sion of the whole as he generally did in the case of bad dreams. He put his hand in his pocket and feeling a piece of torn cloth about it." was almost afraid to take it out.

Just then Aunt Miranda came in from truth. the parlor with a duster in her hand and said: "By the way, Morgan, I suppose you son's. Don't forget to bring it home. I trouble, and-" wouldn't have it lost for anything because your Uncle Henry used to value it very highly, poor man."

Morgan turned pale under the realization that last night's experience was not a dream after all, but remembering his resolution upon secrecy, said: "But, Aunt, I brought it back the very day I took it over.

He spoke rather strangely, but his aunt hardly noticed it as she exclaimed: "What! You brought it back! And you don't know where it is! I didn't think at first that perhaps it was at Anderson's and I've looked everywhere. Oh, Morgan, do you think it could have been stolen?

"If you can't find it I'm afraid so, Aunt.

"Oh, Morgan, Morgan, I'm so sorry. Henry was so proud of it and thought so much of it. One of the last things he said was: 'Take care of the little Aztec god, it's valuable."

"Too bad, aunt, I'm sorry, too."

"Do you think any of the servants could have taken it? Being gold it might have tempted them, you know."

"I don't know, ma'am, they might have." Morgan's constrained and short answers that Morgan could distinguish it even in planation, determined to reveal to no one began to appeal to his aunt, and she said what had happened, but to wait for devel- no more, but busied herself with her dust-He could hardly believe his vision, for opments. He cleared up the fragments of ing. She was thinking, too, as she worked, the broken pot, stealthily buried them in and frequently cast strange glances at the At his exclamation the figure dropped the ash pile, finished locking up, and went lad gulping down his breakfast in a silent way, remarkable in teasing, joking Mor-

She loved the boy and was the only mother he had ever known. Childless herself, she had watched over him with a care whose solicitude was sometimes irksome, but always born of her love for him. He had grown restless under her loving care of late, and had begun to assert his approaching manhood. Seeing this she had Consequently, he took Aunt Miranda's sorrowed, and now, although the boy scolding at his laziness very good-naturedly seemed to her to know more than he would as he sipped his luke-warm coffee and tell concerning the lost idol, she was decouldn't, for the conviction sunk home to waited for his cakes. But then he began to termined to have no misunderstanding with

> So she went up to him and, putting her hands over the back of the chair on his shoulders, said kindly:

> "Now, Morgan, tell me all you know

"I can't," said he, with the instinct of

"Yes you can, Morgan," said she, "don't be afraid of your old aunty, she'll forgive left that Mexican idol over at the Ander- you if you've gotten into any money

"Aunt, think what you're saying!" cried Morgan, springing to his feet and facing her. "Do you accuse me of stealing the thing. I've done nothing to be forgiven. Have I been in the habit of stealing that you accuse me? What do you mean?"

"Nothing, Morgan, nothing. Only you acted so strangely-"

"That you immediately concluded that I

was base enough to steal from you! You, who have fed me and clothed me ever since I can remember!"

"Why won't you tell all you know about the idol then?" asked his aunt, her patience overthrown by his burst of anger.

"Aunt, I can't." And Morgan left the room to escape further discussion.

He had not thought of this contingency, and it was evidently going to be harder to protect the Professor than he had imagined.

II.

When Morgan went to take his lesson that afternoon his expectations were somewhat mixed and uncertain. Many wild and remarkable outcomes he conjectured, but not one of them was calculated to stagger him quite so much as the actual one did.

He was ushered into the library as usual, where sat the Professor in smiling conversation with a strange gentleman, who was listening with interest to something the Professor was saying about a "wonderful example of Aztec art." Recognizing Morgan's footstep he turned affably and said:

"Doctor, here is the young man of whom I spoke. Morgan, let me present you to Doctor Clifton, an old classmate of mine, of whom you have no doubt heard me speak. He will be your instructor in Latin next year. But just now," he continued, "I've been telling him about your Aztec idol. The Doctor is almost as great an enthusiast, Morgan, on the subject of 'ugly little heathen gods' as I am," he said with a kindly smile.

Morgan acknowledged the introduction constrainedly. He could hardly keep his his comrades and friends think? What eyes off the Professor. He was almost inclined to return to his former theory of a dream, but, still smarting under his aunt's implied accusation, his bewilderment was complete. The old Professor, seeing him to be embarrassed, said as if he wished to help him over his bashfulness at the sight of his prospective professor:

"Morgan, run across and see if your aunt will trust you to bring over your Aztec god again. I'd like very much to show it to Doctor Clifton."

Morgan was thrown entirely off his balance. The very man whom he had seen steal the idol asking him to show it! He turned red, stammered, and finally said:

"It's gone, sir."

"Gone," echoed the Professor, not understanding, "you haven't sold it?"

"No sir, it's been stolen."

"Stolen, my boy, you don't mean that. since that time nothing had been seen of Who on earth would have stolen it? Who about here knows its value, except intrinsically, as being gold?"

"I-I don't know, sir, but-" he said, entirely dazed by the Professor's confidant, indignant air and his own recollections of the night before, "it's gone, sir. That's all."

The Professor continued his inquiries in an incisive, cross-examining way, until Morgan, making blundering, stammering, about it all than he was willing to tell. And can antiquities." this being true made Morgan's position the

When the boy had escaped to the open air and was slowly walking down the long village street, speaking to acquaintances with an abstracted, worried air, which made them stare, smile and say to each other: "Eh, Morgan acts like he was in love," the full force of his position struck him. He had started with the idea of protecting the Professor, found himself suspected, but said nothing, believing that the Professor would appreciate his attitude and come to his aid in one way or another. But now the Professor had shown his hand and even done his part towards placing the suspicion on Morgan.

Morgan's first care now evidently was to clear himself and then afterwards to find an explanation for the Professor's actions. Until he could do this he must live under suspicion, and it was horrible to think of being almost branded a thief. What would would Sally think? What did she think of him even now, for she had head his blundering replies to the Professor's inexplicably cool queries? He hadn't realized how much he cared for Sally's estimation.

A week passed, and another.

Morgan still worked at his college preparation and received his daily lessons from the Professor, who seemed, in a Christianlike way that nearly drove Morgan wild, to have extended his former cordial interest in the boy's intelectual welfare to a fatherly, correcting one in his moral prog-

As yet Morgan's self instituted and self beneficial detective work had arrived at no and though this perfectly convincing evidence had been augmented by the fact that ancient battle axes, Chinese swords, Japan-

the dressing gown, and that the Professor had (to the great joy of his wife), promised to invest in a new one, yet all this was useless as proof because it rested on his own word, unsupported.

Suspected at home, unable to explain the Professor's conduct, determined to steer clear of Sally until he could clear himself, the boy's life was not a pleasant one, and his desire for a change was so great that he blushing replies, gave Doctor Clifton and was almost eagerly willingly to accept the Sally, who had come into the room unob- Professor's somewhat sinister invitation to served, the same idea that he had given his accompany him to Washington on a aunt, that is, that he knew a great deal more searching tour for certain desired "Ameri-

> Bright and early he rang the Anderson's door bell. The Professor and he were to take an early train. The door was presently opened by Tim, the cook's husband, who worked about the place. He drew back quickly when he saw Morgan, but Morgan did not notice it, for the darky was arrayed in the famous green and white dressing gown. Looking closely, Morgan saw a place where it had been torn and neatly mended.

"De Professer'll be down in a minit, suh, cum in an' set down."

Morgan entered, and the well-trained old darkey took his hat and ushered him into the library. He was glad to see that the room was empty. He had been afraid of finding Sally there alone.

He had not long to wait, and before very long the Professor and he were well on their way to the city.

Arrived, Morgan accompanied +1-0 Proressor on his tour of the junk shops until nearly noon, when he left him to lunch with some friends, promising, however, to rejoin him at about three at the shop of one of the Professor's favorite "junkers."

Coming to the appointed place a little before his time, Morgan found the Professor not yet arrived. So, glad of such a cool, dark place to rest as the little, low-ceilinged shop, and wiping his heated face, he dropped into a chair. He had been so many places almost identical during the morning that he gazed about the shop with but little interest. The little Jew proprietor, with iron grey hair, long beard, deepset, clear, black eyes, and long-stemmed, curiously shaped and carved pipe, endeavored to kindle an appreciation in him for definite results. He had nothing to work the "vunderful guriositees," but failed. on but the recollection of that first night, Morgan gazed at the Milanese armor, Indian pottery, spear heads, arrow heads, ese bric-a-brac, African tom-toms, etc., which covered the shelves and counters, with supreme indifference; he had seen nothing else all morning. The grave faced little proprietor could not understand it. Most boys who came into his shop, even big ones like this one, seemed to think they had entered a sort of paradise, and he usually had great difficulty in preventing them from puttting on the armor, beating the tom-toms and smashing the pottery with the battle axes, but this one seemed supremely indifferent and even bored. He did not comprehend it and wondered, in his calm way, if this conduct was a slur at his collection.

Presently, however, he was electrified by a sufficiently decided expression of interest. The boy sprang to his feet with an exclamation of surprise and delight, crossed the shop in two jumps, pieked up, from a lot of bric-a-brac, a little Aztec idol. "There's that confounded god, sure's I'm born," he cried.

"Give me," he thought, "two nothing new by and the agreed. So they depart tor not to dispose more from the

"De gen'l'man iss intrest in Mexic'n antickities," asserted the proprietor, with a satisfied puff at his pipe.

"Oh, yes, highly interested," said Morgan.

"Where did you get this, you old duffer?"
He listened for the answer eagerly, but when he got it he was more puzzled than he had been yet. It strengthened some things he already knew, but—what did the Professor, the antiquity crank, sell it for?

He questioned the proprietor carefully, but found that there was nothing to be gained from him. That calm little man was perfectly satisfied at having finally elicited such a demonstration of interest from his visitor.

When the Professor came in Morgan watched him narrowly, for what the proprietor had told him seemed to prove that he had sold the idol to this very man.

The Professor hurried in, put down a bundle, took off his hat, wiped his perspiring old bald head, and said:

"Well, Morgan, I hope I haven't kept you waiting long. The fact is I struck some singularly fine specimens of pottery from the Ohio mounds and I couldn't get away. I bought some. Now, isn't this," he said, turning to his bundle which he had put down right beside the idol, "a splendidly preserved—but what's this!" he exclaimed. "Look here, Morgan, look! Here's a perfect fac simile of your Aztec idol."

He picked it up and as he examined it his

excitement abated. Finally, putting idown, he said gravely:

"Morgan, it's the same one."

"Yes, sir, I—I know it," said the boy, perfectly dumfounded.

The Professor looked at him sorrowfully a moment and then, turning to the proprietor, who began to think that the idol must be his trump card, asked:

"How much for this?"

The Jew named a large sum.

"I'll take it," said the Professor.

did not comprehend it and wondered, in his calm way, if this conduct was a slur at his collection.

Presently, however, he was electrified by a sufficiently decided expression of interest. The boy sprang to his feet with an excla-

The Professor looked at him a moment and the agreed.

So they departed, cautioning the proprietor not to dispose of the idol until he heard more from them. And that placid little man agreed willingly, not being anxious to part with anything which created so much wonderment as did the "ugly little heathen god."

Morgan had asked for the two weeks' grace on impulse, and it was, therefore, a great surprise to himself that he was able to say to the Professor one afternoon at the end of one week, instead of two:

"If you and Sally can come over to the house this evening, Professor, I think I can help clear up two or three things that have been puzzling us."

The Professor looked at him in wonderment, as if he expected nothing more than a confession from Morgan.

As for Morgan, he looked at the Professor as strangely, and his face wore as puzzled a look as it had yet.

In the parlor at his own home that night where stood the cabinet bereft of its guardian deity, Morgan had three astounded listeners as he told how he had come down stairs in the dead of the night, surprised a figure in the Professor's dressing gown stealing the idol, and how, as the figure started up, he had recognized in the darkness the Professor's own unmistakable white mustache and imperial. When Morgan finished telling how the Professor had drawn his gown over his face and retreated unmolested, Sally broke out:

"Oh, Morgan, you know that was only a dream! The idea of papa stealing!"

"I was almost tempted to think so myself novels.

it I knew it was all serious," responded he, next morning, but when I found the idol gone and myself suspected of cribbing it.

"When I went into that junk shop," he continued. "and found the idol I thought I had come to the end of my troubles, but, by Jove, the proprietor told me that it had been brought there by a darky whose description fitted your own man exactly, sir. This left me worse off than ever, for I didn't think you had stolen it for its money value, sir."

The old Professor twisted uneasily in his chair, looked first at Morgan, then at his aunt and then in despair at Sally.

At last he said feebly:

"Send for Tim."

"Presntly, sir, presntly," said Morgan. "I went to Tim and asked him about it. And by Geeminy, sir," said Morgan, and then stopped and looked about him. Sally and Aunt Miranda looked anxious and the Professor positively frightened. "He had stolen the idol himself. He came by here in your dressing gown which you had discarded and given to him, and seeing the window open and tempted by your frequent eulogies on the gold idol, he came in and filched it. Going to take some other things, too, when I caught him at it. The poor niggger broke right down and contessed when I told him I suspected you, so I promised him he would not be prosecuted. But I'd do one thing if I were you," he added smiling, "make him shave off his beard and mustache, for in the dark, when you can't see the color of his face, he certainly does look like you."

Going into the hall he called out into the kitchen: "Tim, come here." And when that delinquent appeared and Aunt Miranda and the Professor were engaged in lecturing him and discharging him, he turned to Sally and said coldly:

"Well, do you believe in me now?"

"I always did," she said.

And Morgan's heart was glad.

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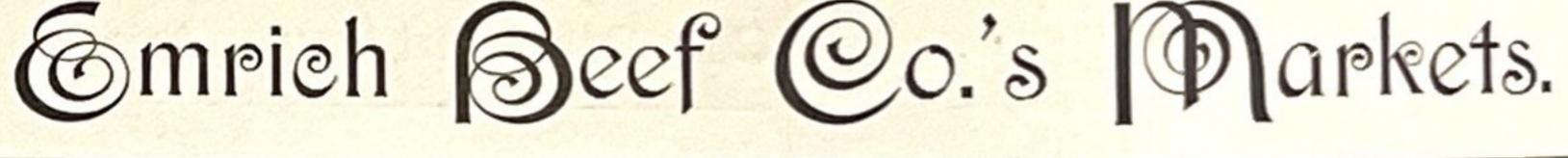
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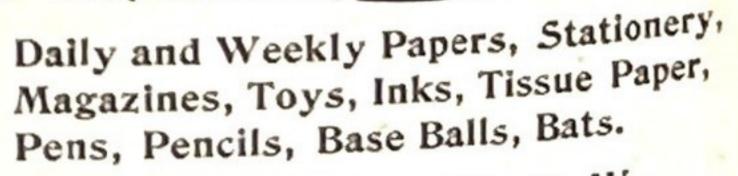
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